

98a/10
THE
WORKS
OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER,
In PROSE and VERSE.

Translated from the ORIGINAL LATIN,
By Mr. ADDISON.

To which are prefix'd the
LIFE of PETRONIUS,
Done from the *Latin*:

And a CHARACTER of his Writings by
MONSIEUR ST. EVREMONT.

When gay PETRONIUS, to correct the Age,
Gave way of old to his Satirick Rage,
With just Resentment fir'd, he meant to shew
How far Licentiousness at last might go:
Blushing we read the loose, the flagrant Tale,
And loath the Vice thus shewn without a Veil.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WATTS; and Sold by J. OSBORNE
at the *Golden-Ball* in *Paternoster-Row*.

M.DCCXXXVI.





THE
P R E F A C E.

I Am sensible that many People imagine Petronius an Author of too free a Character to translate; but to mistake a plain Satire against Vice, for an Incentive to it, is an Error which I think none but the weakest Minds can fall into.

That the Contrary has always been the general Opinion is evident, from the many Translations of him into various Languages, and the favourable Receptions they

P R E F A C E.

have met with, which I hope will, at least, justify me in this Attempt to oblige my Countrymen with a more correct Version of him.

How much our Author was the Favourite of the Ancients, appears from their Testimonies of him: But as no one has given him a finer, nor more just Character, than the late celebrated Mons. St. Evremont, it would be wronging my Reader to deprive him of it.

*“ Petronius, says that judicious Critick, is to be admir’d throughout, for the Purity of his Style, and the Delicacy of his Sentiments; but that which more surprizes me, is his great Easiness in giving us ingenuously all Sorts of Characters. Terence is, perhaps, the only Author of Antiquity, that enters best into the Nature of Persons: But still this Fault I find in him, That he has too little Variety; his whole Talent being confin’d, in making Servants and
old*

P R E F A C E.

“ old Men, a covetous Father and a
“ debauch'd Son, a Slave and an In-
“ triguer, to speak properly, according
“ to their several Characters: So far,
“ and no farther, the Capacity of Terence
“ reaches. You must not expect from him,
“ either Gallantry or Passion, either
“ Thoughts or the Discourse of a Gentle-
“ man. Petronius, who had an univer-
“ sal Wit, hits upon the Genius of all
“ Professions, and adapts himself, as he
“ pleases, to a thousand different Na-
“ tures. If he introduces a Declaimer,
“ he assumes his Air, and his Style so
“ well, that one would say, he had us'd
“ to Declaim all his Life. Nothing ex-
“ presses more naturally the Disorders of
“ a debauch'd Life, than the Quarrels
“ of Encolpius and Ascyltos, about
“ Gito.

*Is not Quartilla an admirable Portrait
of a prostitute Woman? Does not the Mar-
riage of young Gito, and innocent Pan-*

P R E F A C E.

nychis, give us the Image of a compleat Wantonness?

All that a Sot ridiculously magnificent in Banquets, a vain Affecter of Niceness, and an Impertinent, are able to do, you have at the Feast of Trimalchio.

*Eumolpus shews us Nero's extravagant Folly for the Theatre, and his Vanity in reciting his own Poems; and you may observe, as you run over so many noble Verses, of which he makes an ill Use, That an excellent Poet may be a very ill Man. However, as Encolpius, tho' he represents Eumolpus a Maker of fantastical Verses, yet discovers something Great in his Physiognomy; he judiciously takes care, all along, not to ruin the Ideas he gave us of him. The Infirmary he has, of making Verses out of Season, even at Death's Door; his Fluency in Repeating his Compositions in all Places, and at all Times, answers his ridiculous setting
out,*

P R E F A C E.

out, where he tells him; “ I am a Poet,
 “ and, as I hope, of no ordinary Genius.”
 His Knowledge, which was extensive enough, his extraordinary Actions, his Expedients in unlucky Encounters, his Resolution to support his Companions in the Vessel of Lycas, his getting about him at Crotona that pleasant Court of People, who were perpetually hunting after Old Mens Estates, admirably well agrees with what Encolpius had promis’d us of him before.

There is nothing so natural as the Character of Chrysis, and none of our Confidants come near her: Not to mention her first Conversation with Polyænos; what she tells him of her Mistress, upon the Affront she receiv’d, has an inimitable Simplicity. But no body, besides Petronius, could have describ’d Circe, so beautiful, so voluptuous, and so polite.

Enothea, the Priestess of Priapus, ravishes me with the Miracles she promi-

P R E F A C E.

ſes, with her Inchantments, her Sacrifices, her Sorrow for the Death of the consecrated Goose, and the Manner in which ſhe's pacify'd, when Polyænos makes her a Present, with which ſhe might purchase a Goose and Gods too, if ſhe thought fit.

Philumena, that complaisant Lady, is no leſs entertaining; who, after ſhe had cullied ſeveral Men out of their Eſtates, in the Flower of her Beauty, now being old, and by conſequence unfit for Pleaſures, endeavour'd to keep up this noble Trade, by the means of her Children, whom ſhe introduced with a thouſand fine Diſcourſes to Old Men, who had no Heirs of their own. In a Word, there is no Part of Nature, no Profeſſion, which Petronius doth not admirably paint: He is a Poet, an Orator, and a Philoſopher, at his Pleaſure.

As for his Verſes, I find in them an agreeable Force, a natural Beauty, natural

P R E F A C E.

*rali pulchritudine carmen exsurgit : In-
somuch that Douza cannot any longer
bear with the Heat and Impetuosity of
Lucan, after he had read the Taking of
Troy, or the little Essay about the Ci-
vil War in Petronius, which he pre-
fers much above the Other's Pharsalia.*

*Altho' the Declamatory Style seems ri-
diculous to Petronius, yet, for all that,
he shews much Eloquence in his Decla-
mations; and to demonstrate that the
most Debauch'd are not incapable of Me-
ditation and Recollection, Morality has
nothing more serious, or better manag'd,
than the Reflexions of Encolpius upon the
Inconstancy of Human Affairs, and the
Uncertainty of Death.*

*Upon every Subject that offers itself,
'tis impossible to think more nicely, or to
speak with more Purity. In his Narra-
tions, he sometimes copies after plain un-
affected Nature, and contents himself
with the Graces of Simplicity : Some-
times*

P R E F A C E.

times he gives his Work the finishing Strokes, and then nothing is so polish'd. Catullus and Martial treat of the same Things in a gross Manner; and if any one could find the Secret of wrapping up what's obscene, in a Language like his, I dare answer for the Ladies, that they would praise him for his Discretion.



THE



THE
L I F E
O F
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

From the *French.*



TITUS PETRONIUS was a Roman Knight, of that Family of the *Petronius's* which deriv'd its Original from the *Sabins*, and gave so many illustrious Men to the Service of the Republick. There's no question but he was brought up with all the Care, they then employ'd at *Rome*, in the Education of young Persons of Quality ; for at that time the *Romans* were very industrious in cultivating the Minds of their Youth, and even seem'd to emulate the Severity of the *Greeks*.

What

What he chiefly apply'd himself to, was polite Literature; and that he particularly endeavour'd a Justness of Taste, is evident, since we find it, in its utmost Perfection, in his Writings.

After the Completion of his first Studies, he made his Appearance at the Court of *Claudius*; but his Assiduity there, was no Hinderance to his principal Design, of perfecting himself in the Sciences; and therefore he employ'd his leisure Hours in making Declamations, which was the Custom of those Times, in order to exercise and enable their young Gentlemen of the first Quality to speak in publick, for which Purpose they had several Schools, and by this successful Method, furnish'd themselves with so many famous Orators, both in their Senate and Armies, to the great Advantage of the Republick.

The Court of *Claudius* was then the very Seat of Pleasure, thro' the Care and Encouragement of the Empress *Messalina*, who had an entire Ascendant over the Mind of the Emperor; for he, being a weak Prince, comply'd with every thing, provided they indulg'd him at Table; for he passionately lov'd good Eating, and Wine to Excess. The Courtiers also follow'd the Example of
their

their Prince, and Debauchery was no less familiar to them.

Petronius commencing Courtier under a Reign, where the Mode of Living was so agreeable to his own Temper, he also became insensibly voluptuous; tho' it must be remark'd, that he never delighted in the brutal Pleasures of Love, like *Messalina*; nor in those of the Table, even to Gluttony, with *Claudius*; but only in a delicate and galant manner, took a Relish of both, rather to gratify his Curiosity, than his Senses. Thus he employ'd a part of the Day in Sleep, and dedicated the whole Night to Pleasure and Business; his House was the Resort of all the polite People in *Rome*; his Life agreeably spent amongst their Visits; and as others make themselves famous by Intrigues, *Petronius* gain'd Reputation by a graceful Indolence, and a Behaviour which was as easy, disengag'd, and natural, as his ordinary Discourse. One may therefore represent him as continually employ'd, either in witty Conversations, the elegant Delights of the Table, or at publick Shows and Diversions; and, in short, as spending his Revenue, not like a Prodigal or Debauchee, but like a delicate and learned Artist in the Science of Pleasure.

Petronius

Petronius, having pass'd his Youth in a Life of so much Softness and Tranquillity, was resolv'd to convince those who might doubt of the Extent of his Capacity, that it was capable of the highest Employments; wherefore he put an Interval to his Pleasures, and accepting the Proconsulship of *Bithynia*, went into that Province, where he discharg'd the Duties of his Office with great Applause; after which, as he was on his Return to *Rome*, *Nero*, who had succeeded *Claudius*, made him Consul in Recompence of his Services. This new Dignity gave him a great and easy Access to the Emperor, who immediately honour'd him with his Esteem, and soon after with his Friendship, in return for the galant Entertainments he sometimes gave that Prince, to refresh him after the Fatigues of State.

The Term of *Petronius's* Consulate being expir'd, after he had thus labour'd for Glory, he resum'd, without quitting the Court, his former way of Life; and whether he was carry'd to it by his own Inclination, or a Desire to please *Nero*, soon became one of the Emperor's Confidants, who could think nothing agreeable but what was approv'd by *Petronius*; and this Authority which he possess'd, of being Umpire in every thing, gave him

him the Name of *Arbiter*, as one that was Sovereign Judge.

Nero, in the first Years of his Reign, behav'd like a wise Prince, and apply'd himself with Care to the Government of the State; but nevertheless he was naturally vicious, which *Petronius* very well knew, and therefore, like a skilful Politician, being in Possession of his Prince's Mind, he season'd the honest Delights he procur'd him, with all the Charms imaginable, in order to hinder him from searching after others, which might prove more irregular, and dangerous to the Republick.

Things continu'd in this Posture whilst the Emperor kept within the Bounds of Moderation, and *Petronius* acted chearfully under him, as Intendant of his Pleasures, ordering him Shows, Games, Comedies, Musick, Feasts, Parties of Pleasure in the Country, delightful Gardens, charming Lakes, and, in short, all that could contribute to make a Prince pass his Life agreeably.

But the Emperor giving way to his natural Disposition, at length chang'd his Conduct, not only in regard to the Government of the Empire, but also to that of his own Person. He listen'd to other Counsels
than

than those of *Petronius*, and engaging himself insensibly in Debauchery, gave the entire Reins to his Passions, and became as wicked a Prince, as he had before appear'd mild and equitable.

Nero was a Scholar, and had given sufficient Proofs of it from his Youth ; for at Fifteen Years of Age, he pleaded in the Senate, in his own Language, for the *Boulonnois*, and in Greek for the *Rhodians* ; but his Learning was confus'd, and very much embarrass'd.

He was also a Lover of Men of Wit, and had several Flatterers about him, who following the Corruption of the Court, treated *Seneca* as a Pedant, nor could endure his preaching Virtue and Morality to them, because they were perswaded he himself was far from living the Life of a Philosopher in those Particulars.

This frequent Ridicule, at length, insinuated into the Emperor's Mind, and expos'd him to his Contempt ; which added to his own Knowledge of the unjust Ways by which he had amass'd the immense Riches he possess'd, from Contempt he pass'd to Hatred, and that Hatred was at last the Destruction of *Seneca*.

Mean

Mean time *Petronius* saw, with Regret, that the Emperor began to shun him, that he often broke out, and following his own corrupt Inclinations, transgress'd even the Bounds of Debauchery itself; that he had entirely lost the Sense of what he ow'd to his Dignity, would run thro' the Streets and Places of ill Repute, outrage all he met, turn Robber, and offer Violence to *Roman* Ladies of the first Quality.

The distinguish'd Favour of *Petronius* had drawn upon him the Envy of all those who were emulous, as well as himself, of the good Graces of their Prince; and amongst others, that of *Tigellinus* Captain of the Guard, who was a dangerous Rival. This Man, from an obscure Birth, and corrupt Morals, had in a short time acquir'd a surprising Ascendant over the Mind of the Emperor; and as he perfectly knew his Foible, began seriously to contrive the Ruin of his Competitor, and that by such Means as were thought to threaten the Destruction of the Empire.

The delicate Pleasures of *Petronius* were continual Upbraidings to the gross Debaucheries of *Tigellinus*, who, foreseeing that *Petronius's* Credit would always be an Obstacle to his Designs, resolved to make himself entire Master

Master of his Prince's Heart ; and as their Inclinations were almost the same, he soon engag'd him in the foulest Brutalities.

It's certain he met with little Difficulty in the Attempt ; for finding a Nature wholly dispos'd, he drew the Emperor, without Trouble, into Pleasures, which were neither in the Taste, nor by the Advice of *Petronius*, and thus compleatly deprav'd him, to secure him from his Rival ; for *Nero*, who was already a Parricide by the Murder of his Mother, no sooner gave Ear to *Tigellinus*, but he signaliz'd his Tyranny by the Deaths of *Sylla*, and *Rubellius Plautus*, both Persons dreaded by them for their Virtue and the Favour they were in with the People. After which, Fury and Brutality made themselves Mistresses of his Heart to such an Excess, that the most Enormous Crimes were openly perpetrated by him.

When the Emperor was thus confirm'd in his Disorders, the old Favourite, by the Artifices of the new one, found himself almost without Employment near his Prince, and *Nero* himself, not able to endure so nice a Witness of his Infamies, no longer gave him that free Entrance into his Pleasures, which he formerly enjoy'd.

Tigellinus taking his Advantage of these Dispositions, omitted nothing that might gratify the Desires of his Prince, by the magnificent Feasts he provided; and as his Rival, according to *Tacitus*, much surpass'd him in the Science of Pleasures, one may conclude, without Fear of being deceiv'd, that those which *Petronius* order'd were of a different Nature, and guilty of none of those Excesses that were seen in One of their Feasts, which that Historian relates as an Example of all the rest, and describes in this Manner: They prepar'd a stately Feast, on the Lake of *Agrippa*, in a Vessel cover'd with Plates of Gold and Ivory; the Rowers were placed in their Ranks, which they took according to their Age and Experience in Debauchery. The Ends of the Earth were drain'd for the rarest Eatables. The Lake was border'd with Porticoes, in which were great Numbers of Chambers, fill'd on one Side with Women of Quality, who prostituted themselves to the first Comers; and on the other, with naked Courtezans in a thousand lascivious Postures; at Night appear'd surprizing Illuminations in every Quarter, and the Woods and Palaces round about echo'd with Consorts of Musical Instruments and Songs, adapted to the Feast.

Feast. In short, to conclude this grand Debauch in a memorable Action, *Nero* was married a little after to one of the most abandon'd Wretches of her Sex, nam'd *Pythagora*, and that publickly, with all the accustomed Ceremonies. They put upon the Emperor's Head the Espoused's Veil, sent him two Auspices, assign'd him the Marriage-Portion, adorn'd the Nuptial Bed, lighted Wedding Torches, and to conclude, the Bride admitted that to be seen of all the Company, which the Shades of Night conceal in the most lawful Pleasures.

Petronius, disgusted at these Scenes of Licentiousness, insensibly withdrew himself from Court; and being of a mild and unenterprising Nature, suffer'd things to run on in the Train they had taken, without attempting to re-establish them in the Condition he left them. I imagine it was about this time that he vented his Uneasiness in this Satire; which is so lively a Representation of the Character and Humour of *Nero*, and under the Names of Debauchees and lewd Women, decries all the Vices of that Prince and his Courtiers.

Whilst *Petronius* thus liv'd in a retir'd Tranquillity, *Tigellinus* labour'd with all his
Power

Power to destroy him, that he might for ever take from the Rival he had remov'd, the Possibility of re-entering into Favour; and as he knew that Cruelty was the predominant Inclination of his Prince, he insinuated to him, that *Petronius* was too much the Friend of *Scevinus*, not to be dip'd in *Piso's* Conspiracy; and to support his Imposture, caus'd him to be present at the Examination of one of *Petronius's* Slaves, whom he had suborn'd to swear against his Master. After which, to deprive him of all Means of justifying himself, they clap'd the greatest Part of his Domesticks into Prison.

Nero was very glad of the Opportunity of losing a Man, who was become painful to him; for the Vicious can't endure the Presence of those Persons whose Sight is a Reproach to their Crimes; therefore he lent a favourable Ear to the Accusation against *Petronius*, who was soon after arrested by his Orders at *Cuma*, upon a Journey which the Emperor took to that Place and into *Campania*: But as it required some Time to deliberate, whether they should put a Person of his Consideration to Death, without more evident Proofs of the Crimes laid to his Charge; he took so great a Disgust to living under the

Domi-

Dominion of so detestable a Prince, and to the being any longer the Sport of his Caprice, that he resolv'd to die. However that he might not give himself a precipitate Death, he caus'd his Veins to be open'd, and afterwards clos'd again, that he might enjoy the Conversation of his Friends, who came to see him in his last Moments, and whom he desir'd to entertain him, not with Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, nor those celebrated Actions invented by the Pride of Philosophers to amuse the World with a vain Opinion of their Constancy, but with agreeable Tales, and Poetick Galantries.

And as a farther Testimony that to die, with him, was only ceasing to live, he continued his ordinary Functions; took an Account of his Family, rewarding some of his Slaves, and chastizing others; plac'd himself as usual at Table; and also slept with Tranquillity; insomuch, that he rather seem'd a Man in perfect Happiness, than one that was dying; so that his Death, tho' Violent, appear'd to his Friends as if it had been Natural.

As *Petronius* had an utter Abhorrence to People of *Nero's* and *Tigellinus's* Character, he would not imitate the mean Spirit of those

who

who dying in these wretched Times, by the Orders of that Prince, yet made him their Heir, and stuff'd their Testaments full of Elogies on the Tyrant and his Favourite. On the contrary, being possess'd of a Goblet of Precious Stones, which had cost him above two thousand Pistoles, and out of which he commonly drank, he broke it to Pieces, that *Nero*, who he knew would seize it after his Death, might not have the Pleasure of using it at his Table. After this, he thought proper, as his only Present, to send him this Satire, wrote on purpose against him ; but having sealed it up, tore off the Seal again, for fear when he was dead, it might be made use of as an Instrument, to destroy those in whose Hands it should be found.

Nero was extremely enrag'd, to see *Petronius* so well acquainted with Infamies, he thought he had hid from him ; and after levelling his Suspicion at all that could possibly betray him, he at last fix'd on the Wife of a Senator, nam'd *Silia*, who because she was an intimate Friend of *Petronius*, he imagin'd, out of a particular Resentment, she might hazard a Discovery, of what would have been more for her Honour to conceal ;

a

Dominion of so detestable a Prince, and to the being any longer the Sport of his Caprice, that he resolv'd to die. However that he might not give himself a precipitate Death, he caus'd his Veins to be open'd, and afterwards clos'd again, that he might enjoy the Conversation of his Friends, who came to see him in his last Moments, and whom he desir'd to entertain him, not with Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, nor those celebrated Actions invented by the Pride of Philosophers to amuse the World with a vain Opinion of their Constancy, but with agreeable Tales, and Poetick Galantries.

And as a farther Testimony that to die, with him, was only ceasing to live, he continued his ordinary Functions; took an Account of his Family, rewarding some of his Slaves, and chastizing others; plac'd himself as usual at Table; and also slept with Tranquillity; infomuch, that he rather seem'd a Man in perfect Happiness, than one that was dying; so that his Death, tho' Violent, appear'd to his Friends as if it had been Natural.

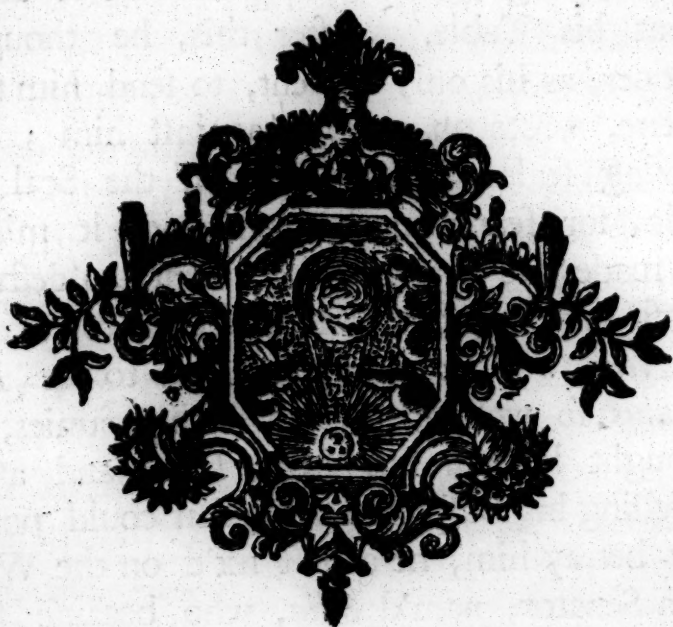
As *Petronius* had an utter Abhorrence to People of *Nero's* and *Tigellinus's* Character, he would not imitate the mean Spirit of those
who

who dying in these wretched Times, by the Orders of that Prince, yet made him their Heir, and stuff'd their Testaments full of Elogies on the Tyrant and his Favourite. On the contrary, being possess'd of a Goblet of Precious Stones, which had cost him above two thousand Pistoles, and out of which he commonly drank, he broke it to Pieces, that *Nero*, who he knew would seize it after his Death, might not have the Pleasure of using it at his Table. After this, he thought proper, as his only Present, to send him this Satire, wrote on purpose against him ; but having sealed it up, tore off the Seal again, for fear when he was dead, it might be made use of as an Instrument, to destroy those in whose Hands it should be found.

Nero was extremely enrag'd, to see *Petronius* so well acquainted with Infamies, he thought he had hid from him ; and after levelling his Suspicion at all that could possibly betray him, he at last fix'd on the Wife of a Senator, nam'd *Silia*, who because she was an intimate Friend of *Petronius*, he imagin'd, out of a particular Resentment, she might hazard a Discovery, of what would have been more for her Honour to conceal ;

ceal; and upon this Jealousy, she was sent into Banishment.

It was in the Year of the Foundation of Rome 819. under the Consulships of *Caius Suetonius Paulinus* and *Lucius Pontius Telesinus*, that City was depriv'd of so Great a Person.



T H E



A
K E Y
T O T H E
P R I N C I P A L C H A R A C T E R S .
P A R T I .

Encolpius, is deriv'd from a *Greek* Word, which signifies, *I insinuate*. *Petronius* gives him this Name, because he is the Person who relates these Adventures.

Ascyltos, in *Greek*, signifies *indefatigable*, he being represented as such in his Debaucheries.

Gito, in the same Language, means *Neighbour*, or *inseparable*; for *Gito* never abandons *Encolpius*, till forc'd by *Ascyltos*.

Agamemnon, is the Picture of a true Pedant, and *Petronius* gives him this Name, in ridicule of the affected and bombast Eloquence of the Declaimers of those Times, as *Martial*, for the same Reason, calls another King *Attalus*; but the Person particularly design'd by this Character, was *Seneca*, *Nero's* Tutor, and *Agrippina's* Gallant, who, under the Cloak of a severe Philosophy, indulg'd in the grossest Immoralities, if we may believe what *Tacitus*, and other Historians have wrote concerning him.

Lycurgus, so call'd from a *Thracian* of that Name who was famous for Hospitality.

The K E Y.

Quartilla, Priests to *Priapus*.

Psyche, *Quartilla's* Waiting-woman. This Word in Greek signifies the Soul, and was a Name of Tenderness given to Courtezans.

Pannychis, a little Girl, very pretty; the Name is Greek, and signifies Night, proper enough for Whores, because at that time the greatest Debaucheries were committed.

Trimalchio, is a Compound of two Greek Words, and signifies the same as *ter mollis* in Latin, to express a Person sunk in the most debauch'd Effeminacy. This ridiculous Character was drawn for *Nero*; and *Bourdelot* assures us, that there were formerly Medals of that Prince with these Words,

C. NERO AUGUST. IMP.

And on the Reverse,

TRIMALCHIO.

Fortunata, *Trimalchio's* Wife. This Satirical Picture was drawn for *Aete*, a favourite Freed-woman of *Nero*, who was so passionately in love with her, that he had like to have marry'd her, having suborn'd Persons of Consular Dignity to assure the Senate that she was of Royal Extraction.

Seleucus, *Phileros*, *Ganymedes*, *Echion*, *Niceros*, *Placrimus*, *Hermeros*, Freedmen invited to *Trimalchio's* Feast, in Reproach of *Nero's* over-familiarity with these sort of People; for, as *Tacitus* tells us, Freedmen were never in so much Credit as under his Reign. *Trimalchio*, or *Nero*, is also represented as one himself, because of the Conformity of his Vices with theirs.

Norbanus, *Tigellinus*, Captain of *Nero's* Guard, and his Favourite.

Habinnas, an inferior Magistrate, who comes to *Trimalchio* with all the State of a Prætor, in Banter of the insolent Pomp of Underlings in Authority.

Scintilla,

The K E Y.

Scintilla, Wife to *Habinnas*. Under this Name, you have the Picture of those superficial Women, who are void of all Solidity.

Eumolpus. Under this Character, *Petronius* exposes *Nero's* ridiculous Passion for Poetry.

Corax, Servant to *Eumolpus*.

Lycas, the Captain of the Ship, who drew the Vengeance of the Gods upon his Debaucheries.

Doris, Wife to *Lycas*, and Mistress to *Encolpius*.

Tryphæna, the Name is *Greek*, and signifies *Delight*; *Lucian* also gives the same to a Courtezan.

Æsius, a Passenger in *Lycas's* Ship, so call'd, because he occasion'd all the Troubles that befel them.

Polyænos, the Name assum'd by *Encolpius* at *Crotona*; under which *Petronius* banters *Nero* for his Impotence, and describes an Adventure that happen'd to him with a *Roman* Lady. He represents him as a Slave, because the Emperor often acted that Part, in running about the Streets in the Night, and frequenting infamous Places.

Circe, a Lady of *Crotona* in love with *Polyænos*. It's probable our Author drew this Character for *Silia*.

Chrysis, Waiting-Woman and Confidant to *Circe*. The Name is *Greek*, and signifies *Golden*, an Epithet given to *Venus*; it was frequently assum'd by Courtezans.

Proseleus, an old Sorceress, so call'd from the imaginary Power which Witches were suppos'd to have over the Moon.

Enothea, Priestess to *Priapus*.

Philumena, another *Crotonian* Lady, who, to ingratiate herself with *Eumolpus*, presents him with her Son and Daughter; whence *Petronius* takes occasion

The K E Y.

casion to describe *Nero's Novitates stupri*, as *Tacitus* calls them, his new-invented Lewdnesses.

The Scene of these Adventures lies at *Naples* and *Crotona*, under which Names our Author has given us this lively Portraiture of *Rome*.



CON.



T H E C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

<i>THE</i> Preface, being a Dissertation on Petronius	
<i>The Life of Petronius by Monsieur St. Evremont</i>	
<i>A Key to the Principal Characters</i>	
<i>Of the Corruption of Eloquence</i>	Page 2
<i>Of the Education of the Roman Youths</i>	3
<i>The Adventure of Encolpius, who is carry'd to a Bawdy-house, by an old Woman, instead of his own</i>	9
<i>Ascyrtos relates his Adventures to Encolpius</i>	ibid.
<i>The Story of Lycurgus, not known till now</i>	16
<i>The Beginning of the Story of Tryphæna and Lycas</i>	17
<i>The Story of Doris and Encolpius, taken from the new Fragments</i>	19
<i>Encolpius robs the Statue of Isis</i>	21
<i>A Satire upon the Avariciousness of Lycas</i>	27
<i>The Beginning of the Story of the Cloaths</i>	29
<i>A Satirical Poem upon partial Judges</i>	34
<i>Ceremonies observ'd in Priapus's Temple</i>	39
<i>The Story of Quartilla</i>	40
<i>The Nuptials of Gito and Pannychis</i>	53
<i>Trimalchio's Feast</i>	55
<i>What Ceremonies were to be observ'd at the entering into Trimalchio's Dining-Room</i>	63
<i>The ridiculous Entrance of Trimalchio into his Hall or Dining-room</i>	66
<i>Poetical Reflections of Trimalchio upon the Misery of Man, and the Shortness of this Life</i>	70
<i>The</i>	

The CONTENTS.

<i>The Service of the Twelve Cælestial Signs</i>	ibid.
<i>An Explanation of the Service of the Twelve Cælestial Signs</i>	ibid.
<i>Great Scarcity of Provisions by the Neglect of the Ædiles, or Magistrates</i>	87
<i>The Invention of malleable Glass</i>	100
<i>A Madrigal of Trimalchio upon unforeseen Misfortunes, and upon what is best to be done when they befall us</i>	107
<i>Publius's Satire upon the Luxury of Rome, spoken by Trimalchio</i>	108
<i>The Entry of Habinnas at Trimalchio's</i>	128
<i>Trimalchio's Last Will and Testament</i>	140
<i>Trimalchio's Description of his own Mausoleum</i>	141
<i>Trimalchio's Epitaph</i>	143
<i>A certain Game the Romans us'd to play at in their Baths</i>	145
<i>Trimalchio abuses Fortunata.</i>	147
<i>The Story of Trimalchio's Fortune.</i>	150

P A R T II.

G <i>ITO chuses Ascyrtos for his Friend</i>	163
<i>The Rencontre of the Poet Eumolpus, with an Account of his Adventures.</i>	168
<i>A Poetical Complaint concerning the Misery of Men of Learning</i>	169
<i>The Story of a young Lad at Pergamus, and Eumolpus</i>	170
<i>The Causes of the Loss of Arts and Sciences.</i>	174
<i>A Poem on the taking of Troy.</i>	177
<i>Encolpius going to hang himself, is prevented by Eumolpus and Gito</i>	187
<i>Eumolpus Quarrels and Fights with the Host, Groom and Servants belonging to his Inn.</i>	189
Ascyrtos	

The CONTENTS.

<i>Ascyrtos being in search after Gito, Encolpius hides him under his Bed</i>	192
<i>Encolpius, Gito and Eumolpus go on board Lycas's Vessel</i>	195
<i>Encolpius and Gito find themselves to be in Lycas's Vessel</i>	196
<i>Divers Expedients offer'd to get out of Lycas's Vessel without being discover'd</i>	200
<i>A Capital superstitious Crime to shave one's self on Board a Vessel in fair Weather</i>	205
<i>A Poem of the Vanity of Dreams</i>	207
<i>How Encolpius and Gito are discover'd by Lycas and Tryphæna</i>	209
<i>Lycas and Tryphæna resolve to punish Encolpius and Gito</i>	211
<i>Eumolpus's Speech in their Justification</i>	ibid.
<i>Lycas's Answer to Eumolpus's Harangue</i>	212
<i>Eumolpus's Reply</i>	213
<i>They fight on Board Lycas's Vessel</i>	215
<i>Articles of Peace propos'd by Tryphæna</i>	217
<i>The Treaty of Peace</i>	218
<i>Diversions on Board a Ship in a Calm</i>	219
<i>A Satirical Poem of Eumolpus upon those that were shaved</i>	220
<i>A Declamation against the Inconstancy of Women</i>	221
<i>The Story of the Ephesian Matron</i>	222
<i>New Love-raptures of Lycas and Tryphæna to Encolpius and Gito</i>	228
<i>Lycas is Shipwreck'd</i>	232
<i>Eumolpus's Poetical Rapture when they were upon the point of being Shipwreck'd</i>	234
<i>Reflections upon the Inconstancy of Life</i>	235
<i>The Funeral of Lycas</i>	237
<i>Eumolpus, Encolpius and Gito travel towards Crotona</i>	ibid.
<i>The Manners and Customs of Crotona</i>	238
	Eumolpus's

The C O N T E N T S.

<i>Eumolpus's Design to cheat the Inhabitants of Crotona</i>	239
<i>Eumolpus, Encolpius,, and Gito's Contrivance to put upon those of Crotona</i>	ibid.
<i>Eumolpus's Rules for an Epic Poem</i>	242
<i>A Poem upon the Civil War betwixt Cæsar and Pompey</i>	244
<i>The Causes of the Revolution of the Republick</i>	246
<i>Pluto's Speech to Fortune</i>	247
<i>Fortune's Answer to Pluto</i>	249
<i>What Prodigies preceded the Roman War</i>	250
<i>A Description of the Alps</i>	251
<i>Cæsar's Speech to his Army</i>	ibid.
<i>Fame foretells the Romans the Coming of Cæsar</i>	254
<i>The great Actions of Pompey, and his Triumphs</i>	256
<i>The Deities of Peace leave Rome, and the Furies take their Places</i>	ibid.
<i>A Description of Rage</i>	257
<i>The Gods are divided about Cæsar and Pompey</i>	ibid.
<i>A Description of Discord</i>	258
<i>Discord makes an Harangue to raise a Civil War</i>	ibid.
<i>Eumolpus, Encolpius, and Gito, begin to play their Tricks</i>	259
<i>Encolpius, who had taken upon him the Name of Polyæ- nos, is accosted by his Mistress's Maid; what Compli- ment she makes him</i>	261
<i>How mean-spirited some Ladies of Quality are</i>	262
<i>The first Interview betwixt Circe and Polyænos</i>	263
<i>A Description of a Roman Beauty</i>	ibid.
<i>Sympathy betwixt Circe and Polyænos</i>	265
<i>Polyænos's Impotency</i>	266
<i>Circe's Letter to Polyænos</i>	270
<i>A well-contriv'd Speech of a Maid in behalf of her Mistress</i>	271
<i>Polyænos's Answer to Circe</i>	ibid.
<i>What Care Polyænos takes to recover his Strength</i>	272

Prose-

The CONTENTS.

<i>Profelenos the Sorceress endeavours to restore Polyænos's Strength by Enchantment</i>	273
<i>A Description of a pleasant Place where Polyænos meets with Circe</i>	274
<i>A second Interview between Circe and Polyænos</i>	ibid.
<i>The Prelude of Enjoyment</i>	275
<i>Polyænos chastis'd for his Impotency</i>	ibid.
<i>The second Trial of Polyænos's Impotency</i>	ibid.
<i>A pleasant Prosopopœia</i>	276
<i>A Poem upon the Criticks of the Age</i>	278
<i>A Prayer of Polyænos to Priapus, for the Recovery of his Health, in Verse</i>	279
<i>Polyænos meets with very ill Treatment from the Sorceress Profelenos, for not having supported the Reputation of her Enchantment</i>	280
<i>Profelenos's Speech to Enothea, Priestess of Priapus, on account of Polyænos's Weakness</i>	281
<i>The Power of the Priestess of Priapus</i>	282
<i>A Sacrifice prepared for the Recovery of Polyænos's Strength</i>	283
<i>A Description of the Cave of the Priestess of Priapus, in Verse</i>	284
<i>Certain Adventures that happen'd before the Sacrifice</i>	285
<i>The Death of the Holy Goose, which was kill'd by Polyænos</i>	286
<i>The Lamentations and Threats of the Priestess of Priapus for the Death of her Goose</i>	288
<i>Polyænos makes a Present of two Pieces of Gold to the Priestess, which allays her Grief for the Loss of her Goose</i>	290
<i>A Description of the Sacrifice made for the Recovery of Polyænos's Strength</i>	ibid.
<i>The Festival of the Goose</i>	291
<i>Certain other Ceremonies of the Priestess of Priapus</i>	292
<i>Polyænos's Reflexions upon his Misfortunes</i>	ibid.
<i>Chrysis, Circe's Maid, falls in Love with Polyænos</i>	296
<i>Chrysis</i>	

The CONTENTS.

<i>Chrysis's Love-Rapture for Polyænos</i>	296
<i>The Story of Philumene and her Children</i>	298
<i>Moral Representations made by Polyænos to Eumolpus, upon the present State of their Affairs</i>	300
<i>Eumolpus makes an odd Testament, to impose upon those of Crotona</i>	301
<i>Of certain Persons who have been necessitated to feed upon Human Flesh</i>	303
<i>Eumolpus is discover'd to be a Cheat, and has his Neck broke by the Inhabitants of Crotona</i>	304
<i>Fragments.</i>	



THE



THE
WORKS
OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER.



FORMERLY promis'd you
an Account of my Adventures,
and am now resolv'd to fulfill
my Engagement; since we are
thus happily met, not only to
talk over the Sciences, but to recreate Con-
versation with diverting Stories.

Fabricius Vejento * has lately finely rally'd
the Impostures of Religion, and expos'd the
counter-

* *Fabricius Vejento* was contemporary with our Author.
Tacitus tells us, that he wrote a severe Satyr against the
B Priests

counterfeit Inspirations of our Priests, who impudently pretend to explain Myſteries, which they themselves are often ignorant of: But are not our Declaimers under as deplorable an Infatuation, who torture our Ears? These Wounds I receiv'd in defending the publick Liberty! this Eye was lost for your Preservation! Grant me some assisting Hand to conduct me to my Children! * My wounded Hams are no longer able to sustain me!

Yet even this might be endur'd, was it any Guide to true Eloquence: Whereas all they acquire by this Tumour of Discourse, and vain Ostentation of Words, is only this, That when they come to appear in the *Forum* †, they think themselves transported into

Priests of his Time; as also another against the Senators, for their Corruption in selling Justice. He was banish'd for the last by *Nero*.

Hannibal is reported to have Ham-string'd several of his Roman Captives, after the Battle of *Cannæ*.

His pernas succidit iniqua superbia Pæni. Ennius.

† *Quintilian* relates a famous Instance of this, in the Person of *Porcius Latro*, lib. 10. cap. 5. his Words are these: "When he had obtain'd (says he) the chief Reputation in the Schools, being to plead a Cause in the Forum, he earnestly desir'd that the Seats might be remov'd into the Basilica; for he seem'd as unskilful to
" speak

PETRONIUS ARBITER. 3

to another World: And hence it is, in my Opinion, that our young Gentlemen of the Schools turn out such conspicuous Coxcombs, because they neither see nor hear any thing in use amongst Men; nothing but Pirates with Chains, standing on the Shore; Tyrants issuing out Edicts, commanding Children to strike off the Heads of their Fathers; Oracles deliver'd in a time of Pestilence, to order the Sacrificing of three or more Virgins: Nothing, in short, but fine cook'd-up Words, void of Substance, like an Entertainment made all of Spice and Garnish.

They who are thus educated, can no more arrive at a Justness of Taste, than a Cook not smell of the Kitchen: And, by your Favour let me speak it, you were the first Destroyers of Eloquence, having, by an idle, mirth-exciting Jingle of Words, render'd Oratory altogether effeminate and enervate.

Youth were not confin'd to this Way of Declaiming, when *Sophocles* or *Euripides* were the Standards of Expression: Nor yet had any dreaming Pedant debauch'd their Genius, when *Pindar* and the Nine *Lyrics*

“*Speak without Doors, as if all his Eloquence had been
confin'd to Walls and Roofs.*”

durst not attempt the Numbers of *Homer*, But, not to insist upon Poetical Authorities, it is certain, that neither *Plato* nor *Demosthenes* ever practis'd this affected Exercise. A great, and (if the Phrase may be indulg'd me) a chaste Oration, is neither painted nor bloated, but arises, graceful, out of the unadorn'd Beauties of Nature.

It's not long, since this windy and irregular Babble travell'd out of *Asia* * to *Athens*; where, like some malignant Planet, it blasted the aspiring Genius of their Youth, and, at once, corrupted and silenc'd all true Eloquence.

After this, who reach'd the Height of *Thucydides*? Who arriv'd at the Fame of *Hyperides*? Not one healthy Verse appear'd, all were of the same consumptive Constitution, nor could any of them abide the Approach of Old Age. Painting also shar'd the same Fate, † after the audacious *Ægypt-*

* The *Asiatics* were remarkable for a loose diffus'd Style. Thus *Augustus*, writing to *Antony*: *An potius Asiaticorum oratorum inanibus sententiis verborum volubilitas in nostrum sermonem transferenda?* Sueton. c. 86. *Tully* was charg'd with imitating their Manner.

† What this *Compendiaria* was, Commentators are uncertain: The major Part of them suppose it alludes to the *Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks*.

tians presum'd to reduce that vast Art to a Compendium.

In this, and the like manner, I was once declaiming, when *Agamemnon* came up to us, and examining, with Eyes full of Curiosity, a Person to whom the Company lent such diligent Attention, he would not suffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had sweated in the School: Young Man, said he, because your Discourse discovers an uncommon Taste, and, which is rarely seen, you are a Lover of good Sense, I'll hide nothing from you: The Professors of Oratory are not to blame, who think it necessary to be mad with Madmen; for, unless they taught what their Scholars approv'd, as *Cicero* says *, they might keep School by themselves: For, as Parasites, when they sup at great Men's Tables, study nothing more than how to render themselves agreeable to the Company, (being sensible they could never obtain their Desires, without charming the Ear) so a Master of Eloquence, unless, Fisherman-like, he baits his Hook with some-

* *Illud unum ad laudem cum labore directum iter qui probaverunt, prope jam sibi in scholis sunt relictæ. Cicero pro Cælio.*

thing he knows the Fish will catch at, may wait long enough on the Rock, without Hopes of taking any thing.

Who then are to blame? Parents are worthy of the severest Reproof, who won't permit their Children to be confin'd to a strict Discipline in their Studies; for first, they dedicate their Hopes, like every thing else, to their Ambition; and then, thro' too much Impatience to arrive at their Wishes, they hurry Youth into the *Forum*, whilst their Knowledge is undigested, and make meer Infants stand Candidates for Eloquence; than which, by their own Acknowledgment, nothing is more arduous to attain: Whereas, if they would but suffer them to come on by degrees, so that their Studies might be temper'd with judicious Lectures, and their Minds form'd by the Precepts of Wisdom, that they might be oblig'd to a due Correction of their Compositions, and daily hear what they were desirous to imitate, nothing that pleas'd Children would seem extraordinary to them: We should then see Oratory appear in its pristine Majesty, rich both in Weight and Admiration; but now Boys trifle in the Schools, young Men are laugh'd at in the *Forum*, and, what is still more ridiculous,

Ious, the wrong Notions they entertain'd in Youth, are obstinately adher'd to in old Age. But that you mayn't think me an utter Enemy to Extemporaries in * *Lucilius's* easy Manner, I will also give you my Sentiments in Verse.

*Who'er, with gen'rous Ardour, burns to know
The Honours which from Erudition flow,
Must still to Temp'rance strict Observance pay,
And all her Laws religiously obey.*

*He ne'er must on the Smiles of Sov'reigns wait,
Nor the luxurious Tables of the Great:*

*Ne'er in the Joys of Wine indulge his Soul,
Nor drown his Genius in the circling Bowl:*

*Nor taint the Blossoms of his early Age,
With the infectious Softness of the Stage.*

*But wheresoe'er the Muse his Youth embow'rs,
Or whether in † *Tritonia's* letter'd Tow'rs,*

* *Lucilius* was an ancient Roman Poet, and so fluent in Composition, that he would frequently dictate two hundred Verses in an Hour, standing on one Leg, as *Horace* assures us, Sat. 4. L. 1.

† Meaning *Athens*, of which *Minerva* was Protectress. The Name *Tritonia* was given to *Minerva*, from her being born near the River *Triton* in *Libya*. *Diodorus* calls her *Myrina*, and says she was Queen of the *Amazons* in *Libya*, and that she accompany'd the great *Bacchus* in his Expedition with an Army of Women.

*Or where the Spartan * tills the laughing Plain,
 Or warbling Sirens † chant the heav'nly Strain;
 Let Poesy his happy Soul engage,
 And Homer's Fountain drench his Bloom of Age.
 Next, when Socratic ‡ Draughts have swell'd each
 Vein,*

*Let his bold Hand indulge a freer Rein,
 And dauntless shake the mighty || Spear and Shield,
 Which great Demosthenes was us'd to wield.
 Nor must you fail, suffus'd with Grecian Sense,
 To taste the Flow of Roman Eloquence.
 Frequent the Bar, and there regale your Mind
 With Oratorical Banquets unconfin'd:
 Or vary with th' historic Page, the Feast,
 Whilst rising Empires furnish the Repast:
 Or bid unconquer'd Tully's Thunders roll.
 When Arts like these have dignify'd your Soul,
 Pierian § Streams shall ev'ry Vein extend,
 And from your Tongue all Helicon descend.*

* Speaking of *Tarentum*, a Colony of the Spartans, built by *Phalantus*.

† Meaning *Naples*, which was formerly call'd *Parthenope*, after one of the *Sirens*, who were fabled to inhabit the *Sicilian Sea*.

‡ Alluding to *Philosophy*.

|| By the *Spear and Shield*, are meant the two Parts of *Oratory*, offensive and defensive.

§ *Pieria* was a Mountain, and *Helicon* a River in *Macedon*, both consecrated to the *Muses*.

I listen'd

I listen'd so attentively to this Harangue, that I was not aware that *Ascylos* had given me the Slip; and was still immers'd in a Tide of Reflexions, when a Croud of Scholars rush'd into the Portico, just come (as it appear'd) from an Extemporary Declamation of I know not who, in ridicule of what *Agamemnon* had said; therefore, while the young Gentlemen were rallying his Advice, and damning the Oeconomy of the Whole, I took the Opportunity to steal off, and run after *Ascylos*: But the Hurry I was in, with my Ignorance where our Inn stood, so distracted me, that which ever way I went, I still return'd the same; till at last being quite spent, and all in a Sweat, I address'd myself to an old Herb-Woman: Pray, Mother, said I, do you know where I live? Delighted with the humorous Simplicity of the Question, Why not? reply'd she; and immediately rising up, went on before me: For my Part, I thought her no less than a Witch, but having led me into a by Lane, You should live here, said she, lifting up her patch'd Veil.

As I was denying I knew the House, I perceiv'd thro' some half-shut Doors, which

had Bills * on them, several naked Whores with their Gallants, scuttling it here and there, as if they would not, yet would be seen; when, too late, I found myself in a common Brothel; and cursing the old Hag who had trapan'd me thither, I cover'd my Face, and was just making off thro' the Stew, when, at the very Entrance, *Aescylos* met me, but as weary as myself, and in a manner half dead: It concluded he had been decoy'd there by the same old Woman, and saluting him with a Smile, ask'd him, What Business he had in such a scandalous Place? When, wiping the Sweat from his Brow, And if you knew, reply'd he, what has happen'd to me! What? says I.

After I had wander'd thro' the whole City (return'd he, with a feeble Voice) without being able to find our Inn, an elderly Man came up to me, and obligingly offer'd to be my Guide; thro' many crofs Lanes and blind Turnings he led me, till at last having brought me to this House, he unbutton'd, and was for pressing a more intimate Acquaintance.

* These Bills were inscrib'd with the Names and Prices of the Courtezans.

The Whore of the Cell had already secur'd her Fee, and the loose Fellow laid such violent Hands on me, that, had I not been too strong for him, I should have come badly off.

While *Ascylos* was telling his Adventure, in came the same elderly Man, with a Woman none of the least agreeable, and addressing himself to *Ascylos*, intreated him to walk in, and fear nothing; for if ~~she~~ ^{you} would not be passive, he might be active: The Woman also was very pressing for my Company. We follow'd, therefore, and being led amongst those little Apartments, saw a Number of both Sexes diverting themselves in the Cells; so that we concluded all of them had drank a Love-Potion*.

They no sooner perceiv'd us, but they us'd a thousand lascivious Postures to entice us to the same Sport; and immediately one of the most vigorous seizing *Ascylos*, threw him cross a Bed, and would have been leud; but I presently ran to his Assistance, and uniting our Forces, we made nothing of the trouble-

* These Love-Potions were made of the Root *Satyrion*, which *Pliny* tells us was a great Provocative to Lust.

some Coxcomb. *Ascylos* took directly to his Heels, and left me expos'd to their Insults ; but, thanks to my Strength and Courage, I got off without Injury.

After having rov'd the City almost over, I saw *Gito* standing in a dark Corner, just before our Inn Gate. I immediately went in with him, and ask'd what our Comrade had provided for Dinner ? But, instead of answering me, the Boy threw himself upon a Couch, and began to wipe away the Tears, which flow'd in abundance ; I was mightily concern'd at his Affliction, and demanded the Occasion of it ; he still continu'd silent, and seem'd unwilling to inform me ; till mixing Threats with my Entreaties, 'Twas that Brother *, or Companion of yours ; said he, who coming just before you into our Lodging, would have storm'd my Virtue ; when I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, And, if thou art a *Lucretia*, said he, thou hast found a *Tarquin*.

Hearing this, I flew at *Ascylos*, to tear out his Eyes ; and what canst thou say for

* The Word *Brother* was often us'd by the Romans in a leud Sense.

thy self, thou Catamite, cry'd I, whose very Breath is infectious?

Ascyrtos, at first, dissembled a Surprize, but presently laying hold on me, made me sensible of the Folly of my Attempt, and in a higher Voice, cry'd out, Must thou prate, thou obscene Gladiator, thou Refuse of the Amphitheater *, to which thou wast condemn'd for the Murder of thy Host? Must thou make a Noise, thou Night-Pad, whose top Mistress was but a Bawd, even when thou couldst boast thyself a Man? Upon what Account were you and I acquainted in the Meadow? Upon the same, I suppose, the Boy is admitted the Honour of your Conversation.

Ay, ay, reply'd I, it was upon the same too you stole from *Agamemnon's* Harangue.

Why, what an Ass art thou, return'd he, to imagine, that when I was dying for Hun-

* The Original is, *quem de ruinâ Arena dimisit*; which Expression alludes to those *Pegmata Amphitheatralia* describ'd by *Seneca*, Ep. 91. They were large boarded Machines, so contriv'd, as to lift up or let down at Pleasure. On these were plac'd condemn'd Criminals, who either fought together, after the manner of Gladiators; or, the Machine flying open on a sudden, they fell amongst wild Beasts, or Fires, put there for that Purpose.

ger, I could stand to hear Sentences, as much to the purpose as the Jingle of broken Glasses, or the Interpretations of Dreams? Now, by *Hercules*! you ought rather to be asham'd, who could commend an insipid Poet, for the sake of a Supper. When, at last, from Scolding, we turn'd to Laughing, and began to talk of our Affairs with more Mildness.

But a few Moments after, the late Injury returning fresh into my Mind, *Ascyrtos*, said I, it's impossible we can agree, let's divide the common Stock, and each of us set up for himself: You are a Scholar, and that I may be no Hindrance to your Projects, I'll turn my Thoughts to something else, otherwise we shall have a thousand Contentions every Day, and become scandalous all the Town over.

Ascyrtos made no Objection to the Proposal; But since we have promis'd, said he, as Scholars, to sup abroad together, let us be merry to-night, and to-morrow, since you desire it, I'll endeavour to provide my self with another Lodging, and another *Gito*.

A good Resolution, can never be too soon executed, reply'd I. For my Love made me impatient 'till he was gone, and I had long wanted to get rid of a troublesome Rival,

Rival, that I might renew my old Friendship with *Gito*.

Ascyrtos seeing himself press'd in this manner, flew out in a Fury, without giving me any Answer: I was too well acquainted with the Violence of his Temper, and his Passion for *Gito*, not to apprehend the Effects of such a sudden Transport, and therefore follow'd him, to observe and prevent his Designs; but, losing Sight of him, was a long time in pursuit of him, to no purpose.

Having search'd the whole City, I return'd to my Lodging, where, the Prelude of Kisses being over, I got the Boy to a closer Embrace, and was happy in my Wishes, even to Envy: Nor was the Mystery of Love yet over, when *Ascyrtos* stealing to the Door, suddenly burst it open, and found us diverting ourselves; upon which, clapping his Hands, and laughing till the Room echo'd again, he pull'd off the Robe which cover'd us; And what was you at, my sanctify'd Brother? cry'd he. What, two under one Coat? Nor was he content with Words only, but, untying the Thong of his Wallet, whipt me most unmercifully, reproaching me at the same time, As you like this, desire a second Parting.

Being

Being thus surpriz'd, I was forc'd to digest the Injury in Silence, and to turn it off with a politick Laugh; for otherwise I must have come to an Engagement with my Rival. The pleasant Humour I assum'd, not only pleas'd him, but brought him to laugh for Company, And thou, *Encolpius*, said he, art so lost in Pleasures, that thou never considerest our Money is gone, and that what things we have will turn to little Account: The City is barren this Summer-time, we shall have better Fortune in the Country, let's visit our Friends.

Necessity constrain'd me to approve his Advice, as well as suppress my Resentment; therefore * loading *Gito* with our Baggage, we left the City, and went to the Castle of one *Lycurgus*, a Roman Knight. As *Ascylos* had formerly been a Favourite of his, he gave us a handsome Reception; and the Company we found there, made our Entertain-

* The French Editor very justly remarks, that we always find *Gito* charg'd with the Luggage; which is to shew us the Tyranny of wicked People over those they debauch. The poor Wretches are in a continual State of Slavery; and nothing is a more common Punishment of Vice, than for a Bully to beat his Whore. It's a moral Lesson, which our Author never fails to inculcate.

ment still more agreeable: Amongst the rest was *Tryphæna*, a most beautiful Woman, who came with one *Lycas*, the Owner of a Ship and some Lands which lay contiguous to the Sea.

No Tongue can express the Pleasures which we enjoy'd in this delightful Abode, notwithstanding the Frugality of *Lycurgus's* Table. We were immediately united by the mutual Interests of Love: The fair *Tryphæna* charm'd me, and readily inclin'd to my Wishes; but I had scarce been happy in a first Embrace, when *Lycas*, enrag'd at being supplanted in his Amour, attempted to make Reprizals; the Lady, it seems, had been his Mistress for some time, and therefore to repair his Loss, he pleasantly propos'd my supplying her Place; but *Tryphæna* having my Heart, I was deaf to *Lycas*. My Refusal only serv'd to inflame him, so that he continually haunted me; and stealing one Night into my Chamber, when he found Intreaties ineffectual, would have forc'd me; but I rais'd such an Outcry, that I wak'd the Family, and the Servants running in with *Lycurgus* at their Head, rescu'd me from his Violence.

At

At length, perceiving *Lycurgus's* House was not for his Purpose, he endeavour'd to wheedle me to his own; but I rejecting the Offer, he made use of *Tryphena's* Power over me; and she the rather perswaded me to accept his Invitation, because she was in hopes of living there with less Restraint. The Love I bore her, determin'd my Compliance; but *Lycurgus* having renew'd his Intimacy with *Ascylos*, would not suffer him to go with us; therefore we agreed that he should stay with *Lycurgus*, and we accompany *Lycas*: Moreover, it was concluded that every one of us, as Opportunity serv'd, should steal what he could for the Benefit of the common Stock.

Lycas was overjoy'd at my Consent, and so hasten'd our Departure, that we took immediate Leave of our Friends, and arriv'd at his House the same Day.

Lycas had so artfully order'd it, that in our Passage, he sat next me, and *Tryphana* next *Gilo*; which he purposely contriv'd, to shew me the notorious Inconstancy of that Woman; nor was he mistaken in his Aim, for she presently grew enamour'd of the Boy, and I as soon perceiv'd it: *Lycas* also made Signs for me to remark it, and confirm'd my Jealousy.

Upon

Upon this, I began to be more condescending to him, which made him all Exstasy, as being assur'd the Infidelity of my Mistress would make me despise her, and that my Resentment of her Usage would incline me to receive him the more favourably.

In this Posture were Affairs at *Lycas's*: *Tryphæna* lov'd *Gito* to Distraction; *Gito* as fondly doated upon her; and for my Part, the Sight of either of them was Poison to me. *Lycas*, in the mean time, made it his whole Study to please me, and was continually inventing some new Diversion or other; in which his lovely Wife, *Doris*, contended with him, and that in such an engaging manner, that she soon banish'd *Tryphæna* from my Heart: I gave her an amorous Ogle, and she return'd the Intelligence by as obliging a Glance; so that this dumb Rhetorick preceding the Office of the Tongue, secretly convey'd to each other our mutual Inclinations.

The Reason of my being so cautious, was the Knowledge I had of *Lycas's* jealous Temper: His Wife's Love made her easily perceive his Designs upon me; and the first time we had an Opportunity of talking together, she told

told me her Thoughts, and I as frankly confess'd the Truth, at the same time representing to her, with what Severity I had always treated him: But she being a discreet Woman, gave me better Advice. Accordingly, I follow'd her Counsel, and soon found, that the surest way of possessing the one, was to give up myself to the other.

Mean while, *Tryphæna*, having exhausted little *Gito*, left him to recruit his Strength, and was for renewing her Commerce with me; but meeting a Repulse, her Love turn'd to Rage, and following me wherever I went, she soon discover'd my double Intrigue with the Husband and Wife: The Husband's Wantonness, she made little account of, as knowing it could rob her of nothing, but was resolv'd to ruin my Amour with *Doris*, and for that purpose acquainted *Lycas* with it, in whom Jealousy being more powerful than Love, he breath'd nothing but Revenge; but *Doris*, advertis'd by *Tryphæna*'s Woman, to divert the Storm, broke off our clandestine Meetings.

I had immediate Notice of it, and cursing the Treachery of *Tryphæna*, and *Lycas*'s Ingratitude, determin'd to steal off privately. Fortune also favour'd my Design; for the Day before

before a Ship consecrated to *Isis* *, and richly laden, had run upon the Rocks.

I communicated my Resolution to *Gito*, whom I found as willing as myself; for *Tryphæna* having depriv'd him of his Vigour, began now to neglect him. Therefore rising early the next Morning, we march'd to the Sea-side, and the more easily got on Board the Vessel, as we were known to *Lycas's* Servants, who had the Care of her: But they, out of Respect, going with us wherever we went, we had no room to filch any thing, till, leaving *Gito* with them, I took an Opportunity of slipping into the Stern, where the Image of *Isis* stood, which I stript of a rich † Vestment, and silver ‡ Sistræ; and having turn'd

* *Isis* was the Queen of *Osyris*, or *Bacchus*, King of *Egypt*; and the Mother of *Horus*, the *Phaeton* of the Ancients. *Macrobius* tells us, that by *Isis* is meant the *Earth*. She was represented with a *Corona Turrita* on her Head, an *Amphora* full of Ears of Corn in one Hand, and a *Sistræ* in the other. A Ship consecrated to her put to Sea every Year, in the Month of *March*.

† By this Vestment Commentators understand the *Peplus*, which was a rich sort of Vail, wore by Ladies of Quality,

‡ The *Sistræ* was, a Musical Instrument, play'd on by the Priests of *Isis* in her Solemnities, whence they were call'd *Sistrati*.

other

other good Booties out of the Master's Cabin, stole down by a Rope, unseen of any but *Gilo*, who also gave them the Slip presently after, and follow'd me.

As soon as I saw him, I shew'd him the Purchase, and both of us resolv'd to make what haste we cou'd to *Ascylltos*; but found it impossible to reach *Lycurgus's* till the next Day. When we came to *Ascylltos*, I gave him a short Account of our Robbery, and the Success of our Amours. He advis'd us, by all means to make *Lycurgus* our Friend, and to assert, that the Abruptness of our Flight was entirely owing to the leud Attempts of *Lycas*. We observ'd his Counsel, and when *Lycurgus* heard our Story, he gave us a solemn Promise, to protect us against all our Enemies.

Our Flight was unknown, till *Tryphæna* and *Deris* left their Pillows, for we us'd constantly to pay a religious Attendance at the Toilette; but when, contrary to Custom, we were found missing, *Lycas* dispatch'd Messengers to seek us, and particularly to the Sea-side, whence Word was brought him that we had been at the Ship, but not a Syllable of the Pillage, for the Stern lay to Sea-ward, and the Pilot was not yet return'd on Board.

In

In short, it being positively known that we were fled, *Lycas*, enrag'd at our Escape, turn'd all his Resentment against *Doris*, whom he charg'd with being privy to it. I say nothing of what Words and Blows he gave her, being ignorant of the Particulars; and shall only tell you, that *Tryphena*, the Occasion of this Uproar, persuaded *Lycas* to go in quest of us to *Lycurgus's*, as the likeliest Sanctuary we could retire to, promising to bear him Company, that she might have the Pleasure of loading us with those Reproaches she thought we deserv'd.

The next Day they set forward, and arriv'd at the Castle; but we were out of the way; for *Lycurgus* was gone to a Festival in honour of *Hercules*, held at a neighbouring Village*, and had taken us with him; of which when our Adversaries were inform'd, they made what Haste they could after us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. We were extremely surpriz'd at the Sight of them: *Ly-*

* The Gentleman who publish'd the *French* Edition, imagines this Village to have been *Tivoli*, which was not only very near *Rome* (the City our Author Satyrizes under the Name of *Naples*) but had also a Temple to *Hercules*, as *Suetonius* informs us.

cas eagerly complain'd of our Flight to *Lycurgus*, but was receiv'd with such a contracted Brow, and so haughty an Air, that I took Courage upon't, and opening my Throat, charg'd him with his lascivious Attempts upon me, as well at *Lycurgus's*, as in his own House. *Tryphæna* offering to contradict me, had also her Share of the Infamy, for I display'd her Harlotry to all those who were gather'd about us, to hear the Scolding; and for a Proof of what I advanc'd, I shew'd 'em poor limber-ham'd *Gito*, and myself, half dead thro' her insatiable Wantonness.

The Laughs which echo'd from every Quarter, so discountenanc'd our Enemies, that they were forc'd to retire, but not without meditating Revenge: They plainly saw that *Lycurgus* was prepossess'd in our Favour, and therefore determin'd to wait for him at his own House, that they might convince him of his Error.

The Solemnity ending too late for us to return to the Castle, *Lycurgus* conducted us to a Villa in the Mid-way to it, and leaving us asleep the next Morning, went home to dispatch some Affairs which requir'd his Presence, where, finding *Lycas* and *Tryphæna* waiting for him, they so prevail'd with their
Wheedles

Wheedles, that he consented to deliver us into their Hands. *Lycurgus*, who was naturally cruel and faithless, began now to contrive how to execute his Treachery, and advised *Lycas* to get help whilst he secur'd us in the Villa.

In short he return'd, and as soon as he saw us, accosted us as roughly as if he had been *Lycas* himself: then wringing his Hands, he upbraided us with the Lye we had rais'd of *Lycas*, and order'd us to be lock'd in the Room where we lay, having first thrust out *Ascylos*, whom he would not hear speak a Syllable in our Defence: After which setting a Guard over us, he took *Ascylos* with him, and return'd to the Castle.

Whilst they were upon the Road, *Ascylos* endeavour'd to mollify *Lycurgus*'s Resentment; but in vain! for neither Entreaties, Caresses, nor Tears made any Impression; which our Friend perceiving, form'd a Design to free us by other means, and being enrag'd at *Lycurgus*'s Obstinacy, refus'd to lodge with him that Night, which gave *Ascylos* an Opportunity of executing his Project the more easily.

As soon as the Family were in their first Sleep, *Ascylos* took our Baggage upon his Shoulders, and getting thro' a Breach in the

C

Wall,

Wall, which he had before taken Notice of, came to the Villa by break of Day, and meeting no one to obstruct him, boldly enter'd, and came up to our Chamber. Our Guards had fasten'd the Door, but as the Bar was only Wood, he easily open'd it with a bit of Iron, and wak'd us with the falling of the * Bolt, who were snoring in spite of ill Fortune.

Our Guards fatigued with watching, were found asleep, so that we alone wak'd at the Noise *Ascylos* made in entering. He told us in few Words, what he had effected for our sakes; nor was there occasion for more; but as we were hurrying on our Cloaths, it came into my Head to kill the Guards, and rife the Villa; I told *Ascylos* my Project, who approv'd the Risting, but gave us our Wish without bloodshed, for being acquainted with every Corner of the House, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-room where the Moveables lay, and bringing us into it, we stole

* The Bolts of the Ancients were not fix'd to their Doors as ours are, but hung to Chains, which Chains were fasten'd to the Doors, lest when they were open, the Bolts might be lost. Thus *Propertius* in his last Elegy :

Et jaceat tacitâ lapsa Catena serâ.

what

what was of most value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning, avoiding the common Road, and not resting till we thought our selves out of danger.

As soon as *Ascylos* had a little recover'd his Breath, he began to expatiate on the Delight he took in having pillag'd *Lycurgus*; of whose miserly Temper he justly complain'd, for he had neither rewarded him for his Night's service, nor kept a Table with either Meat or Drink, being such a sordid Wretch, that notwithstanding his immense Wealth, he deny'd himself the common Necessaries of Life.

*Thus * Tantalus by his own Wish accurst,
'Midst Fruits for Hunger faints, 'midst Streams for
Thirst :*

* *Tantalus* was Son to *Jupiter*, and King of *Phrygia*, The Occasion of his Punishment is variously reported. Some attribute it to his Cruelty, and tell us, that treating the Gods once at Supper, he dress'd his own Son *Pelops* for them, to try if they could perceive it. Others inform us, that being admitted to the Table of the Gods, he divulg'd their Secrets; and others that an unworthy Wish was the Original of his Misery. This last Opinion seems most conformable to our Author, and is also confirm'd by *Athenæus*, who relates that *Jupiter* having given *Tantalus* his Choice, what Request he should grant him, was desir'd by him

C 2

that

*The Miser's Emblem ! Who of all possess,
Yet fears to taste, in Blessings most unblest'd.*

Ascylos would have enter'd *Naples* the same Day, had not I represented to him the Imprudence of exposing our selves in a Place, where, in all likelihood, we should be fought after : Therefore, said I, let us absent ourselves for a while, and ramble the Country ; we have enough to purchase a Welcome wherever we go. He approved my Advice, and accordingly we set forwards for a little Knot of beautiful Seats, where several of our Acquaintance were enjoying the Pleasures of the Season : But we had scarce got half way, when a violent Shower oblig'd us to fly to the next Village for shelter ; where running into an Inn, we found a Crowd of People huddled together to avoid the Storm. The Greatness of the Throng screen'd us from being observ'd, and as we were prying about for a Prey, *Ascylos* took a Purse from the Ground, in which he found several Pieces of Gold. We were overjoy'd at this fortunate Beginning ; but fearing it might be enquir'd after, slip'd out at the Back-door where we saw a Groom saddling his Horses ;

that he might live Chin-deep amidst continual Feastings.

but

but he having forgot something, ran suddenly into the House. I immediately took the advantage of his Absence, and cutting the Straps of one of the Saddles, strip'd it of a rich Cloke ; after which under the covert of some Out-houses, we escap'd into a Neighbouring Wood.

Being more out of Danger among the Thickets, we began to contrive how we should hide our Gold, that we might neither be charg'd with the Theft, nor robb'd of it our selves ; at last we determin'd to sew it in the Lining of an old patch'd Coat, which I threw over my Shoulders, and committed the care of the Cloke to *Ascylos*, with an intent to get to the City by Cross-ways: But as we were going out, we heard somebody talking on our Left: “ They shall “ not escape us ; they enter'd the Wood ; “ let's separate in search of them, that we “ may take them the easier.”

Hearing this, gave us a terrible Alarm ; *Ascylos* and *Gito* scower'd through the Briars towards the City ; and I turn'd back in such a hurry, that without my perceiving it, the Coat which had the Treasure in it drop'd from my Shoulders ; at last being quite tir'd, and not able to go any

further, I laid my self down under a shady Tree, where I first mist the Coat. The Concern I was in gave me new Strength, and up I got again to try if I could recover the Treasure; a long time I wander'd to no purpose, till spent with Toil and Vexation, I plung'd into the thickest parts of the Forest, and there stay'd at least four Hours. I then grew disgusted with the Horror of my Solitude, and sought my way out; when going forwards, a Country Gentleman met me; I stood in need of all my Assurance for the surprize of such an Encounter, nor did it fail me, for going boldly up to him, I complain'd that I had been lost a long time in the Wood, and intreated him to direct me the nearest way to the City. He pitying my Condition, (for I was as pale as Death, and all over dirt) ask'd me, if I had seen any one in the Wood? I answer'd, No. On which he very courteously conducted me into the High-way, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had beat the Wood thro' and thro', but had found nothing but an old Coat, which they shew'd him.

You'll easily believe I had not the Courage to challenge it, tho' I knew the Value
of

of it so well: This Accident was more cutting to me than all the rest; it pierc'd me to the Heart, to see our Treasure carried off in such a manner, and my Feebleness encreasing, I was forc'd to lag behind, whilst they made the best of their Way without taking any farther notice of me.

It was late therefore ere I reach'd the City; when entering our Inn, I found *Ascylos* half-dead on a Couch, and threw my self on another, without being able to speak a Word: He missing the Coat, was in a great Consternation, and hastily demanded what was become of it? but I was so weak that I could only resolve him by the Languor of my Eyes, what my Tongue refus'd to utter: At length recovering a little, I plainly told him my Misfortune: but he thought I jested, and tho' my Tears evidenc'd the Truth of my Protestations, yet he question'd what I said, and would not be convinc'd but I had a mind to cheat him of the Gold. During this, *Gito* stood as much concern'd as my self, and the Boy's Sadness encreas'd mine: But what afflicted me most, was the Enquiry after us. I acquainted *Ascylos* with my Fear, but he was little concern'd at it, as having escap'd luckily for the present, and

withal persuaded himself that we were past Danger, since we were neither known, or had been seen by any body as yet: However, we thought it proper to feign our selves indispos'd, that we might have the better Pretence to keep up in our Chambers: But Money falling short sooner than we expected, we could not continue there so long as we intended; but Necessity obliging us, were forc'd to sally out, to sell some of our Pillage.

It was dusk when we arriv'd at the * Forum, where we saw a large Quantity of Goods to be sold; none very valuable indeed, yet such as under the Covert of the Night, might safely be dispos'd of by those who stole them. We had brought our Cloke with us, and taking the advantage of a blind Corner, fell a shaking the Skirt of it, to see if so glittering a Shew would allure us a Purchaser.

* This Forum, Commentators tell us, was in the Street call'd *Saburra*; where a Market was held every Evening, the chief Traffick of which was stolen Goods. Thus *Propertius*,

Jamne tibi exciderint vigilacis furta Saburræ.

Our Author also alludes to the Pleasure which *Nero* took in stealing in his Night-rambles, and afterwards selling his Thefts at a Back-gate of his Palace, which open'd upon this Market.

We

We had not waited long, when a Countryman whom I thought I had seen before, with a little Woman in his Company, came up to us, and ey'd the Cloke with a great deal of Attention. *Ascylos* on the other Hand, as fixedly observed our Country Chap's Shoulders, which so surpriz'd him on the sudden, that he was struck dumb: For my part, I could not look at him neither without Emotion, for he seem'd to me the same Person who had found our Coat in the Wood, nor indeed was it any other; but *Ascylos* doubting whether he should trust his Eyes, and that he might act nothing rashly, first went to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to examine it carefully. O the wonderful Sport of Fortune! The Countryman had not been curious enough to examine a Seam, but carelessly offer'd it to sale as a Purchase for a Beggar.

Ascylos seeing the Coat not ript, and the Person of the Seller contemptible, drew me aside from the Croud: And don't you see, Brother, said he, that our Treasure, which we so much lamented, is found? There is the Coat, and by what I can perceive the Gold untouch'd: How shall we manage Affairs,

fairs, what Course shall we take to recover our own?

I was overjoy'd at the News, not only for recovering Sight of our Booty, but because I was thus fortunately clear'd of the ill Suspicion I lay under. I was by no means for going round the Bush, but advis'd bringing an immediate Action against the Fellow, that if he refus'd to resign the Coat to the right Owners, he might be compell'd to it by Law.

*What's Law, where Gold the want of Right supplies,
And Poverty to Justice ne'er can rise?*

*Those who with * Cynic Treats traduce the Times,
For glitt'ring Oar will stoop to gild your Crimes.*

Justice is nothing now but Commerce grown:

Fee but the † Knight, the Cause you buy's your own.

Ascyrtos on the contrary was afraid of the Law; Who, said he, knows us in this Place, or who will give Credit to what we say? I am absolutely for buying it, tho' it is our

* The *Cynicks* were a Sect of Philosophers who profess'd such an austere Life, that it occasion'd the Proverb, *Cynicè vivere*. *Petronius* ridicules the Hypocrisy of his Age, when those who preach'd up Temperance the most, were the greatest Strangers to it.

† The *Roman* Knights had a Share in the Administration of Justice.

own, and had rather recover the Treasure with a little Loss, than embroil our selves in an uncertain Suit; but we had only two *small Pieces of Money about us, which were design'd to buy us a few † Pulse, and therefore lest the Coat should escape us, we concluded to part with the Cloke at a low Price, that the Advantage we got by the one, might recompense the Loss we sustain'd by the other,

Accordingly we spread open our Cloke, when the Woman who stood ‖ Veil'd by the Countryman, having heedfully observ'd some Tokens, laid violent Hands on it, and opening her Throat, cry'd, Thieves! Thieves!

* The Latin is a *Dupondius* and a *Sicel*. The *Dupondius*, *Varro* tells us, was equivalent to two As's: The *Sicel* was the same to two Drachms. Thus *Rhemnius Palæmon*,

Drachmam si gemines, aderit, quem dicier audis Sicilicus.

† These Rakes assumed the Characters of Cynic Philosophers, who pretended to live on Herbs and Pulse. *Encolpius* speaks this to banter the affected Abstinence of those sort of People.

‖ The Roman Women never went abroad unveil'd. The same Custom is observ'd at present throughout the East, and in some part of Europe; that it's almost as old as the World, appears from the Instance of *Rebecca* in *Genesis*.

We were extremely disturb'd at this Accident, but fearing lest Silence might betaken for Guilt, seiz'd hold of the tatter'd Coat, and as spitefully bawl'd out, They have robb'd us! They have robb'd us! But our Demands would by no means bear Comparifon, and the Mob who flock'd round us, according to custom, laugh'd heartily at our fuppos'd Malice, in that the others laid claim to a rich Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat not worth a good Patch. But *Ascylos* having ftill'd the Laugh, and obtain'd Silence, We fee, cry'd he, how every one likes his own beft, let them return our Coat, and take the Cloke.

The Countryman and the Woman were contented to accept the Exchange; when certain Advocates, or rather * Night-birds, having a mind to prey upon the Cloke, as importunately demanded that both of them fhould be left in their Cufody, and the Cause refer'd to the Judge the next Morning; alledging that it was not the Property of the Goods only which ought to be examin'd,

* All judicial Proceedings after Sun-fet, were forbid by the Law of the Twelve Tables: therefore *Petronius* very juftly ftiles thefe Advocates *Nocturni*, who hunted after illegal Gain in Night-controverfies.

but quite a different Affair, namely, the Suspicion of Theft in one of the Parties.

The Audience was unanimous in its Applause of this Decision, and one of the Company, I know not who, a bald, Mushroom-headed, solliciting Rascal step'd forward, and seizing the Cloke, assur'd us it should be forth-coming the next Day ; tho' his real Intention was, that having once got it into his Hands, it might be smother'd amongst him and his Companions in Roguery ; for he imagin'd that the Consciousness of our Guilt would deter us from appearing. And indeed we had the same Thought, when a lucky Accident gave both Parties their Wish ; for the Countryman thinking Scorn to be challeng'd with a Rag, threw the Coat at *Ascyrtos's* Head, discharging us of every thing but the Cloke, requiring that to be deposited in a Third Hand, as the only Cause of Dispute. Having thus recover'd our Treasure, we return'd with all speed to our Inn, and shutting the Door of our Apartment, began to laugh at the uncommon Penetration of our Umpires, as well as Accusers, who had so wisely restor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat, and taking out the Gold, we overheard somebody

dy asking our Host, what sort of People those were, who just now enter'd his House? We were alarm'd at the Question, and as soon as the Person was gone, I went down to enquire what was the matter, and understood that the * Prætor's Lictor, whose Office it is to take an Account of all Strangers, seeing two come into the Inn, whose Names he had not yet Register'd, had for that Reason enquir'd after our Country and Employ.

My Host accompany'd this Account with such an odd kind of Air, that I began to suspect we were not safe; therefore for fear of Apprehension, we thought proper to walk out, and not to return till Night: Accordingly we march'd off, and left the Care of our Supper to the Management of *Gito*.

We endeavour'd to shun the high Streets as much as possible, and therefore steer'd our

* The Prætors in *Rome* were the next Magistrates in Dignity to the Consuls, and generally chosen out of the *Patrician Order*. *Augustus* constituted twelve of them. Their chief Business was to administer Justice to Citizens and Strangers, to preside over Games, and to take care of the Sacrifices. There were also other Prætors, or Governours of Provinces. The Lictors were their Officers who carry'd the Rods and Axes before them. I must not omit that the Prætors who particularly took Cognizance of Strangers, were call'd *Peregrini*, as the others were *Urbani*.

Course thro' the most unfrequented Parts of the City, when stroling down a blind Lane in the Night, we met two well-shap'd Women in Veils, whom we follow'd softly at a Distance, till we saw them enter a little Temple, whence we heard an odd humming kind of Noise, as if it proceeded from the Hollow of a Cave: Curiosity engag'd us to go in after them, where we saw a Number of Women, as mad as so many Bacchanals, with each [an Image of * *Priapus* in her Right Hand. More we could not stay to see, for they no sooner perceiv'd us, but they set up such an Outcry that the Roof of the Temple shook again, and endeavour'd to lay hold on us; but away we scamper'd with all the Heels we had to our Inn.

* *Priapus* was feign'd to be the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*: His Image here mention'd was not that of a Man, but of the immodest Part of one. *Juvenal* alludes to this infamous Worship, Sat. 6.

*Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
Gig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;
With Musick rais'd, they spread abroad their Hair;
And toss their Heads like an enamour'd Mare.*

*Impatient of Delay, a general Sound,
An universal Groan of Lust goes round.* Dryden.

We

We had scarce made an End of the Supper which *Gito* had prepar'd for us, when we were alarm'd with a violent knocking at the Door; we chang'd as pale as Ashes, and ask'd who was there? To which Answer was made, Open the Door, and you'll see: But whilst we were talking, the Bolt fell down of its own accord, and the Door flying open, in bolted a Woman in a Veil, the same we had seen a little before with the Countryman: And what, cry'd she, do you think to mock me with Impunity? I am * *Quartilla's* Maid, whose Solemnities you so lately disturb'd before the Shrine of *Priapus*: She is coming hither herself, and desires to speak with you; don't be uneasy, she neither intends to accuse, nor punish your Inadvertence; on the contrary, she wonders what God has brought such well-bred Gentlemen into her Quarter.

We remain'd silent, nor knew what Answer to return, when in came the Mistress herself, accompanied by a little Girl, and sit-

* *Petronius* gives *Quartilla* the Character of *Priapus's* Priestess, (as the *French* Editor observes) to heighten the following Adventure, wherein he humourously exposes the Arts us'd by Courtizans to seduce young People.

ting down by me, * fell a weeping for some time ; we still continu'd mute, but were astonish'd what could be the Meaning of so many Tears, which seem'd to argue an extraordinary Affliction. At last, the Shower being over, she threw up her Veil, and with an gry Look wringing her Hands, What Assurance is yours, cry'd she, pray where have you learnt your Lying, and that † Slight of Hand to which you was so lately oblig'd? Good faith ! I'm sorry for you : No one ever beheld what was unlawful for him to see, without a severe Judgment : and our Country is so full of Deities to punish Offences of this Nature, that 'tis easier to find a || God than a Man : But that you mayn't think I came hither out of a Sentiment of Revenge, I protest to you, I am more mov'd with Compassion for your Youth, than my own

* These Tears which *Quartilla* shed, were to prepare herself a favourable Reception ; and her sudden Transition from one Passion to another just after, is to ridicule the Weakness of Mankind, in regarding the Transports of those Women who can cry and laugh when they please.

† Meaning their stealing the Cloke, which she had learn'd from her Maid.

|| This Exaggeration is a fine Banter on the Multiplicity of the Heathen Gods.

Injury,

Injury, and persuade my self, that it was only for want of knowing better, that you are guilty of this inexpiable Crime.

Last Night, I was seiz'd with such a dangerous Shivering, that I was afraid it would turn to a *Tertian*; wherefore in my Sleep, I pray'd for a Cure; when the God commanded me to apply to you, and told me by what Method you should appease the Violence of my Disorder; but it's not the Remedy which makes me thus anxious, a greater Grief preys upon my Heart, and drives me to Despair: I tremble lest in your youthful Wantonness you should discover what you saw in *Priapus's* Temple, and reveal the * Secrets of the Gods amongst the Vulgar. Therefore thus low at your Knees I entreat and conjure you, that you'll neither make a Jest of our nocturnal Worship, nor traduce the Arcana of so many Years, which even some of our † *Mystæ* themselves are scarcely acquainted with.

This solemn Deprecation ended, she burst into a fresh Torrent of Tears, and groaning

* It was accounted the highest Impiety for a Man to be present at these Solemnities.

† This was a common Name both to the Priests of *Bacchus* and *Priapus*.

in a surprizing Manner, threw herself flat on her Face upon the Bed. For my part, I was distracted between Fear and Compassion, and beg'd of her to take Comfort, assuring her, that we would never open our Lips concerning the Holy Secrets we had seen, and that if her God had prescrib'd her any other Remedy for her *Tertian*, we were ready to second the divine Providence, even to the Hazard of our Lives.

The good Lady was so reviv'd at this Promise, that she fell a kissing me thick and threefold, and changing her Tears into Laughter, comb'd back some Hair which hung over my Cheeks with her Fingers: I also make Peace with you others, cry'd she, and dismiss my Resentment. But had not you so readily agreed to the Remedy I desire, I had those prepar'd for to Morrow, who would have vindicated both my Quarrel and my Character.

*None but base Spirits dare Contempt sustain;
My Pride's the Pow'r of Mercy unconfin'd,
Wisdom commands to fight against Disdain,
But bloodless Conquests charm a gen'rous Mind.*

Then clapping her Hands, she burst into such a violent Fit of Laughter, that we began

gan to be frighted in earnest. The Maid also, and the young Girl who accompany'd her, were in the same Humour, that our Room rung like a Play-house at a fav'rite Farce, whilst we, who could see no Reason for this sudden Change, look'd sometimes at one another, and sometimes on the Women. At length, cries *Quartilla*, I have given Orders that no one enter here to Day, that I may receive your Remedy for my *Tertian* without Interruption.

Ascyrtos was struck in a heap at this Declaration, whilst I as cold as * *Gallick* Ice could not utter a Syllable; but considering their Force, I took Heart again, for they were but three Women, and consequently, if they had any Design, too weak to effect it against us; who if we were Men in nothing else, had however the Figure to befriend us. We were also well prepar'd, and in case of a Battle, I had contriv'd it so, that I was to engage with *Quartilla*, *Ascyrtos* with the Maid, and *Gito* with the little Girl.

While I was revolving this Scheme, *Quartilla* address'd her self to me for the Cure of her

* The North Part of old *Gaul*, inhabited by the *Helvetii*, (at present by the *Swiss*) is extream cold.

Tertian; but meeting a Disappointment, flung away like a Fury, and returning a few Moments after, commanded us to be seiz'd by Persons unknown, and convey'd into a magnificent Palace.

It was then our Constancy abandon'd us, and nothing but certain Death presented it self to our Eyes; when turning to *Quartilla*, Madam, said I, if a more rigorous Sentence awaits us, I intreat it may be speedily executed, for the Nature of our Crime is not so heinous as to deserve being tortur'd to Death.

Upon this her Maid *Psyche* immediately spread a Carpet upon the Floor, and placing me on it, began to solicit what she found as cold as if it had endur'd a thousand Deaths.

Mean time *Ascylos* cover'd his Head with his Cloke, as being sufficiently warn'd how dangerous it is to pry into other People's Secrets: And *Psyche* pulling off her Garters, with one ty'd my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

When I was thus fetter'd, This can never be the Way, said I, for me to cure your Lady's *Tertian*, : I know it, reply'd she, but I have other and more certain Remedies at Hand, and immediately brought a large
Bow₁

Bowl of Satyrion, which she accompanied with so many diverting Stories of the wonderful Effects of it, that she prevail'd with me to swallow best part: the rest, because *Ascylos* had slighted her Addresses, she threw on his Back unperceiv'd by him.

This merry Interlude being over, What, cry'd *Ascylos*, am I unworthy to taste of your Liquor? When the Wench perceiving herself betray'd by a Laugh which escap'd me, I have given you all, my dear Child, reply'd she, clapping her Hands, you drank it to the last Drop.

How! cry'd *Quartilla*, shaking her Sides very agreeably, wasn't it *Encolpius* then who gulp'd down all our Satyrion? *Gito* also catch'd the Laugh, and the little Girl throwing her Arms round his Neck at the same Instant, half smother'd him with Kisses, who made no Resistance.

Finding ourselves so hotly charg'd, we would have cry'd out for Assistance, but no one was near to help us. *Psyche* seeing me offer to open my Throat, prick'd me in the Cheeks with her Bodkin, whilst on the other Side, the little Girl almost choak'd *Ascylos* with endeavouring to force into his Mouth a Sponge full of Satyrion.

Finding

At last came leaping upon us a *Cinædical* Scoundrel, in a Myrrh-colour'd Robe girt round with a Belt; sometimes he was for charging us in the Rear, and at others poison'd us with his infectious Kisses, till at length, *Quartilla* tucking up her Coats to her Middle, produc'd her * Whale-bone Wand, and commanded to give us Quarter; but withal oblig'd us to take a solemn Oath, that the horrid Adventure should go no farther than our selves.

Then came in several Courtezans, and rubb'd us over with a certain restorative Oil; being thus refresh'd, we resum'd our † Festival Garments, and were conducted into the next Room, where we found three rich || Beds, and a magnificent Banquet prepar'd for us. In short, we took our Places as desir'd, and beginning with an admirable Ante-past, drench'd our selves with full Goblets of excellent ‡ *Fa-*

* Alluding to the Custom of Wrestlers and Gladiators, who were parted in their Combats by the Mediation of a Wand.

† The *Romans* had particular Robes to feast in, different from those they wore when they went abroad.

|| The Ancients did not sit at their Meals as we do, but reclin'd on little Beds like our Couches.

‡ *Falernum* was a Country in *Campania*, which produc'd such excellent Wine, that *Horace* assures us, it was worthy to be kept under a hundred Keys.

Iernian: We were also regal'd with several other Delicacies, till at last growing nodding ripe, How now ! cry'd *Quartilla*, dare you think of Sleeping, when you know this is a Vigil sacred to *Priapus* ?

Notwithstanding *Ascylos*, over-harraf's'd with the Persecutions he had undergone, fell into a sound Sleep ; when the Wench to revenge his slighting her, took the opportunity to daub his Face with Soot, and scor'd his Lips and Shoulders with the End of a burnt Stick.

I was also so fatigu'd my self with the Injuries I had sustain'd, that I could not resist the Sweets of Slumber. The whole Family, both without Doors and within, was in the same Humour ; some lay scatter'd under our Feet, others propp'd the Wall, and others Block to Block lay snoring across the Threshold : the Lamps also had drank up their Oil, and cast a sleepy glimmering Light. When two * *Syrian* Slaves, having a mind to pilfer our Wine, stole into the Room ; but happening

* The *Romans* had such a Number of Slaves from *Syria*, that we often find *Syrus* and *Slave* synonymous Terms. They were generally esteem'd designing and cunning, whence the Proverb, *Syri adversus Phœnices* ; Set one Rogue to catch another.

to scuffle a little too eagerly cross the Buffet, they brok the Jar, and throwing down a Table with some Plate, a Cup fell on one of the Maids, as she lay snoring, and broke her Head. The Outcry she rais'd at the Blow, discover'd the Thieves, and wak'd part of the Drunkards; but the two Slaves seeing themselves detected, slipt down by the Bedside, and began to snore as heartily, as if they had lain there from the Beginning.

The * Steward of the Hall also waking, pour'd fresh Oil into the dying Lamps; and the Boys having rubb'd their Eyes, return'd to their Attendance; when in came a Woman playing on the † Cymbals, and with her Musick rouz'd all the rest: Upon this, our Banquet was renew'd; *Quartilla* began a new Round of Healths, and the Woman with her Cymbals made no small Addition to our midnight Gaiety.

* His Office was to take care of the Linen and Plate, and also to taste the Wine.

† This Instrument was very ancient. It consisted of two little hollow Pieces of Brass: The Person who play'd, held one in each Palm of his Hand, by a Ring which went over his Thumb, and striking them artificially together, made a tinkling kind of Musick.

At length bolted in a most profligate Rascal, and one truly worthy the Place we were in, who, clapping his Hands, sputter'd out the following Verses :

All who love uncurb'd Delight,

*Delian * Eunuchs, young, or old ;*

Hither wing your sportive Flight,

And your wanton Arts unfold.

This Extemporary being ended, I was half poison'd with an infectious Kiss; then throwing himself upon the Bed, he attack'd me by main Force, and for a long while tormented me to no purpose. Great Drops of Paint, mix'd with Sweat, run down his Forehead, and so much Plaister stuck in the Wrinkles of his Cheeks, that I can compare it to nothing but a Wall wash'd with Rain.

I could refrain my Tears no longer ; but, reduc'd to the utmost Extremity, Pray Madam, said I to *Quartilla*, have you order'd me to be smother'd by an *Incubus* ?

Oh the witty Man ! cry'd she, gently clapping her Hands, How acute you are ! Don't you know that these sort of People are *In-*

* The Inhabitants of the Isle of *Delos* were famous for their Expertness in Castration.

cupus,* by Profession? Hearing that, I was at least desirous my Companion might have no room to jeer me; By your Integrity, Madam, said I, must *Ascylos* only keep Holiday amongst us?

You are in the right, cry'd *Quartilla*, let *Ascylos* have his Share of the *Incubus*: Upon which my Gentleman chang'd his Companion, and removing to *Ascylos*, almost ground him to Powder with his Kisses and lascivious Insults.

Mean while *Gito* standing by, laugh'd as if he would split his Sides; which *Quartilla* perceiving, was very curious to know whose Boy he was. I told her he was my Favourite. Why has not he kiss'd me then? said she; and calling him to her, kiss'd him over and over; then putting her Hand under his Robe, and taking hold of what he hardly knew the Use of, This will be a charming Whet for me to-morrow Morning, said she; but I have been so well regal'd to-day, that I don't care † to put a Churl upon a Gentleman.

* There's a sort of Joke in the Original, turns upon the Ambiguity of the Word *Embascetas*, which signifies either an *Incubus* Man, or an *Incubus* Spirit.

† The Latin Proverb, *Post Asellum Diaria non sumo.*
D 2 exactly

As she was running on in this manner, *Psyche* came tittering to her, and having whisper'd something in her Ear, True, true, cry'd *Quartilla*, well remember'd, since we have so fine an Opportunity, why should not our *Pannychis* get rid of her Maidenhead? And immediately was brought in a pretty little Girl, of about Seven Years of Age, the same who had accompany'd *Quartilla* to our Inn: Every one approv'd the Proposal, and desiring Consummation, got up to celebrate the Nuptials.

For my Part, I was amaz'd; and assur'd them, that neither *Gito*, a modest Lad, was able to undergo such a Drudgery, nor the Girl of Years to receive it.

How! cry'd *Quartilla*, is she less than I was, when I enter'd on't? May *Juno** curse me, if I remember I ever was a Maid; for when I was an Infant, I diverted myself with

exactly answers this of ours. The *Asellus* usually contain'd their *Promissis*, or First Service in their Entertainments; and the *Diaria* were the Daily Portions of Provisions allow'd to their Slaves.

* *Juno* presided over Weddings, and Women's Labours, and was in a peculiar manner the Guardian of the Female Sex. To swear by their *Juno*, was the usual Oath of the Women, as by their *Genius* that of the Men.

my

my Equals ; and still as I grew up, accompany'd with bigger Boys, till I arriv'd at the Age you see ; and hence I believe rose the Proverb : * *She'll bear him a Bull, who bore him a Calf.*

Fearing therefore *Gito* might sustain a worse Injury by my Absence, I also got up to assist at the Wedding.

Psyche had already dress'd the Girl in the Nuptial Veil †, our *Incubus* led the way with a Torch, and a long Train of drunken Women follow'd, shouting after ; the Bride-bed was also sumptuously adorn'd ; when *Quartilla*, all on fire at the wanton Scene, rose up, and taking hold of *Gito*, drew him into the

* Alluding to the Story of *Milo*, the famous *Crotonian*, who, by lifting a Calf every Day, grew so strong, that at the Olympick Games he carry'd a Bull of two Years old a Furlong, and then kill'd him with his Fist.

† This Veil was call'd *Flammeolum*, or *Flammeum*, either because it was of a Flame-colour, and therefore denoted the Violence put upon the Modesty of the Bride ; or because it was wore by the Wife of the *Flamen*, or High-Priest of *Jupiter*, who was forbid Divorce, and therefore was look'd upon as an Omen of Conjugal Unity. The Torch was always us'd in Nuptial Processions ; and the Shouting of the Women, was both to express their Joy, and to drown the Cries of the Bride in the Loss of her Virginity.

Chamber: In truth, the Boy made no Resistance, nor seem'd the Girl in the least frighted at the Name of Matrimony. As soon therefore as they were in Bed, and the Door shut on them, we stole softly to it, and *Quartilla*, thro' a Slit cut on purpose, was particularly curious in observing their childish Diversion; she also drew me gently by the Hand, to partake of the pleasing Spectacle; and as our Faces met in looking thro', she every now and then snatch'd an open-mouth'd Kiss, as by Stealth.

I was so nauseated with these fulsome Caresses, that I began to contrive an immediate Escape. I communicated my Design to *Ascyrtos*, who was charm'd with it, as hoping by that means a Deliverance from the Persecutions of *Psyche*. Our Intent might easily have been effected, had not *Gito* been shut up in the Chamber; for we were determin'd to take him with us, and not to leave him to the Mercy of such a Legion of Strumpets. We were cudgelling our Brains to bring this about, when little *Pannychis* fell out of Bed, and drew *Gito* after her; the Boy was not hurt at all, but the Girl receiving a slight Blow on the Head, rais'd such an Outcry, as frighted *Quartilla*, who rushing hastily in,
gave

gave us our desired Liberty. Away we flew to our Inn, with all the Heels we had, and getting to Bed, pass'd the rest of the Night without Fear.

But going out the next Day, whom should we meet, but two of those Fellows who had seiz'd us by *Quartilla's* Orders ; which *Ascylos* perceiving, briskly attack'd one of them, and having disarm'd and desperately wounded him, flew to my Assistance, who was pressing hard upon the other ; but he behav'd so stoutly, that he wounded both of us, tho' but slightly, and got off himself unhurt.

It was now the third Day, on which we were invited to a Feast made by *Trimalchio*, for the * Freeing several of his Slaves ; but as we were wounded, we thought it more Prudence to withdraw, than to expose ourselves by staying where we were ; therefore hurrying to our Inn, we went to Bed, and our Wounds not being considerable, we cur'd them with a little Wine and Oil.

* The original Expression (*libera Cæna*) is variously interpreted. Some think it alludes to that Liberty of Tongue which the *Romans* allow'd their Slaves in the *Saturnalia* ; and others, that it is so called, from the invited Guests being chiefly Freedmen. I have follow'd the Sense espous'd by the *French* Editor.

But as we had left one of our Rogues on the Spot, we were afraid of a Discovery; and in a pensive Consultation which way to avoid the Storm that threaten'd us; when a Servant of *Agamemnon's* interrupted our Fears: And don't you know, cry'd he, who you are to Sup with? *Trimalchio* is a most magnificent Gentleman; he has a * Clock in his Dining-Room, and a Trumpeter whom he keeps on purpose, to give him Notice of every Hour of his Life which he loses. Hearing this, we immediately dress'd us, and bidding Adieu to our Cares, order'd *Gito* (who had willingly hitherto discharg'd the Part of a Servant) to follow us to the Bath.

Mean time we diverted ourselves with a Ramble, when drawing near a Tennis-Ground, we observ'd an old, bald-pated Gentleman, in a Russet Waistcoat, very busy at the Game, with young Boys, whose Hair † reach'd down to their Middles; but

it

* Clocks with Wheels and Bells, were unknown to the ancient *Romans*; what they chiefly us'd was the *Clepsydra*, or Water-Clock, which is the Reason why the Trumpeter is added here to proclaim the Hour.

† To denote the lascivious Character of *Trimalchio*; for handsome Boys, with long Hair, were in a peculiar

it was not so much the Boys which engag'd our Attention, tho' they were very beautiful, as the Master himself, who follow'd the Exercise in his Pumps †, nor struck a Ball after it had once touch'd the Ground, having a Slave with a Bag-full ready, who supply'd all that play'd.

We also remark'd several other Singularities: Opposite to each other, stood two Eunuchs, one of which held a silver Urinal, and the other kept account of the Balls; not those which the Players were bandying to and fro through the Air, but those which fell on the Ground.

Whilst we were admiring this odd Magnificence, *Menelaus* step'd hastily to us, This is the Gentleman, said he, you are to sup with to-night, and I assure you, what you now see is the Prelude to your Entertainment.

liar manner the Favourites of their own Sex, as St. *Ambrose* observes; *Nullus Comatus qui non idem Cynædus.*

† *Trimalchio* is drawn as behaving in every thing out of Season; for these sort of Sandals, or Pumps, were only worn in going from the Bath to Table; and the Exercise of Tennis was always us'd before, not after Bathing.

He was yet speaking, when the great *Trimalchio* snap'd * his Fingers, at which Signal, the Eunuch held the Urinal to him, as he play'd; then calling for Water for his Hands, he just wetted the Tips of his Fingers, and dry'd them † on the Boys Hair. It would be tedious to recite every Extravagance; in short, we enter'd the Bath, and the Moment we began to Sweat, plung'd into the cold ‡ Water.

As for *Trimalchio*, he was anointed with a rich Perfume, and rubb'd clean again, not with Linen, but the finest Flannel, whilst three || Bath-Quacks sat before him, carousing *Falernian*; but brawling over their Cups,

* It was no unusual Vanity with the *Romans*, to disdain to Name things of a mean Office.

† To ridicule the immoderate Pride of *Trimalchio*; as the Perfume and Flannel mention'd after, are to expose his Effeminacy.

‡ The Ancients had three Cells, or Divisions, in their Baths; the First hot, the Second a Medium between the Extremes, and the Third cold. The immediate passing from the hot to the cold, was often practis'd; the Reason of it was to firm and solidate the Parts.

|| These *latraliptæ*, as they are call'd in the Original, were Persons skill'd in Physick, who attended the Baths, to anoint and take care of the Healths of those who came there.

and

and spilling their Wine, *Trimalchio* acquainted them, that it was the same he drank himself: Then they wrapt him in a Scarlet Cloke, and put him into a Litter; four Footmen in rich Liveries led the way, and by his Side march'd a Sedan, in which was his Favourite, a wither'd blear-ey'd Boy, more deform'd than his Master, who, as they went on, kept close to his Ear with two Flutes, as if he had whisper'd him, playing to him all the way. In Astonishment we follow'd, and with *Agamemnon* arriv'd at the Gate, on one of the Pillars of which hung a Tablet, with this Inscription:

Whatever Servant goes abroad without his Master's Leave, shall receive a Hundred Lashes.

At the Entrance stood the Porter in a green Livery*, girt about with a Cherry-colour'd

* Alluding to the immoderate Warmth with which *Nero* (the *Trimalchio* of our Author) espous'd the Green Faction, as *Suetonius* tells us in his Life; for in running the Chariot-Races in the *Circus*, there were four distinct Parties, known by their Liveries; which were Green, a kind of russet Red, White, and Blue. The Quarrel between the Green and Blue, was carry'd to so great a Height at *Constantinople*, in the Time of *Justinian*, that forty thousand were left dead on the Spot.

Girdle, cleansing of Pease in a silver Charger; and over-head, in a golden Cage, hung a most beautiful parti-colour'd Magpye, which saluted us as we enter'd. But while I was admiring these Novelties, I had like to have broke my Neck backwards; being surpriz'd at a great Dog which was painted chain'd on the left-hand Wall, not far from the Porter's Lodge, and over him was writ, in Capital Letters, *Take care of the Dog*. My Companions laugh'd heartily, but my Fright was soon over, and I continu'd to examine the rest of the Wall; in one Place, was the Representation of a Market for Slaves, with Labels * of their Prices ty'd round their Necks. *Trimalchio* was also drawn with his long Hair, and † *Caduceus*, as entering *Rome* in a triumphal Car, and conducted by *Mi-*

* That these Labels were ty'd to their Necks, appears from *Propertius*.

At quorum titulus per barbara colla pependit,

Cælati medio cum saliere foro.

L. 4. El. 5.

† Reflecting on the Arrogance of the *Romans*, who adorn'd their own Statues with the Ensigns of the Gods. The *Caduceus* was peculiar to *Mercury*, and an Emblem of Peace. *Minerva* was the Patroness of Arts and Sciences; and her introducing *Trimalchio* into *Rome*, I take to be hieroglyphical of the Honour you are told he attain'd by his Learning.

nerva:

nerva: A little farther was describ'd his Manner of learning to cast Account, and how he came to be made Treasurer; all which the Painter had carefully explain'd by * In-
scriptions: At the End of the Portico, † *Mer-
cury* was seen lifting him up by the Chin,
and placing him on a lofty Tribunal; For-
tune stood by with her *Cornucopia*, and the
three fatal Sisters spinning a ‡ Golden Thread.

I also took Notice of a Company of Foot-
men, breathing under the Direction of their
Governor: Besides this, in one of the Cor-
ners, I saw a spacious *Museum*, where stood
the Household-Gods of Silver, a Marble Sta-
tue of *Venus*, and a large Golden Box, in
which they told us, were preserv'd the first
|| Shavings of *Trimalchio's* Beard.

* By way of Banter on the barbarous Taste of his
Age for Painting. The Author laments the Decay of
that noble Art in the beginning of his Satire.

† An ostentatious Boast of his having obtain'd the
Magistracy by his Eloquence. The *Cornucopia*, or Horn
of Plenty, was a Symbol of his Wealth.

‡ The Golden Thread was an Emblem of Felicity.

|| Both *Suetonius* and *Dian* assure us, that the first
Shavings of *Nero's* Beards were preserv'd in a Gold Box
richly adorn'd with Pearl, and consecrated in the Ca-
pitol.

I ask'd the Person who had Charge of these Curiosities, what Paintings those were in the Middle of the Portico? They are the *Iliad* and *Odysssey*, reply'd he, and on the Left Hand are two Combats of Gladiators.

We had no Time to examine farther, being now arrived at the Hall; in the Entrance of which sat the Steward with his Register: But what we chiefly admir'd, were the || Rods and Axes fix'd to the Pillars, and dispos'd in such a Manner, as to end like the brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was inscrib'd,

Cinnamus, Steward to Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio, an August Sevir.

Over Head hung a Lamp of two Branches from the Cieling, and on each Side the Door a Tablet, one of which, if my Memory fail not, contain'd this Memorandum,

*The * thirtieth, and thirty first of December,
Our Patron Gaius sups abroad.*

|| To expose the Vanity of *Trimalchio*, for these Ensigns of Honour were only us'd by the Magistrates in *Rome*, not those of the Colonies.

*The Latin is *Tertio & Pridie Kal. Jan.* The Kalends were the first of every Month.

On

On the other was describ'd the Course of the Moon and Seven Stars ; with what Days were † Fortunate and Unfortunate, distinguish'd from each other by an emboss'd Stud.

Full of these Novelties we were entering the Hall, when a Boy, whose Office it was, cry'd out, Your ‡ Right Foot forwards. This put us in a little Panick, lest any of us should transgress the Ceremonial ; but as we proceeded in Form, a Servant stript of his Livery threw himself at our Feet, and besought us to save him from Punishment, alledging that the Fault was but slight, he was in Danger for, having only lost some Cloaths of the Steward's at the Bath, hardly worth ten || Sesterces.

We return'd therefore in the same Order, and finding the Steward in his Office, telling Gold, intreated him for the Servant's Pardon : When looking haughtily upon us, It's not so much the Loss which frets me, said he, as the Negligence of the Rascal. He has lost me the Garments I us'd to Feast

† The *Romans* were remarkably addicted to this Superstition.

‡ To enter with the left Foot was an ill Omen.

|| Meaning the little *Sesterce*, which was of about two pence Value.

in, which a Client of mine presented me with on my Birth-day; I assure you, they were right Purple, tho' of the single Dye; however I grant your Request.

Having obtain'd this great Favour, we re-enter'd the Hall, where we were met by the Servant for whom we had interceded, who astonish'd us with a multitude of Kisses, and thanking us for our Kindness; By and by, said he, you shall know who it is you have oblig'd, and that the Wine my Master drinks is at your service.

As soon as we had taken our Places, came *Egyptian* Boys, and pour'd * Snow-water upon our Hands; at the Heels of these follow'd others, who with a wonderful Dexterity par'd the Nails of our Feet, nor were they silent even in this troublesome Office, but † fung all the while. I had a Mind to try whether all the Family were Songsters or

* *Pliny* attributes the Invention of this Snow-water to *Nero*. *Neronis principis inventum est, decoquere aquam, vitroque demissam in Nives refrigerare.* L. 31. c. 3.

† *Nero's* Palace was continually throng'd with Singers and Dancers; and he himself was so jealous of his Theatrical Excellence, that, as *Suetonius* informs us, "He kill'd *Paris* the Pantomime, as a most dangerous Rival."

no; and therefore call'd for some Wine, which one of the Boys as readily brought me with an odd kind of Tune. In short, they were all in the same Humour, and you would rather have taken them for a Company of Pantomimes, than the Domesticks of a Gentleman.

Then came in a magnificent Antepast; for we were all seated except *Trimalchio*, for whom, after a new Fashion, the ‡ chief Place was reserv'd. The ¶ *Promulsidare* was a *Corinthian* Afs, with two Panniers, in one of which were white Olives, and in the other black; these were cover'd with two large pieces of Plate, on the Brims of which was engrav'd *Trimalchio's* Name, with their respective Weights: There were also little Bridges full of Dormice, strow'd over with Honey and Pepper: A Silver Gridiron with smoking-hot Sausages. and under the Gridiron a Salver of Damsons and Pomegranate-kernels.

‡ None but Sovereign take the first Place at their own Tables; and therefore Interpreters imagine this Passage points out the Emperor: but I rather think it alludes to the whimsical Humour of *Trimalchio*, who is a *Contretems* in every thing.

¶ That which contain'd the *Promulsis*, or Antepast.

We

We were in the midst of these Dainties when *Trimalchio* himself was brought in to a * Flou-
 rish of Musick; he was bolster'd up with a
 Number of little Pillows, which seem'd so
 odd to some of the Imprudent amongst us,
 that they could not forbear tittering. Indeed
 the Figure was provoking enough, for you
 could but just see his † shav'd Crown peep-
 ing out of a Scarlet Cloke, which loaded his
 Neck, and over the Cloke dangel'd an em-
 broider'd ‡ Laticlave with Purple Taffels.
 He had also on the little Finger of his Left
 Hand, a large Gilded Ring, and on the
 extream Joint of the Finger next it, one les-
 ser, which seem'd of pure Gold * starr'd with
 Steel: But that we might not think these
 were all his Gallantries, he bar'd his Right
 Arm, on which was a Gold Bracelet, and
 an Ivory Circle inlaid with Plates of Gold:

* This was an Air of Grandeur. *Seneca* reports the
 same of one *Pacuvius*, Governour of *Syria*.

† When a Slave was freed, he us'd to shave his
 Head in token of Liberty.

‡ This was an Ornament wore by Princes and Sena-
 tors.

---- *latum demisit pectore clavum.*

Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 6.

* These constellated Rings were esteem'd of great
 Virtue.

Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, My Friends, said he, I had no Inclination to have come amongst you so soon; but fearing my Absence might make you wait too long, I deny'd my self my Diversion; however give me Leave to make an End of my Game.

A Boy follow'd him with a *Terebinthian* Table and Crystal Dice; and I took notice of one Piece of Grandeur in particular; for instead of black and white Men, his were all of Silver and Gold.

Mean time whilst he was squandering his heap at Play, and we as busy at Table, a Machine was handed in with a Basket upon it, in which sat a Hen carv'd of Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow as if she was brooding; when immediately the Comfort striking up, two Servants began to search the Straw under her, and taking out some † Pea-Hen's Eggs, distributed them round the Company.

† These Eggs were mightily esteem'd by the Romans. *Macrobius* speaking of their extravagant *Epicurism*, cries out, Shameful Wonder! a Pea-Hen's Egg is sold for five Denarius's, (about three and eight Pence of our Money.)

At this *Trimalchio* turning tow'rd's us, My Friends, said he, I commanded this Hen to be set with Pea-Hens Eggs, but by *Hercules*, I am afraid they are half-hatcht; however we'll try if they are yet eatable.

We then took every Man his Spoon, which weigh'd at least Six Ounces, and began to break our counterfeit Eggs of Paste: For my part, I had like to have thrown away mine; for it seem'd to me to have a Chick in it; but hearing an old Guest say, there was some good Bit or other in the Egg-shell, I search'd farther into it, and found a delicate fat Fig-pecker in the Middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk.

On this *Trimalchio* ceas'd his Play, and with an audible Voice declar'd, that if any of us car'd for more † Metheglin, or any thing else on the Table, it was at our service: When on a sudden the Musick gave the Signal, and the first Course was remov'd by a Company of Singers; but a Dish falling in the Hurry, a Boy took it up, which *Trimalchio* observing, gave him a Box on the Ear, commanding him to throw it down again;

† This *Mulsus*, or Metheglin, was a favourite Drink of the Ancients; it was made of Wine and Honey.

and presently came the Groom of the Chambers with his Broom, and swept away the Silver Dish, with whatever else had fallen on the Ground.

Then came in two tall *Ethiopians*, with little Leather Bottles, such as are used in sprinkling the || Arena of the Amphitheater; who gave us Wine to wash our Hands, for no one offer'd us Water.

We were full of Encomiums on this Elegance, When, cry'd *Trimalchio*, * *Mars* is a Lover of Justice, therefore let every Man have his Plate and Bottle; and, continu'd he, this Croud of Attendants is troublesome, we shall be less incommoded with Heat, if we are contented with fewer.

Immediately was brought in a large Pile of Bottles † close-plaister'd over, round the Necks of which were Labels with this Inscription:

Opimian Falerian, an hundred Years old.

While we were reading the Titles, *Trimalchio* clapp'd his Hands, And alas! alas! said he, that Wine should live longer than

|| The Arena was cover'd with Sand, and therefore sprinkled to lay the Dust.

* Alluding to the Proverb, *Mars communis*.

† This Method is still us'd in Italy.

than

than a Man! Since it's so, let us drink lustily, there's Life in good Wine, and this is right *Opimian* I assure you; that which I gave my Guests Yesterday was nothing so generous, tho' they were Persons of better Quality that supp'd with me.

As we were carousing and admiring this Magnificence, in came a Servant with a Silver † Skeleton, so artfully put together, that its Joints and Back-bone turn'd every way; this being thrown once or twice upon the Table, cast itself into several Figures; upon which *Trimalchio* cry'd out:

Vain as Vanity, are we!

Swift Life's transient Flames decay!

What this is, we soon shall be;

Then be merry whilst you may.

The Applause we gave him was follow'd by a second Service, which tho' not answerable to our Expectation, yet the Novelty of the Thing drew every one's Eyes upon it; it was a large Machine with the Twelve Signs of the *Zodiack* round it; upon

† These *Memento mori's* were to encourage the Enjoyment of Life as fast as possible. The *Egyptians* us'd them in their Entertainments for that Purpose, as *Herodotus* informs us.

every one of which the Master-Cook had plac'd something or other agreeable to the Sign : Upon *Aries*, a Dish of Pease resembling a Ram's Head ; on *Taurus*, a Piece of Roast-Beef ; on *Gemini*, Kidneys and Brifens ; on *Cancer*, a Crown ; on *Leo*, an || *African* Fig ; on *Virgo*, a barren Sow's Hasket ; on *Libra*, a Pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Custard ; on *Scorpio*, a little Sea-fish of the same Name ; on *Sagittary*, a * Hare ; on *Capricorn*, a † *Lobster* ; on *Aquarius*, a ‡ Goose ; on *Pisces*, two Mulletts ; and in the middle a green Turf, with a Honey-comb.

Mean time an *Egyptian* Boy carried about Bread in an Silver Oven, and with a shrill Voice squeek'd out an Encomium on || High-feeding. We could not help looking a little blank upon the Coarsness of our Fare, when cry'd *Trimalchio*, Pray Gentlemen, fall to ; this is our Manner of Eating.

|| Because *Africa* is the Nurse of *Lions*.

* *Sagittarius* is represented by *Hyginus* carrying a Hare.

† Because of its Horns.

‡ From its delighting to dabble in Water.

|| The *Laserpitium* of the Original was an exceeding rich Sauce, the chief Ingredient of which was *Lasar*, or *Benzoin*.

He

He had no sooner spoke, but the Musick struck up; and four Waiters dancing in, took off the upper Part of the Machine, when a most elegant Course discover'd itself underneath; amongst the rest were the * Paps of a Sow newly Farrow'd, and in the Middle a Hare wing'd like a *Pegasus*; we also took Notice of four Satyrs, who stood on the Angles of the Machine, spouting a † rich Sauce amongst some Fish which swam in another ‡ *Euripus*.

We all seconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily on board what we lik'd best; when *Trimalchio*, no less charm'd than our selves, cry'd, Cut; at this the Carver immediately advanc'd, and the Musick sounding all the while, perform'd his Office with so many Antic Gestures, that you would

* A Dish in great esteem among the Romans,

--- *nil vulvâ puchrius amplâ.*

Hor.

† The *Garum* of the Latin was a rich Sauce made of the Intestines of Fish, as *Pliny* informs us: *Aliud etiamnum liquoris exquisiti genus, quod Garum vocarere, intestinis piscium, cæterisque, quæ abjicienda essent, sale maceratis ut sit illa putrescentium sanies.* L. 31. c. 7.

‡ *Euripus* is a narrow Sea between *Bæotia* and *Eubœa*; it's said to Ebb and Flow seven times in twenty four Hours. The Romans also call'd their Fish-ponds and Reservoirs by this Name.

have

have thought he had been contending in a Chariot-Race to an || Hydraulic Pipe.

Mean time *Trimalcho* with a low Voice still continu'd to cry, Cut: Hearing the Word so often repeated, I imagin'd some Joke must belong to it, and therefore ventur'd to ask the Guest who sat next above me, what it meant. You see the Servant that carves, reply'd he who had been often present at these Fooleries, his Name is *Cut*, and therefore as often as he cries Cut, he both calls and commands.

Having eat what I car'd for, I turn'd to the same Person to satisfy my Curiosity in other Particulars; after a little Pleasantry at a Distance, What Woman is that, said I, who is scuttling from one end of the Hall to the other?

It's *Trimalchio's* Wife, answer'd he, her Name is * *Fortunata*, she counts her Money by the Bushel; and what was she not long

|| These Pipes were called *Hydraulic*, from their being sounded by Water. The Invention of them is attributed to *Ctesibius* of *Alexandria*.

* This Satirical Character of *Fortunata* is suppos'd to be drawn for the famous *Acte*, who, *Dion* tells us, was a Slave brought out of *Asia*, and passionately belov'd by *Nero*. *Tacitus* says that *Agrippina* call'd her, *Nurum Ancillam*, her Daughter-in-law Servant; and *Suetonius*, speaking of *Nero*, adds, He was very near a solemn Mar-

since? Pardon me, you wou'd have keck'd to have taken Bread out of her Hands; but now, no one knows why or where-wherefore, she's as 'twere got into Heaven; and is *Trimalchio's* All in all: In short, if she says it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He can't tell his Riches, he's so excessive wealthy; but this good Huf-wife has an Eye every where, and when you least think to meet her, she's at your Elbow: she drinks but little, is very sober, and a good Adviser; but then she's a Fiend with her Tongue, and a meer Magpye in Bed; whom she loves she likes, and those she loves not she dislikes.

As for *Trimalchio*, he has as much Land as a Kite can fly over; he puts Interest out to Interest. There's more Silver lying in his Porter's Lodge, than any other Man's Estate is worth. Then for his Servants, hey-day, hey-day, by *Hercules* I don't believe there's one Tenth of them † know their Master. In short,

riage with the Freed-woman *Aste*, having suborn'd Persons of Consular Dignity to swear she was of Royal Extraction.

† This Pride was carry'd to such an exorbitant Height amongst the *Romans*, that, as *Pliny* relates, one *C. Cæcilius Claudius Isidorus*, tho' he lost a Multitude of his Slaves in the Civil War, yet bequeathed four thousand one hundred and sixty by his last Testament.

there's

there's not a Fool about him, but he can drive into an Augur-hole. Don't imagine he buys any Thing, he has all within himself, Wool, Chalk, Pepper, nay, if you look for Hen's Milk, you'll find it. In a word, at first his Wool was none of the best, for which Reason he bought Rams at *Tarentum* to mend his Breed; he also took the same Method for his Honey, by procuring * Bees from *Athens*. It's not many Days since he writ to *India* for Mushroom-feed: Nor has he a single Mule which was not got by a † Wild Ass. See all these Quilts! There's none of them but are wadded with the finest Wool, of a purple or scarlet Dye. O happy Man! But take care not to despise any of his Freed-men, they are rich Fellows: Look at him that sits at the lower End of the Table, he's now worth his Plumb; but he came from nothing, and us'd to carry Wood

* The *Athenian*, or *Hymettian* Bees were esteem'd the finest in the World; as were the Sheep of *Tarentum*. *Petronius* humorously exposes *Trimalchio's* Ignorance, in making him send for them to mend his Breed, since a Mixture of good and bad Bees, as *Columella* tells us, is sure to spoil the good.

† This Beast was in high repute, and principally found in *Phrygia* and *Lycaonia*.

for his Living: It's given out, but I know not, I only speak by hear-say, that he snatch'd an * *Incubus's* Hat, and so found a Treasure: For my part, I envy no Man, if any God has been his Friend, well and good; he can take a || Box on the Ear still; he knows on which Side his Bread's butter'd, and lately set up this Bill;

C. Pompeius Diogenes *having bought this House, will let the uppermost Room on the † Kalends of July.*

But what think you of him who sits in the Place of *Cæsar's* Freed-man? How well was he once? Not that I upbraid him. He doubled his Money ten times over, but fail'd

* An old Mob Superstition. 'Twas suppos'd that all Treasures hid in the Earth were guarded by certain Spirits called *Incubones*, who appear'd with little Hats on their Heads, and that whoever seiz'd these Hats, immediately became their Masters, and could compel them to discover the Riches.

|| Alluding to the *Roman* Custom of freeing their Slaves by a Box on the Ear. The Meaning is, that this Parasite could take an Insult when it turn'd to his Advantage; for Patrons would sometimes strike their Freed-men, out of Pride, and to shew their Dependance on them; this was call'd *durius joculari*.

† That Day was particularly appointed by the *Roman* Law for the Letting of Houses.

at last ; and now I don't believe a Hair on his Head is unmortgag'd : Nor was it his own Fault, for there is not a better Man living ; but his Freedmen were a Company of Knaves, and chous'd him of all. Let me tell you, when the Pot no longer boils, and a Man's Substance declines, Farewel Friends. And what was the genteel Employ he follow'd, that he's prefer'd to this honourable Place ? Why, he was an * Undertaker ; eat like a King, had unbristl'd Boars serv'd whole to his Table, and his Bakers and Cooks were always busy ; more Wine was spilt under his Table, than another Man has in his Cellar : But it was over in a Trice, he was a Phantom, not a Man ; and when his Affairs grew desperate, for fear his Creditors should suspect his Extravagance, he fix'd up this Advertisement ;

Julius Proculus *will make an Auction of some superfluous Goods, for the Payment of his Debts.*

* These *Libitinarii*, or Undertakers, were so call'd from *Libitina*, or *Proserpine*, in whose Temple they sold every thing necessary for the Interment of the Dead. Their Employment, according to *Seneca*, was accounted very mean and despicable.

Just then *Trimalchio* interrupted this pleasant Discourse; for the Service being remov'd, and the Guests warm with Wine, the Conversation began to grow general; leaning therefore upon his Elbow, Pray, Gentlemen, said he, commend this Wine by your Drinking, and let your Fish swim again: Can you think I am contented with the small Pittance of a Supper which you saw just now? Is * *Ulysses* no better known: But what then? We must also show you the Love we have for the Sciences.

Peace be with the Bones of my good Patron! It was his Pleasure to make me a Man amongst Men: Nothing New can be set before me; for like him, I am happy in all the Sweets of Fortune.

This Heaven which is inhabited by twelve Deities, turns itself into as many Figures, and sometimes it's an *Aries*: Therefore he who is born under that Sign is rich in Cattle, and has a great deal of Wool, is a Blockhead into the Bargain, a Brazen-face and a Bully: also many Scholars and Advocates come into the World under this Constellation.

* A proverbial Phrase from *Virgil*,
--- sic notus *Ulysses*?

Æn. lib. 2.

The

The Room rung with Applauses of our Astrologer, therefore he went on : Sometimes the whole Heaven turns itself into *Taurus*, and then are born Swaggerers, Neatherds, and such as can shift for themselves. Under *Gemini* Horses for Chariots, Oxen, Whoremasters, and those who * bore the Wall on both sides, I myself was born under *Cancer*, wherefore I stand on many Feet, and have great Possessions both by Sea and Land ; for *Cancer* suits one Element as well as the other : For the same reason also, I plac'd nothing upon that Sign, lest I should eclipse my own Nativity. Under *Leo* are spawn'd Gluttons, and proud Fellows : Under *Virgo* Women, Runagates, and such as wear Iron Garters : Under *Libra* Butchers, Perfumers, and all of the Trading Class : Under *Scorpio* Poisoners, and Cut-throats : Under *Sagittary* those Squint-ey'd Rascals, who look at the Herbs and steal the Bacon : Under *Capricorn* poor Labourers, whose Backs are turn'd into Horn by their daily Burthens : Under *Aquarius* Tavern-keepers, and Coxcombs, and under *Pisces* Cooks and Rhetori-

* *Utrosque parietes linunt*, was a Proverb, and signify'd those who were amorous of both Sexes.

cians: Thus the World turns round like a Mill, and is every Moment producing some Evil; Men are either born or perish. But as for the Turf which you see in the Middle, with the Honey-comb upon it: I do nothing without a Reason, our Mother Earth hangs in the Middle round like an Egg, and contains all good things in herself like an Honey-comb.

What Learning! we unanimously cry'd out, and lifting up our Hands, swore that neither * *Hipparchus*, nor *Aratus* were in the least comparable to him; when other Servants came in, and spread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were wrought Nets, Men in Ambush with Hunting-poles, and all the Apparatus of the Chace: We were at a Loss to imagine what new Scene this promis'd; when on a sudden we heard a great Cry without, and in rush'd a Pack of † *Spartan*

* *Hipparchus*, the Son of *Pisistratus* Tyrant of *Athens*, was a Prince of great Learning and Skill in Astronomy; he publish'd *Homer*, beautify'd the Academy, and first observ'd that the Equinoxes had a Motion backwards in respect of the fixed Stars. *Aratus* was a celebrated Astronomer who flourish'd in the Time of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*; his *Phænomena* are still extant.

† This Breed was highly esteem'd for its Fierceness and Courage.

Beagles, and ran round the Table. After this follow'd a large Machine, and in it a Boar of the first Magnitude, with a Hat on his Head, on his Tusks hung two Baskets made of Palm-twigs, the one full of * *Syrian*, the other of *Theban* Dates ; and about him lay little Sweet-meat Pigs, as if they were at Suck : They signify'd that a Sow had lately farrow'd, and were plac'd there as Presents for the Guests.

It was not the ludicrous Carver we had before, that came to cut up this Monster, but a strapping Fellow with a swinging long Beard, dirty Spatterdashies, and a short Hunters Jerkin ; who drawing his Wood-knife, struck violently into the Belly of the Boar, and out flew a Number of Black-birds : se-

*I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a Wood of Creet they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding. For besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So Musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder.*

Shakespear's *Midsum. Night's Dream*.

* The *Syrian* Dates, or *Caryotæ*, *Dioscorides* tells us, were soft, plump and sweet. The *Theban* grew in the Defarts near *Thebes* in *Egypt*. *Galen* says they were dry, and of an Astringent Quality.

veral Fowlers stood ready with their || Reeds, and catch'd them in a Moment as they flutter'd about the Hall; on which *Trimalchio* order'd every Man his Bird; And let us see, added he, what kind of Acorns this Wild Boar fed on: When presently the Boys took the Baskets from his Tusks, and distributed the Dates equally amongst the Company.

In the mean time I, who had private Thoughts of my own, was mightily concern'd to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap on his Head; I puzzl'd myself a long while to no purpose, and at last took the Courage to apply to my Interpreter: Why, answer'd he, your very Slave can explain that to you, it's no Riddle, but as clear as the Day. This Boar stood the last of Yester-night's Supper, * and dismiss'd by the Guests, returns now as a Freeman among us. I curs'd my Stupidity, and would

|| These Reeds were join'd one in another, in the manner of a Rod, which the Fowlers could lengthen or shorten at pleasure, and at the End was fix'd a lim'd Twig, which unperceived by the Bird, they approach'd to her, till she settl'd, and was taken.

* Playing on the Word; for when a Slave was made free, he was said *dimitti*, to be dismissed. The *Pileum*, or Hat, was a Mark of Liberty.

ask

ask him no more Questions, lest he should imagine I had never before eat with People of Fashion.

During this Discourse came in a very pretty Boy crown'd with Vine-leaves and Ivy, who sometimes call'd himself * *Bromius*, then *Lyæus*, and sometimes again *Eubus*; he had a little Basket of Grapes in his Hand, which he presented round the Company, and with a shrill Voice repeated some † Poems of his Master's Composition; on which *Trimalchio* turning to him, *Dionysius*, said he, be thou ‡ *Liber*. Whereupon the Boy took the Cap

* Several Names of *Bacchus*. The first, the Commentators derive from βρόμος, a Noise, because his Orgies were celebrated with tumultuous Shouts; the second from λύω, to loose, because being the God of Wine he looses the Mind from the Bands of Anxiety; and the third from Εὐοε, the Cry of the *Bacchanals*: tho' this last *Huetius* derives from the Syriac Word *E-wam*, which signifies a Serpent.

† Alluding to *Nero's* extravagant Passion for Versifying. *Suetonius* assures us, that he was ambitious of nothing more than being thought the best Poet of his Age; and that he put *Lucan* to Death for no other Reason but because he excell'd him in this Particular.

‡ *Dionysius* and *Liber* were two other Names of *Bacchus*, the last of which signifies Free. *Liber esto*, Be thou Free, was also the Form of Words which the *Romans* us'd in manumizing their Slaves. His calling him *Liber Pater* is a Pun of the same kind.

off

off the Boar's Head and put it upon his own. Then added *Trimalchio*, You can't deny but I have a *Liber Pater*. We all applauded the Conceit, and kiss'd the young Freedman over and over, as he went round us.

Mean while *Trimalchio* withdrew to go to a necessary Evacuation, and we seeing our selves free from the Tyrant, began to indulge a little Table-talk.

When one of the Guests calling for a Bumper of Wine, O Day, cry'd he, thou art nothing! whil'st you turn round it's Night; wherefore I think it's best to go directly from Bed to Board. We have had mighty cold Weather, the Bath has scarce heated me; but a warm Bottle is the best Clothier in the World. I drank Brimmers' faith, and now I'm a meer Blockhead; this Wine has got into my Pericranium.

Then *Seleucus* took up the Cudgels, I don't bathe ev'ry Day, said he, your daily Bather is a downright Fuller; cold Water has Teeth in it, and sinks a Man's Heart to his Heels; but when I've lin'd myself with a Cup of mull'd Wine, I bid Defiance to the Weather; tho' indeed I could not bathe to Day, for I have been at a Funeral: Poor *Chrysanthus* has breath'd his last; he was a
boon

boon Companion, it's not long since he call'd on me, methinks I'm talking with him now. Alas! we are meer blown Bladders, that walk strutting about, more inconsiderable than Flies; they are * good for something, and we are empty Bubbles. What if he was not so regular? neither Drop of Water, nor Crumb of Bread went down his Throat for five Days: He was kill'd by too many Doctors, or rather his Time was come; for a † Physician is nothing else than a mere Satisfaction to the Mind: However he was handsomly carried out on the Bed he us'd to lie on, which was richly adorn'd; ‡ there was great Lamenting; he manumiz'd several of his Slaves, and his Wife also dissembled a short Concern for him; then what would have been her Behaviour had he left her less generously? But a Woman's a sort of Kite, it's a Sin to be liberal to any of the Sex, and exactly the same as if you should throw your Riches into a Well. An old Husband is a Prison to them.

* *Pliny* relates that their Heads dry'd and powder'd cure Baldness.

† This may justly be esteem'd the finest and shortest Satire upon Physick that ever was written. *Medicus enim nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.*

‡ The Spirits of Persons who dy'd unwept and unlamented, were imagin'd not to rest.

Here

Here *Phileros* interrupted him, and cry'd out, Let's remember the Living! your Friend has his Reward, as he liv'd well so he dy'd; then what has he to complain of? he came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dung-hill with his Teeth; therefore as he thriv'd, he thriv'd like a Honey-comb. By *Hercules*, I believe he dy'd worth an hundred thousand Crowns, and all in Ready Money; but I have eat a Dog's Tongue, and dare speak Truth; he was foul-mouth'd, a great Bab-bler, and more like Discord than a Man. His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friend, as free as the Day, and kept a plentiful Table: At first he held his Head no higher than his Neighbours, but the very next Vintage put new Flesh on his Bones, he sold his Wines for just what he would; but what chiefly kept up his Chin, was an Inheritance which he wheedled and robb'd of more than he left behind him: After all, this Log took a Pet at his Brother, and left his Means to I know not what *Terræ filius*; he flies far who flies his Relations; but he was led by the Ears by a Parcel of tittle-tattle Servants; he is never in the Right who is over credulous, and especially in mat-
ters

ters of Business; yet it's a true Proverb which he was an Instance of all his Life-time, *Happy is he that has, not he that ought to have*: he was visibly one of Fortune's Sons; Lead, in his Hand, would turn to Gold; and where's the Wonder? when all things run upon Wheels, just as you'd have them. How many Years do you think he bury'd with him? Seventy odd; but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and was as black as a Crow. I knew him when he follow'd the Oil-Trade, a Wag to the last: By *Hercules*! I believe he seldom left his Dog at home; for he was a great Punker, and nothing that wore a Cap came amiss to him; not that I discommend him, it was the only Advantage he carry'd with him.

Thus *Phileras*, when *Ganimede* began to open: Ye talk of what neither concerns Heaven nor Earth; mean time, no one regards the Scarcity of Provisions: By *Hercules*, I could not get a Crust of Bread to-day, and why? because the Drought continues: It's a Twelvemonth since I fill'd my Belly: A Plague on these *Ædiles*! they and the Bakers juggle together, *Claw me, and I'll claw thee*; thus the poorer Sort are starv'd, that rich Rascals may wag their Jaws all the Year. Oh
that

that we were happy in those* Lions, whom I found here when I first came from *Asia*! we should then live indeed! The inner Parts of *Sicily* also began to be oppress'd, but they soon made their Magistrates look like Ghosts of *Jupiter's* chastising. I remember *Safinius*, he liv'd when I was a Boy near the old Triumphal Arch; he was a Pepper-corn, not a Man; and wherever he went, the Earth parch'd under him; but then he was upright, honest, a Friend to his Friend, and one you might safely trust in the Dark. And what was his Behaviour on the Bench? Why, he valu'd the other Magistrates not a Straw; but told them their own without Mincing: Then, when he pleaded, his Voice grew louder and louder like a Trumpet; yet he neither sweat nor spit for the matter: I believe he had a little of the † *Asiatick* in his Constitution; for he was the civillest Man in the World, and would salute every body by Name, as familiarly as if he had been one of us; wherefore in his time, Provision was as cheap as Dirt, and a halfpenny Loaf was more than two Men could eat at a Meal; but now it's less than an Ox's Eye. Alas!

* Magistrates courageous in redressing Abuses.

† The *Asiatics* were remarkable for their Complaisance.

our Colony declines every Day, we grow down like a Cow's Tail, and why? because we have an *Ædile* not worth three Figs, who values more the getting a Penny, than the Lives of all Mankind: He may well be merry, he gets more Money every Day than would purchase an Estate; I know where he receiv'd a Thousand Pieces at once; but if we had any Mettle in us, we should soon spoil his Sport: But this is the Case, People are Lions at home, and Foxes abroad; for my Part, I have eat my Cloaths already, and if Corn holds dear, must even sell my Houses. Let me never be happy! but I think all this proceeds from the Deities; for no body now believes Heaven to be Heaven, or keeps a Fast, or values *Jupiter* of a Straw; but all shut their Eyes, and only trouble their Heads about what they are worth: Time was when our Matrons, with pure Minds and dishevell'd Hair, went veil'd and barefoot over the Mountains, to intreat *Jupiter* for Rain, and presently it rain'd by Pitchers-full, then or never, and every one rejoic'd; but now we reverence the Gods no more than so many Mice, wherefore their Feet are ty'd from our Assistance, and because of our Prophaneness our Fields are barren.

Better

Better Words, cry'd *Echion*, a wealthy Freedman; *The worse Luck now, the better another time*, said the Clown, when he lost his brindled Hog: What happens not to-day, may fall out to-morrow; so Life passes. By *Hercules*, our Country would be ne'er the fruitfuller, if we had honest Magistrates; tho' we suffer at present, it's no Fault of hers, we ought not to be so nice: Heaven is equally distant every where, and if you was in another Place, you'd say Hogs walk'd here ready-dress'd. Let me tell you, we shall have an excellent Gladiator-Show these Holidays, none of your Riff-raff, but mostly Freedmen. Our Patron, *Titus*, has a large Soul, and especially in his Wine; he cares not a Straw what becomes of them: I think I should know him, who belong to him; he's none of your Milk-sops, to cry *Quarter*: he'll give them sharp Swords, a clear List, and no Favour, that the Spectators may have the Pleasure of seeing the *Arena* like a Butcher's Shambles; and he has wherewithal, for his Father when he dy'd left him a *Million*; tho' he squanders a Thousand Crowns, his Estate can't feel it, and his Name will be up to Eternity. He has got a Stable of
little

little * Mon-Horses, a Wife that can drive a Chariot, and a Steward mighty like that of *Glyco's*, who was taken diverting his Mistress: What a Bustle was there then between Cuck-olds and Cuckold-makers! But *Glyco*, a plaguy rich Rascal, condemn'd the Steward to be devour'd by Wild Beasts; and what was that, but making himself infamous? How was the poor Servant to blame, who was oblig'd to do as he did? She rather deserv'd to be toss'd by the Bull, than he; he that can't come at the Ass, must thrash at the Pack-Saddle: But what could *Glyco* expect that the Daughter of *Hermogenes* should ever come to good? that Sharper, who would steal a Kite's Claws as she was flying: Can a Serpent beget a Rope of Onions? *Glyco* has vilify'd his Family, therefore it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives, and nothing but Hell can wipe it out: But every one's Faults are to themselves. I suspect that *Mammea* intends us an Entertainment with the usual Presents; if he executes his Design, he'll cut *Norbanus* quite out of Favour; for you must know, he'll scud on full Sail for the Victory; and in truth, what good have we ever had from the

* Probably from the Isle *Mona*, or *Man*, which was then known to the *Romans*.

other?

other? He was once at the paltry Charge of some miserable Gladiators, so decrepid, you might have blown them down; I have seen better at a Funeral Pile: To this he tagg'd a Combat of Footmen; you'd have taken them for so many Dunghill-Cocks; one was lame, another bandy-leg'd, and a third half-dead at seeing one who was ham-string'd, kill'd before him: There was a *Thracian*, indeed, shew'd a little Mettle, but we were forc'd to shout him on; in short, after a few Wounds they were parted, and nothing came of this great lubberly Rabble, but a downright Running away; And yet, said he, I have made you a Show; And I have clap'd it, answer'd I; cast up the Account, I have given you more than you gave me; one good Turn deserves another. Your Looks, *Agamemnon*, seem to say, What would this troublesome Fellow be at? Because you can speak, and won't, you are not of our Form, and therefore laugh at poor Folks' Talk: We know your Learning has made you eloquent; but what of that? Let me persuade you, one of these Days, to take a Walk into the Country, and see our Cottage; we'll find something to eat, a Chicken, or a few Eggs: I warrant we'll be merry, tho' the bad Season has almost

most broke us, yet we'll forage enough to fill our Bellies. My Son *Cicaro* is growing up to be your Scholar ; he repeats four little Declamations already, and if he lives, you may depend on him for a Pupil, for he has no sooner a spare Moment, but he is poring in his Book. The Lad's witty, well-featur'd, but sickly, thro' too much Application : I kill'd three of his Linnets, the other Day, and told him the Weasel had eat them ; but he soon found other Toys to play with, and has a pretty Knack at Painting : He has left his *Greek* already, and begins to have a tolerable Smatch of the *Latin* ; tho' his Master humours him too much : Nor can he be kept to one thing, but is still craving more, and will not take pains with any. He has also another Tutor, not overburden'd with Learning, but very inquisitive, and one that teaches more than he knows himself ; therefore on Holidays he generally comes to our House, and whatever you give him, he's contented. I lately bought the Boy some Law-Books, for as I design him to manage my Affairs, I'd have him dip a little into that Study ; it's a Science which has Bread in it : For other things he has Learning enough. But if he declines staying with me, I intend
him

him for a Trade, either a Barber, a Cryer, or an Advocate, which nothing but the Devil can take from him: Therefore I ring him in the Ears every Day, Son, thou art my First-born; believe me, whatever thou learnest is thy own: You see *Phileros* the Advocate, had not he been a Scholar he must have starv'd; it's not long since he was a Porter, and now he wallows in Riches like *Norbanus*. Letters are a Treasure, and a Trade never dies.

In this and the like manner we were bandying it about, when *Trimalchio* return'd, and having wip'd the Ointment from his Forehead, and wash'd his Hands, Pardon me, my Friends, said he, after a Moment's Pause, I have been costive for several Days, and my Physicians were at a Loss about it, but a Suppository of Fir-wood infus'd in Vinegar, has given me Ease; and now I hope my Belly may be asham'd, if it keep no better Order; for sometimes I have such a Rumbling about my Stomach, you'd think an Ox bellow'd; and therefore if any of you have a mind to relieve himself, he need not blush for the matter; we were none of us born solid, and I think no Torment greater than that of containing one's Wind, it's a Necessity which

Jove

Jove himself can't prevent: What do you laugh at, *Fortunata*? you who disturb me so often by Night. I never deny'd any Man to do that in my Room might pleasure himself; and Physicians forbid us to put a Restraint upon Nature; therefore if you have any farther Occasion, every thing needful is ready without; believe me, when Vapours ascend into the Brain, they cause a Fluxion in the whole Body; I have known many Men lost by it, when they have been too modest totell what ail'd them.

We thank'd him for the Freedom he indulg'd us, and, to drown our Laughter, put about the Glass; but we little thought, as the Saying is, that after so many Dainties we had another Hill to clamber; for the Table being uncover'd to a Flourish of Musick, three white Hogs were brought in with Bells about their Necks, and muzzled; one of which their Conductor told us was two Years old, another three, and the third full-grown. For my Part, I took them for Tumblers, and imagin'd the Hogs were to perform some of those surprising Feats practis'd in the *Circus* *, when *Trimalchio* breaking in upon our

* The Place where publick Diversions were exhibited. There were several in *Rome*, but the largest was that between the Mounts *Palatine* and *Aventine*.

Expectation, Which of these, said he, will you have dress'd for Supper? Cocks and Pheasants are Country Fare, but my Cooks have Coppers will boil a Calf whole. And immediately commanding his Cook to be call'd, without waiting our Choice, he bid him kill the largest, and with a loud Voice ask'd him, of what * *Decuria* he was? to which the other answering, Of the Fortieth: Were you bought, said he, or born in my House? Neither, reply'd the Cook, but left you by *Pansa's* Testament: See then, added *Trimalchio*, that this is expeditiously dress'd, or I shall order you to the Service of my Footmen †. On which the Cook, being sensible of his Power, hasten'd with his Charge to the Kitchen.

Then *Trimalchio* turning to us with a pleasant Countenance, ask'd us if the Wine pleas'd us? If not, said he, it shall be chang'd. But pray commend it by your Drinking. Thanks to the Gods! I don't buy it, but have it growing on one of my Manors, which I never saw myself; but they tell me it borders on

* Or Company of Ten.

† In ridicule of the excessive Number of *Trimalchio's* Servants, every Rank of which had its peculiar *Decuria* of Cooks.

Terracina, and *Tarentum*. I have a Project to join * *Sicily* to my Lands on the Continent, that when I've a mind to pass over into *Africa*, I may Sail by my own Coasts.

But pray tell me, *Agamemnon*, what Subject it was you declaim'd on to day ; for tho' I never plead myself, yet I've learn'd the Rules of composing an Oration : And to convince you that I am not weary of my Studies, I have three Libraries, one *Greek*, and two *Latin* ; therefore, if you love me, let me know the Particulars of your Declamation.

Then *Agamemnon* began ; The Poor and the Rich are in perpetual Enmity. And what is it to be poor ? cry'd *Trimalchio*, interrupting him. A sprightly Question ! answer'd *Agamemnon*, and run over I know not what Controversy. On which, said *Trimalchio*, If so, there was no room for a Dispute ; if not, your Discourse signify'd nothing.

We were excessive in our Praises of this, and the like Stuff ; when, pursu'd *Trimalchio*, I beseech you, my dear *Agamemnon*, do you remember the twelve Labours of *Hercules*,

* *Suetonius*, and other Historians, relate, that *Nero* was very ambitious to possess a vast Extent of Lands of his own Property.

and the Story of *Ulysses*, how a Cyclops put his Thumb out of joint with a Switch? I've read such things in *Homer*, when I was a Boy; and with my own Eyes saw the Sibyl of *Cuma* hanging in a Glas-Bottle; and when the Boys ask'd her, *What would you? Sibyl*; she answer'd, *I would die*.

He was still running on, when an overgrown Hog was brought to Table. We all wonder'd at the Expedition which had been us'd, swearing, a Capon could not have been dress'd in that Time: And what increas'd our Surprize, this Hog seem'd larger than the Boar which had been set before us: When *Trimalchio*, looking earnestly at him, What, what, said he, are not his Guts taken out? No, by *Hercules*, they are not: Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook.

The Cook being brought before us, hung down his Head, excusing himself, that he had forgot. Forgot! cry'd *Trimalchio*, is this a Pepper, or Cumin Omission? Strip him.

Immediately the poor Cook was stript, and plac'd between two Tormentors: We all interceded for him, alledging such a Peccadille might now and then happen, and therefore desired his Pardon; protesting we would never speak for him, if he was ever guilty of the same again.

For

For my Part, I thought he richly deserv'd his Fate, and could not forbear whispering *Agamemnon*; This must certainly be a most careless Rascal, said I; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? By *Hercules*! I would not have forgiven him, had he serv'd me so in the Dressing a Fish. When *Trimalchio*, resum- ing a pleasant Look, Come, said he, you with the short Memory, let's see if you can Bowel him before us. On which the Cook, having put on his Coat again, took his Knife, and with a trembling Hand slash'd the Hog on both sides the Belly, when out tumbled a Load of Hogs-Puddings and Sausages.

Upon this, as if it had happen'd of itself, the whole Family gave a Shout, and cry'd, *Felicity to Gaius*! The Cook was also pre- sented with Wine, a Silver * Crown, and a Drinking-Bowl upon a *Corinthian* Charger; which *Agamemnon* narrowly viewing, I am the only Person, said *Trimalchio*, who has the true *Corinthian* Vessels.

I expected that, agreeable to his usual Ar- rogance, he would tell us they were brought

* *Pliny* tells us, that the Crowns given on these Oc- casions, as well as to the Victors in the publiick Games, were only of a gold or silver Foliage.

from *Corinth*; but pursuing his Discourse with more Discretion: Perhaps, said he, you'll ask, why I only have the true *Corinthian*? Because the Brasier I buy them of is call'd *Corinthus*; and what's *Corinthian*, but that which is made by *Corinthus*? But lest you should think me an *Ignoramus*, I very well know the Original of *Corinthian* Vessels.

When *Troy* was taken, *Hannibal*, a cunning Fellow, and a great Plunderer, heap'd together all the Statues of Brasses, Gold, and Silver, and setting Fire to the Pile, melted these miscellaneous Metals into one; of this Mass the Goldsmiths made little Plates, Drinking-Cups, and Images; so that your *Corinthian* is neither this nor that Metal in particular, but all together. Pardon me! I like Glass Cups better, others are of a different Opinion; but were they not so brittle, I should prefer them to Gold; now they're of a trifling Value.

There was once an Artist made * Glass

* *Pliny* assures us, that this Invention of making Glass malleable, was really found out under the Reign of *Tiberius*, and that the Artist had his Shop plunder'd, and his Tools destroy'd, for fear Gold and Silver should lose their Value. *Dion* adds, that the Discoverer was put to Death.

Vessels of such a Firmness, that you could
 no more break them than Gold or Silver :
 This Person having made a Cup of the finest
 Crystal, and such a one as he thought wor-
 thy none but *Cæsar*, got Admission with his
 Present : The Beauty of the Gift, and the
 Hand of the Workman, were highly com-
 mended, and the Zeal of the Donor kindly
 receiv'd. When the Man, that he might
 change the Admiration of the Court into
 Astonishment, and ingratiate himself still
 more in the Favour of the Emperor, beg'd
 the Cup out of *Cæsar*'s Hand, and dash'd it
 against the Pavement with such Vehemence,
 that the most solid and constant Metal could
 not escape unhurt. *Cæsar* was both surpriz'd
 and troubled at the Action ; but the other
 snatching the Cup from the Ground, which
 was not broke, but only a little bulg'd, as if
 the Substance of Metal had assum'd the Like-
 ness of Glass, drew a Hammer out of his
 Bosom, and very dexterously beat out the
 Bruise, repeating his Blows, as if he had been
 hammering a Brass Kettle : And now the
 Fellow was wrapt in the third Heaven, hav-
 ing, as he imagin'd, got the Friendship of
Cæsar, and the Admiration of all the World ;
 but it happen'd quite contrary to his Expec-
 tation ;

tation; for *Cæsar* asking him if any one knew how to make Glass malleable besides himself, and he answering in the Negative, the Emperor commanded his Head to be struck off; for, said he, if this Art be once propagated, Gold and Silver will be of no more Value than Dirt.

I am passionately fond of Silver; and have several Cups about the Size of an Urn, on which is engrav'd, The Story of *Cassandra's* killing her Sons; and the dead Boys appear so natural, that you'd take them to be real. I have also a large Goblet left me by my Patron, on which is represented, *Dædalus* shutting *Niobe* in the *Trojan* Horse, with several * *Hermē-rotēs*, as Signs that Truth is in the Cups. They are all ponderous, and you must know, whatever I get of this kind, no Money buys it from me.

As he was running on in this manner, a Boy let a Cup fall out of his Hand; on which *Trimalchio* turning towards him, Be gone, said he, and kill thy self instantly, for thou art careless. The Boy immediately hung the Lip, and began to intreat him: Why

* These *Hermērotēs* were Figures of a God, representing both *Mercury* and *Cupid*.

shouldst thou intreat me, answer'd he, as if I requir'd some difficult Matter; I only bid thee obtain this of thyself, that thou be'st no more careless. However, at last he forgave him, at our Request. Then getting up, he ran round the Table, crying, *Water without Doors, and Wine within!* We all applauded the Elegance of the Joke; and particularly *Agamemnon*, who very well knew what would merit another Invitation.

Trimalchio hearing himself thus highly commended, put the Glass briskly about, and being almost drunk, Will none of you, said he, desire my *Fortunata* to dance? Believe me, no one excells her in leading up a * *Cordace*. Then lifting his Hands to his Forehead, he began to mimick *Syrus* the Comedian, the whole Family chanting all the while. By *Jupiter*, incomparable! incomparable, by *Jupiter!* He would also have danc'd himself, had not *Fortunata* whisper'd him, and, I suppose, told him, that such low Diversions were unbecoming his Gravity: But his Temper was most ridiculously unequal, for sometimes *Fortunata*, and sometimes his In-

* The *Cordace* was a lascivious Dance, and seldom us'd by any, but those who were drunk.

clination got the better; and he would certainly have danc'd, had not the Humour been prevented by the coming-in of his * Historiographer, who roar'd aloud, as if he had been reciting the Acts of a City.

“ On the Twenty-fifth of July, in *Trimal-*
 “ *chio's* Manor at *Cuma*, were born thirty
 “ Boys, and forty Girls. Five hundred thou-
 “ sand Bushels of Wheat were carry'd from
 “ the Threshing-floor into the Granary; and
 “ in his Stalls were five hundred Oxen which
 “ bore the Yoke. The same Day *Mithri-*
 “ *dates*, one of his Slaves, was crucify'd for
 “ cursing the Genius of our Patron *Gaius*.
 “ The same Day were brought back into the
 “ Treasury a hundred thousand *Sesterces*, for
 “ want of proper Securities. The same Day
 “ a Fire broke out in *Pompey's* Gardens,
 “ which begun in the Night, in one of the
 “ Bailiff's Houses.”

How! cry'd *Trimalchio*, when were *Pompey's* Gardens bought for me? Last Year, reply'd the Historiographer, and therefore not yet brought to Account.

* The French Editor remarks, that Persons of Quality amongst the *Romans* kept Historiographers, to record the memorable Actions of their Families: *Petronius* ridicules his Heroe for his odd Application of this Grandeur. Upon

Upon this, *Trimalchio* flew into a violent Rage; And whatever Lands shall be purchas'd for me hereafter, said he, if I hear nothing of them in six Months, let them never be brought to my Account, I charge you. Then were read the Orders of his *Ædiles*, and the Wills of his Foresters, who with great * Eulogiums made *Trimalchio* their Heir. The Names of his Bailiffs were also recited; how his Cursitor had repudiated his Freed-Woman, for having catch'd her in Bed with the Bath-keeper; that his Chamberlain was banish'd to *Baiæ*; his Steward found guilty; and the Controversy between the Grooms of his Chamber ended.

At last came in the Dancers on the Rope; and a punch-belly'd Blockhead holding out a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hop upon every Round of it singing, and to dance a Jig on the Top, and then to tumble through burning Hoops of Iron, with a large Bottle in his Mouth. *Trimalchio* was the only one who lik'd this Diversiion. It's an ungrateful Service, said he, but there's only two things

* This was so fashionable a Folly in the Days of our Author, that even several of those who dy'd by *Nero's* Orders, left him their Heir, and stuff'd their Wills full of the grossest Flatteries.

I admire under the Heavens, Dancing on the Ropes, and Quail-fighting; for as to all other Creatures, and Shows, they are meer Trifles. I bought a Company of Comedians myself, added he, but I rather chose to have them act Farces, and order'd their Musick-Master to teach them to sing in *Latin*.

As he was running on in this Manner, a Boy chanc'd to stumble upon him, on which the whole Family gave a great Shriek; as also the Guests; not out of any Concern for such a Beast, whose Neck they could willingly have seen broke, but for fear our Feast should have a mournful End, and they be forc'd to lament the Death of the Boy.

As for *Trimalchio*, he fetch'd a deep Groan, and leaning upon his Arm, as if he had been hurt, his Physicians ran thick about him, and *Fortunata* amongst the foremost, with her Hair about her Ears, and a Bowl of Wine in her Hand, still howling, *Ob miserable Woman! Undone, undone!*

Mean time the Boy who had stumbled upon him, crept round, embracing our Knees, and beseeching us to procure his Pardon. For my Part, I imagin'd our Intercession would have some unexpected Catastrophe; for the Cook who had forgot to Bowel the Hog,
run

run still in my Thoughts. Therefore looking round the Room, I expected every Moment to see some Phantom or other start out of the Wall; when, after a Slave had been soundly beat, for binding up his Master's Arm in white, instead of purple-colour'd Flannel, I found my Conjecture not altogether ill-grounded; for instead of another Course, came in an Order of *Trimalchio's*, by which he gave the Boy his Freedom, that it might not be said so honourable a Person had been hurt by his Slave.

We all applauded the Generosity of the Action, and insensibly fell into a Chat of the Mutability of Human Affairs. You're in the right, said *Trimalchio*, nor ought this Accident to pass unremark'd; and immediately calling for Tables, without much Trouble or Thought, read the following Lines:

*When Fortune brings unsought-for Joys,
She steals upon us by Surprise.
There's nothing can resist her Will,
A Glass of brisk Falernian fill.*

This Epigram gave us Occasion to talk of
the

the Poets ; and *Marsus* * the *Thracian* was highly commended ; when *Trimalchio* turning to *Agamemnon*, I beseech you, my dear Master, said he, what Difference is there, think you, betwixt *Cicero* and † *Publius* ? For my Part, I think the first was the more eloquent, and the other the honestest Man. For what can be better said than this ?

*Luxurious Arts the Walls of Mars betray ;
Cram'd Peacocks now are Rome's inglorious Prey !
For her, their † plum'd Assyrian Gold they spread :
For her, Numidia's distant Hens are fed :
Nature is in the gallant Cock disgrac'd ,
Nor 'scapes the pious Stork this Lust of Taste ;
No more she Winter flies, sweet Summer-guest !
But in th' ungrateful Cauldron builds her Nest.*

*Why have proud India's Pearls such valu'd
Charms ?*

T' adorn thy Wife for some Adult'rer's Arms ?

* To expose the ridiculous Taste of *Nero's* Court, which could admire an insipid *Marsus*, rather than a *Virgil*. This *Marsus* wrote a Poem on the *Amazons*, as *Martial* informs us.

† Meaning *Publius Syrus* whom *Trimalchio* had mimick'd. He was a celebrated Actor and Writer of Comedies.

‡ The *Romans* were so excessive in the Luxury of their Dress, that, as *Tertullian* tells us, they wore Stuffs made of Peacocks Feathers.

Or

Or why should Em'ralsds thus inflame Desire?

Or why the Carchedon's lapideous Fire?

Unless to star thy wanton Female's Pride.

Virtue's the only Jewel for a Bride.

Or would'st thou shew each fanny'd Beauty bare,

And deck thy Wife in Robes of textur'd Air?

But which now, in the Opinion of the Learned, added he, is the most difficult Profession? For my Part, I think a Physician, and a Banker; a Physician, because he knows what you have in your very Intrails, and can tell you when the Fever-Fit will return; tho' by the way, I mortally hate them, for they are always plying me with one * Laxative or other: And a Banker, because he'll find out a Piece of Brass, tho' it's † plated with Silver.

Oxen and Sheep are Beasts of great Labour; to Oxen we are oblig'd for the Bread we eat; and to Sheep for the Wool which makes us so fine. But Oh shameful! we both wear the Fleece, and eat the Mutton. I take

* In Raillery of *Nero*, who took a Pleasure in using these Remedies, as *Suetonius* informs us in his Life of that Prince.

† This seems to have been the only way of counterfeiting Money in that Age.

Bees to be divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' it's said they bring it directly from *Jupiter*, and that's the Reason why they sting; for wherever you meet with any thing sweet, you'll always find a Sting at the Tail on't.

He was Philosophizing in this dogmatical manner, when a Bowl fill'd with * Lottery-Tickets was handed about, and a Boy, whose Office it was, read aloud the Names of the Presents they contain'd. The Title of the first was, *Wicked Silver!* And immediately was brought in a Gammon of Bacon, on which was plac'd a Vinegar-Cruet, a Pillow, a Piece of Flesh, and a Bird call'd *Colaris*. The next was a Cup of mull'd Wine, some Seed-Pearls, an Apple, Leeks, Peaches, a Whip, and a Knife. The third was presented with Sparrows, a Fly-flap, a Bunch of dry'd Grapes, an *Athenian* Honeycomb, Robes both Festal and Forensic, a Piece of Meat, and Writing-Tables. The Fourth Lot was a Pipe, and a Footstool. The Fifth

* These Lotteries were frequent with the *Romans* in their *Saturnalia*, and publick Entertainments; sometimes the Tickets contain'd Presents of great Value, and sometimes were fill'd with Oddities meerly for Diversion.

a Hare,

PETRONIUS ARBITER. III

a Hare, and a Sole-Fish. And the Sixth a Lamprey, a Water-Rat with a Frog ty'd to its Tail, and a Bundle of Beets.

We laugh'd heartily during this Scene; for there were at least five hundred more of these Whims, which I've now forgot. But *Ascyltos* was most intemperate in his Mirth, and lifting up his Hands in open Mockery, shook his Sides till he cry'd again. Which being observ'd by one of *Trimalchio's* Freedmen, who sat next above me, he flew into a violent Passion; And what dost laugh at, thou Sheep? cry'd he. What, does not this Magnificence of my Master please thee? Thou art richer than him, forsooth, and farest better every Day! By the Genius of this Place, was I near him, I'd strike him a Box on the Ear: A hopeful Scoundrel, to mock others! Some rascally Night-walker, not worth the very Urine he makes; and should I piss over him, he knows not where to dry himself. By *Hercules*! I am not soon angry, but Worms are bred in tender Flesh. He laughs, and what does he laugh at? Did your Father buy a new-yea'n'd Lamb for the Wool? You are a *Roman Knight*, are you? And I am the Son of a King. Why then, you'll say, would I serve another? In this, I humour'd
my

my own Fancy, and had rather be a Citizen of *Rome*, than a Tributary King, and now hope to behave myself so, as to be no Man's Jest. I am a Freedman as well as you, and can shew my Head amongst the best, for I owe no Man a Groat, nor ever had a Summons in my Life : No one can come to me in the *Forum*, and say, Pay me what thou owest. I have bought an Estate, and furnish'd my Kitchen with all necessary Utensils ; for I feed twenty in Family, besides Dogs. My Bedfellow I redeem'd, that no one should wipe his Hands on her Hair ; and to free her Head from that Indignity, paid a thousand Pieces of Gold. I was made a *Sevir* gratis, and hope to die in such a manner, that I shall have no Occasion to blush in my Grave. But are you in such a Hurry, that you've no time to look behind you ? Can you see a Mote in another Man's Eye, and not perceive a Beam in your own ? Are we only ridiculous to you ? Here's our Patron, your Elder, and yet we can please him. But thou, with thy Milk in thy Nose, who can'st not say *Bob* to a Goose, must thou be making thy Observations ? Thou Pipkin of a Man ! more limber, but nothing better than a Strop of wet Leather. Art thou wealthier than him ?

him? If thou art, dine twice, and sup twice in a Day. For my Part, I value my Credit more than Treasures. Upon the whole, Where's the Man ever ask'd me for Money twice? It's true, I serv'd forty Years, yet no one knew whether I was a Slave, or Free. I was a Boy when I first came into this Colony, and wore my own Hair: This Palace was not built then; but I made it my Business to please my Master, a Person of Honour, the Parings of whose Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I had several that envy'd me, but, Thanks to my good Genius, I escap'd them all. I tell you Truth, it's as easy to make a Hunting-Horn of a Sow's Tail, as to get into this Family. What makes you in the Dumps now, like a Goat at a Heap of Stones?

On this, *Gito*, who stood by me, could hold laughing no longer, but burst out into a most indecent Mirth; which *Ascylltos's* Antagonist observing, fell upon the Boy. And must thou laugh too, thou * curl'd-pated Magpy? cry'd he; Oh the *Saturnalia*! Is

* The *Romans* us'd to curl the Hair of the young Slaves they kept for Pleasure; it was esteem'd a great Ornament.

this the Month of * *December*? Why, how now Sirrah, when will the twentieth Day be over with you? What would this Refuge of the Gibbet, this Crow's Meat, be at? I'll find some way for *Jupiter* to plague thee, and him that taught thee no better Manners, or never let me eat a good Meals-Meat again. It's for my Companion's sake I spare thee, or, Sirrah, I would give thee thy Due this Moment. May we never prosper, but we'll teach these *Getes* † better Manners. It's a true Proverb, *Like Master, like Man*. I can scarce contain myself, for I am hot by Nature, and when I've touch'd Pepper care not a Halfpenny for my own Mother. Mighty well! I shall meet with thee one of these Days, thou Mouse, thou Mushroom! Let me never stir, but I'll drive that Master of thine into an Auger-Hole; nor, by *Hercules*! shalt thou escape me, tho' thou call'st *Jupiter* himself to thy Assistance: I shall off

* The *Saturnalia* was a Feast instituted to the Honour of *Saturn*, during which, an universal Liberty of Tongue was allow'd, even to the Slaves themselves. It was held in the Month of *December*, and ended the twentieth Day.

† The Expression is Proverbial, and signifies *Barbarians*. The *Getae* were a Tribe of the *European Scythians*.

with

with those Locks of thine, that Bundle of Beets; and send thy three-farthing Master packing. Thou wilt certainly come under my Fist; and either I don't know myself, or I shall make thee leave this Buffoonry, tho' thou hadst a * Beard of Gold. I'll have thee Witch-ridden, and he that taught thee no better Behaviour. I never learn'd Geometry, Criticism, and such Trifles; but as to the Lapidary Art, I can resolve you a hundred Questions, as to Metals, Weights, Coins, and Accounts. If thou dar'st venture, we'll have a Trial of Skill, and see here's my Wager, thou Fantom! I'll soon convince thee that thy Father's Money was thrown away upon thee, tho' I don't understand a Word of Rhetorick. There's no one can baffle me, for I've a long Reach. Come, down with your Dust, and resolve me this Riddle; Which of us runs, yet never stirs out of his Place? Which of us grows bigger, and yet is less? Thou cringest, look'st silly, and flounder'st like a Mouse in a Pisspot. Therefore hold thy Tongue, or forbear to meddle

* The Heathens, when they would shew a particular Devotion to any Deity, adorn'd his Statue with a golden Beard.

with thy Betters, who don't so much as concern themselves whether thou art in Being or not. But perhaps thou fancyest me taken with those fine Box Rings, which thou stol'st from thy Mistress. *Mercury* * defend us! Let thee and I go into the *Forum*, and try to borrow Money: You shall soon see what Credit this † Iron has. Oh brave! *Renard's* in a Sweat. As I hope to grow rich, and die well, the very People will brain me if I don't strip thy Coat over thy Ears. Mighty well again! And he who taught thee this Breeding, is a meer Bowl of Must, no Tutor. When I went to School, our Master would say to us; My Children, observe these Rules: Salute those you meet, go straight home, and don't stare about you, nor insult your Elders, nor count the Sign-Posts. But no one is a Halfpenny the better for these Instructions. As to myself, that I am what you see me, thank the Gods, and my Trade.

Ascylos began to retort the Abuse, when *Trimalchio*, charm'd with the Eloquence of

* *Mercury* was both the God of Merchants and Thieves.

† Meaning his Iron Ring. The *Romans* us'd to seal all their Writings and Obligations with their Rings.

his Freedman, Come, come, cry'd he, no more Scurrilities ; but rather talk with Mildness : And thou *Hermeros*, spare the young Man, his Blood's in a Ferment ; be thou the sober Man ; he that is overcome in such Combats, is the Conqueror. Even you your self, when you was such another Capon, could cry nothing but * *Coco! Coco!* and had no Heart at all : Therefore, which is far better, let us be as merry as possible, and expect the *Homerists* †.

The Words were scarce out of his Mouth, when the Company rush'd in, rattling their Spears against their Targets. *Trimalchio* himself sat upright upon his Cushion, and whilst the *Homerists* thunder'd out *Greek* Verses in their usual noisy manner, he read aloud in a *Latin* Book ; whereupon Silence being made, Do ye know, said he, what Fable they are reciting ?

Diomede ‡ and *Ganymede* were two Brothers,
and

* An obscene Allusion to the Noise of a Hen when trod by a Cock.

† These *Homerists* were a kind of Strollers, who went about to People of Quality's Houses and publick Entertainments, to repeat the Verses of *Homer*. They were also call'd *Rhapsodists*.

‡ This Stuff is a Ridicule of *Nero's* ignorant Pretensions

with thy Betters, who don't so much as concern themselves whether thou art in Being or not. But perhaps thou fanciest me taken with those fine Box Rings, which thou stol'st from thy Mistress. *Mercury* * defend us! Let thee and I go into the *Forum*, and try to borrow Money: You shall soon see what Credit this † Iron has. Oh brave! *Renard's* in a Sweat. As I hope to grow rich, and die well, the very People will brain me if I don't strip thy Coat over thy Ears. Mighty well again! And he who taught thee this Breeding, is a meer Bowl of Must, no Tutor. When I went to School, our Master would say to us; My Children, observe these Rules: Salute those you meet, go straight home, and don't stare about you, nor insult your Elders, nor count the Sign-Posts. But no one is a Halfpenny the better for these Instructions. As to myself, that I am what you see me, thank the Gods, and my Trade.

Ascylos began to retort the Abuse, when *Trimalchio*, charm'd with the Eloquence of

* *Mercury* was both the God of Merchants and Thieves.

† Meaning his Iron Ring. The *Romans* us'd to seal all their Writings and Obligations with their Rings.

his Freedman, Come, come, cry'd he, no more Scurrilities ; but rather talk with Mildness : And thou *Hermeros*, spare the young Man, his Blood's in a Ferment ; be thou the sober Man ; he that is overcome in such Combats, is the Conqueror. Even you your self, when you was such another Capon, could cry nothing but * *Coco! Coco!* and had no Heart at all : Therefore, which is far better, let us be as merry as possible, and expect the *Homerists* †.

The Words were scarce out of his Mouth, when the Company rush'd in, rattling their Spears against their Targets. *Trimalchio* himself sat upright upon his Cushion, and whilst the *Homerists* thunder'd out *Greek* Verses in their usual noisy manner, he read aloud in a *Latin* Book ; whereupon Silence being made, Do ye know, said he, what Fable they are reciting ?

Diomedes ‡ and *Ganymede* were two Brothers,
and

* An obscene Allusion to the Noise of a Hen when trod by a Cock.

† These *Homerists* were a kind of Strollers, who went about to People of Quality's Houses and publick Entertainments, to repeat the Verses of *Homer*. They were also call'd *Rhapsodists*.

‡ This Stuff is a Ridicule of *Nero's* ignorant Pretensions

and *Helen* was their Sister ; *Agamemnon* stole her away, and sham'd *Diana* with a Hind in her stead. *Homer* also sings, how the *Trojans* and *Parentines* fought together ; but *Agamemnon* got the better, and marry'd his Daughter *Ipbigenia* to *Achilles*, on which *Ajax* run mad. The Argument will explain all this to you presently.

Trimalchio had no sooner ended his Discourse, but the *Homerists* gave a great Shout, and a Crowd of Servants hurrying in, set a large Dish upon the Table, in which lay a boil'd Calf with a Helmet on his Head ; *Ajax* follow'd, with his drawn Sword, and, as if he had been mad, slash'd first in one Place, and then in another, and with a thousand Gestures, distributed the Veal on the Point of his Sword amongst the Guests. We had but little time to admire this Extravagance ; for on a sudden the Cieling gave a great Crack, and the whole Room trembled ; for my Part, I was astonish'd, and got hastily upon my Feet, fearing some Tumbler might fall upon my Head : The rest of the Company were likewise equally alarm'd, and staring upwards expected what new Won-

sions to Learning : *Hannibal's* taking *Troy*, and *Cassandra's* killing her Sons, are of the same kind.

der

der would drop from the Clouds: When in a Moment, the main Beams of the Cieling open'd, and a vast Circle descended, round which hung Crowns of Gold, and Alabaster Pots full of sweet Ointments.

Whilst we were desir'd to take up these Presents, I happen'd to cast my Eye towards the Table, which was already cover'd with a fresh Service of Tarts, and in the midst of them stood an Image of * *Priapus* made of Paste, who, according to Custom, had his large Bosom full of Apples of all sorts, and Clusters of Grapes.

We greedily reach'd out our Hands to this magnificent Desert, when on a sudden a new Scene of Diversion heighten'd our Pleasure; for all the Tarts and Apples, upon the least Touch, threw out liquid Saffron, which fell upon us.

We concluded the Service must be † sacred, which was thus religiously perfum'd;

* *Priapus* was the tutelary Deity of Orchards and Gardens. The Heathens always represented him with a large Bosom, which they fill'd with Fruit, as an Offering to him.

† Either because of the Saffron which was much us'd in the Sacrifices of the Ancients; or because it was plac'd in the Bosom of *Priapus*.

and

and rising up, wish'd Prosperity to the ‡ August Father of his Country. After this Reverence, seeing several of the Guests catch as catch cou'd, we also fill'd our Napkins; and I in particular heap'd mine, who thought nothing too good for *Gito*.

Mean time came in three Boys, dress'd in White, two of which plac'd the Household-Gods upon the Table; whilst the other, bearing round a Bowl of * Wine, cry'd aloud, *May the Gods be propitious!* He also told us, that one of them was call'd *Cerdon* †, another *Felicion*, and the third *Lucron*. The Image || of *Trimalchio* was likewise carry'd round, and the rest having kiss'd it, we were asham'd not to follow their Example.

After this, when we had all wish'd him Health, both in Mind and Body, *Trimalchio* turning to *Niceros*, You had us'd to be a most agreeable Companion at Table, said he; why then are you so silent, as if you was

‡ This Title was peculiar to the Emperors.

* To propitiate the Household-Gods by a Libation.

† The first and last of these Names signify *Gain*, and the other *Felicity*.

|| These Images were the same we call *Bustoes*. They were also carry'd in Funeral Processions, and carefully preserv'd from Father to Son. The *Romans* call'd them *Thoracæ*.

dumb? I intreat you let me hear one of your Adventures, it will be a singular Pleasure to me.

Niceros, charm'd with the Affability of his Friend, may my good Fortune turn Jade, cry'd he, if I am not ready to swoon for Joy at your Happiness! Therefore let's be merry! And tho' I'm afraid these * Scholasticks should laugh at me, yet I care not a Rush, but will even tell my Story. The Laughter steals nothing from me; and I'd rather People should laugh at my Jest, than my Person.

Having thus spoke! —

He began his Story.

I was yet a Servant, when we liv'd in a narrow Street, in the same House which now belongs to *Gavilla*. It was the Pleasure of the Gods, that I there fell in love with the Wife of one *Terentius* a Victualler; you all knew that pretty kind Creature, *Melissa Terentina*! But, by *Hercules*! I fell in Love with her more for her good Humour, than

* Meaning *Agamemnon* and others; as also *Ascylos* and *Encolpius*, who had assum'd the Character of Scholars.

and rising up, wish'd Prosperity to the † August Father of his Country. After this Reverence, seeing several of the Guests catch as catch cou'd, we also fill'd our Napkins; and I in particular heap'd mine, who thought nothing too good for *Gito*.

Mean time came in three Boys, dress'd in White, two of which plac'd the Household-Gods upon the Table; whilst the other, bearing round a Bowl of * Wine, cry'd aloud, *May the Gods be propitious!* He also told us, that one of them was call'd *Cerdon* †, another *Felicion*, and the third *Lucron*. The Image || of *Trimalchio* was likewise carry'd round, and the rest having kiss'd it, we were asham'd not to follow their Example.

After this, when we had all wish'd him Health, both in Mind and Body, *Trimalchio* turning to *Niceros*, You had us'd to be a most agreeable Companion at Table, said he; why then are you so silent, as if you was

† This Title was peculiar to the Emperors.

* To propitiate the Household-Gods by a Libation.

† The first and last of these Names signify *Gain*, and the other *Felicity*.

|| These Images were the same we call Bustoës. They were also carry'd in Funeral Processions, and carefully preserv'd from Father to Son. The *Romans* call'd them *Thoracæ*.

dumb?

dumb? I intreat you let me hear one of your Adventures, it will be a singular Pleasure to me.

Niceros, charm'd with the Affability of his Friend, may my good Fortune turn Jade, cry'd he, if I am not ready to swoon for Joy at your Happiness! Therefore let's be merry! And tho' I'm afraid these * Scholasticks should laugh at me, yet I care not a Rush, but will even tell my Story. The Laughter steals nothing from me; and I'd rather People should laugh at my Jest, than my Person.

Having thus spoke! —

He began his Story.

I was yet a Servant, when we liv'd in a narrow Street, in the same House which now belongs to *Gavilla*. It was the Pleasure of the Gods, that I there fell in love with the Wife of one *Terentius* a Victualler; you all knew that pretty kind Creature, *Melissa Tarentina*! But, by *Hercules*! I fell in Love with her more for her good Humour, than

* Meaning *Agamemnon* and others; as also *Asyltos* and *Encolpius*, who had assum'd the Character of Scholars.

any carnal Reason. If I ask'd her a Favour, she never deny'd me; and for what little Money I got, I made her my Cash-keeper, nor did she ever fail me at a Pinch. Her Husband happening to die at a House he had in the Country, I was over Shoes and Boots in Contrivances to get to her; for Friendship, you know, is best seen in Affliction; when, as Luck would have it, my Master was gone to *Capua* to sell some old Cloaths. I laid hold of the Opportunity, and persuaded my Host to bear me Company about five Miles out of Town; for he was a Soldier, and as fierce as *Cerberus*. We set out about Cock-crowing, and the Moon shone as bright as Day; when coming amongst some * Monuments, my Man loiter'd behind, making Incantations to the Stars, whilst I jogg'd on singing, and counting them. At last looking back, I saw my Host stark-naked, and his Cloaths lying by the Highway-Side. My Heart was in my Mouth, and I stood like one dead; but he piss'd round his Cloaths, and on a sudden was turn'd into a Wolf. Don't think I jest! I would not tell a Lye for all the Riches in

* The Ancients builded their Tombs by the Highways.

the World! But to go on with my Story. After he was turn'd to a Wolf, he set up a Howl, and fled to the Woods. At first I knew not where I was; but at last going to take up his Cloaths, I found them turn'd into Stone. I thought I should have dy'd, I was so frightened; but thinking my Life at stake, drew my Sword, and kill'd all the Ghosts * I met with, till I came to my Mistress's House, which, when I enter'd, I thought I should have sunk into the Ground, my Eyes were set, the Sweat run off me by more Streams than one, and I never expected to recover; when my *Melissa* began to wonder why I walk'd so late, And had you come a little sooner, said she, you might have done us a Kindness; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has butcher'd all our Cattle; but tho' he got off, he has no Reason to laugh; for a Servant of ours run him through the Neck with a Lance. Hearing this, I could not close my Eyes; but as soon as it was Daylight, ran home like a Vintner whose House had been robb'd. Coming by the

* It was a receiv'd Nction, That Ghosts were afraid of a Sword. Thus *Æneas* draws his, when he enters Hell. *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Place where the Cloaths had been turn'd to Stone, I saw nothing but a Puddle of Blood ; and when I got home, found mine Host lying in Bed, like an Ox in a Stall, and a Surgeon dressing his Neck. I immediately perceiv'd he was a Fellow that could change his Skin, and could never eat Bread with him afterwards, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let those who disbelieve such Stories, examine the Credit of this, and if I tell you a Lye, may the Gods curse me !

The whole Company were struck into a profound Astonishment ; when, cry'd *Trimalchio*, I don't doubt the Truth of it, if there be Faith in Man, my Hair stands an end ! because I know *Niceros* is no Trifler ; he has good Grounds for what he says, and is not given to Idle Talking ; nay, I'll tell you a horrible Thing myself, an Ass upon a House-ridge is not more extraordinary !

When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy ; for even then I liv'd a * *Cbian* Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd. By *Hercules* ! he was a Pearl, a Paragon, nay, Perfection itself ! But whilst his poor Mother was lamenting

* A Proverb taken from the Voluptuousness and Effeminacy of the *Cbians*.

him,

him, and several of us condoling with her, on a sudden some Witches came and stole him away. You'd have taken them for a Pack of Hounds hunting a Hare. As it happen'd, we had a *Cappadocian* in Company, a tall daring Fellow, and one that durst oppose even *Jupiter* himself: This Hector boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leap'd out of the House, and as it might be here, no Harm to what I touch, ran a Woman quite through. We heard a pitiful Groan; but not to lye, saw no body; when our Champion run in again, and threw himself upon a Bed; but as black and blue, as if he had been thrash'd with a Flail. For it seems some ill Hand had touch'd him. We shut the Door, and went on with our Mourning: But the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and stroaking him, found nothing but a Bolster of Straw; it had neither Heart, Intraills, nor any thing else; for the Witches it seems had carry'd him away, and left a Wad of Straw in his room. Give me Credit, I beseech ye! Women are craftier than we, they play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing topsy-turvy. After this, our tall Hare-brains never came to his own Colour again, but in a few Days dy'd raving mad.

We all look'd amaz'd, as not doubting what he said, and kissing the Table, began to intreat the Night-Hags to keep themselves at Home, and not to hurt us as we return'd from this Entertainment.

And now the Lamps seem'd to burn double, and I thought the Room turn'd round, when cry'd *Trimalchio*, I speak to you, *Plocrius*, Have you never a Story? Have you nothing to divert us with, you that us'd to be such a facetious Companion, to sing, and to repeat such honey'd Speeches? Alas! alas! our best Days are over!

Indeed, reply'd the other, my Car has run its Race, and now I've the Gout; but when I was young, I almost sung myself into a Consumption: Then for Dancing, speaking a Speech, and Barbing, I had no Fellow, except *Apelles*; upon which, clapping his Hand to his Mouth, he hiss'd I know not what frightful Nonsense, and affirm'd it was *Greek*. *Trimalchio* himself also mimick'd the Trumpets, and every now and then turn'd towards his Delight, whom he call'd *Cræsus*: This was a blear-ey'd Boy, with horrid nasty Teeth, who was diverting himself in swathing a little black Bitch, overgrown with Fat, in green Swaddling-Cloaths; he also set her
half

half a Loaf upon the Table, which she refusing to eat, he cram'd her with it. *Trimalchio*, mov'd with this Kindness, order'd *Scylax* to be fetch'd, the Guard of his House and Family; and immediately was brought a great Mastiff in a Chain, who, at a Sign the Porter gave him with his Foot, lay down before the Table. Then cry'd *Trimalchio*, throwing him a Piece of white Bread, There's no one in this House of mine loves me better than this Dog! The Boy was enrag'd to hear *Scylax* so lavishly commended, and setting down his Bitch, cheer'd her on to the Combat; *Scylax*, after the manner of great Dogs, set up a most hideous Barking, and almost shook *Cræsus's* little Jewel to pieces; nor was this the End of the Scuffle; for a Lamp being overthrown upon the Table, broke all the Crystal Vessels, and threw the scalding Oil upon the Guests.

Trimalchio, not to seem concern'd at the Loss, kiss'd the Boy, and commanded him to get on his Back. He was soon a Cock-horse, and flapping his Master's Shoulders, and laughing, cry'd, *Horns! Horns! how many Horns are here!* Then *Trimalchio* resuming a grave Air, order'd a large Vessel to be fill'd with Wine, and given to the Slaves

that sat at our Feet; but on this Condition added he, that whoever refuses his Bumper, shall have it pour'd on his Head. Thus, sometimes he was severe, and sometimes merry.

This Token of his Humanity was follow'd by a Service of Junkets, the bare Remembrance of which, if you'll believe me, is an Offence to my Stomach. There were cram'd Pullets surrounded with Thrushes, and Goose-Eggs with * Caps on; *Trimalchio* was wonderful pressing for us to eat, and assur'd us the Pullets were bone'd.

Whilst he was speaking, a Lictor knock'd at the Hall-Door, and in came a Man rob'd in White, with a large Train at his Heels. I was surpriz'd at the † Lordliness of his Appearance, and imagining it was the Prætor, endeavour'd, out of Respect, to get upon my Feet; when *Agamemnon* laughing at my Fright, Contain thyself, thou Coxcomb! cry'd he; this is *Habinas* the Sevir, he's a Lapidary by Trade, and well skill'd in making Monuments.

* Little Bits of Paste in that Form.

† In ridicule of the impertinent State affected by inferior Magistrates.

Recover'd by these Words, I resum'd my Place, and with great Admiration beheld the Entrance of *Habinnas*; he was drunk and loll'd upon his Wife's Shoulder; his Head was loaded with Garlands, and his Forehead so smear'd with Perfumes, that they trickled into his Eyes. He sat himself down in the Prætor's * Place, and immediately call'd for some hot Water and Wine.

Trimalchio was charm'd to see his Friend in so good a Humour, and calling for a bigger Glass, ask'd him what Entertainment he had met with where he had been?

Every thing, reply'd the other, except your Company; for my Inclination was here; tho' by *Hercules*! it was all mighty well. *Sciffa* kept a † Novendial for his Servant *Misellus*, whom he enfranchis'd after he was dead. I believe he had a round Sum, besides his Twentieth ‡; for they reckon the Deceas'd dy'd

* The most honourable Place. In *Rome* it was call'd *Consularis*, and in the Colonies *Prætorius*.

† The *Sacrum Novendiale* was a Sacrifice perform'd for a dead Person, the ninth Day after his Decease.

‡ The Twentieth Part of a Slave's Effects was given to his Master by Law. *Sciffa's* Freeing *Misellus* after he was dead, is a humorous Banter upon the Avarice

dy'd worth his Fifty Thousand, and indeed it was all handsomly order'd, tho' we were oblig'd to pour || half our Wine on the dead Bones.

But, said *Trimalchio*, what had ye to eat?

I'll tell you if I can, reply'd the other; but I've so short a Memory, that I sometimes forget my own Name: However, for the first Course, we had a Hog crown'd with Garlands, and garnish'd with Sausages and Goose-Giblets, admirably well drest: Then there were Beets, and Household-Bread of his own baking, which I'd rather have than white; for it makes a Man strong, and I never complain of what I like. For the next Service we had cold Tarts, with excellent *Spanish* Honey pour'd warm over them; I eat little of the Tarts, but more of the Honey: I also tasted some * red Pulse and Lupines, by the Advice of *Calvus*, and eat an Apple of every sort, two of which I brought away with me, and here they are, ty'd in my

rice of those who enfranchis'd their Slaves in the Article of Death, to possess themselves of what they left behind.

|| This was a Libation always us'd.

* These were esteem'd a coarse Fare, and therefore he arrogantly insinuates, that he only tasted them by Advice.

Hand

Handkerchief; for if I carry home nothing to my little Slave, I shall be sure to hear on't. Therefore my Wife always takes care to put me in mind on't. We had also on a Side-Table, the Haunch of a Bear, which *Scintilla* tasting ere she was aware, had like to have thrown her Heart up. I, on the contrary, eat a Pound of it, or better; for methought it tasted like Boars-Flesh, and, said I, if a Bear eats a Man, how much more may a Man eat a Bear! In short, we had Cream-Cheese, mull'd Wine, Snails of all sorts, Chitterlings, Livers, cap'd Eggs, with Turneps and Mustard, and Peace be with * *Palamedes*! a Bowl of two Gallons; an oval Bason was also handed round, full of Cockles, which we snatch'd as snatch could, and sent away the Gammon. But tell me, *Gaius*, I beseech you, what's the Matter *Fortunata* sits not amongst us?

How well you know her! reply'd *Trimalchio*: 'Till she has got all her Plate together, and shar'd what we leave amongst the Servants, not so much as a Drop of Water goes down her Throat.

* He was the Inventor of Measures.

But unless she sits down, reply'd *Habinnas*, I'll be gone; and was getting up accordingly, when the Signal being given, *Fortunata* was call'd more than four times by all the Family. At last in she came, girt with a green Girdle. beneath which might be seen her cherry-colour'd Petticoat, embroider'd Buskins, and gold-lac'd Slippers. Then wiping her Hands on the Handkerchief she wore round her Neck, she plac'd herself on the Bed where *Scintilla*, the Wife of *Habinnas*, was seated, and kissing her, What, is it you, my Dear! cry'd she. At length their Intimacy went so far, that *Fortunata* pull'd off her weighty Bracelets, and shew'd them *Scintilla* to admire: Nay, she unbuckled her Buskins, and took out the Buckles, which she assur'd her were of the finest Gold.

Trimalchio observing what they were at, commanded them all to be laid before him. See, said he, this Woman's Finery! what Fools our Wives make us! they should weigh six Pounds and a half; and yet I have another Bracelet weighs ten, made out of the Interest of some Money, which, Thanks to * *Mer-*

* *Mercury* was the God of Usurers.

cury! brings me in about 40 *per Cent.* And that he might not be thought a Lyar, he call'd for Scales, and order'd them to be weigh'd. Nor was *Scintilla* more discreet, for pulling a gold Box from her Bosom, which she call'd *Felicion*, she took out of it two * *Crotalian* Pendants, and gave them in her turn to *Fortunata* to view. Thanks to my good Husband! said she, I'm sure no Woman has better.

How! cry'd *Habinnas*, why you ruin'd me to buy you those Glass Beads; troth, if I had a Daughter, I'd even cut her Ears off! were there no Women, we should have ev'ry thing as cheap as Dirt! But thus it is, we piss hot, and drink cold.

Tho' the Expression was shocking, yet the Women only laugh'd at it, and being got mellow, fell to kissing each other, the one praising *Fortunata's* Housewifry, and the other *Scintilla's* Happiness in a Husband. When midst of these Embraces, *Habinnas* stealing behind them unperceiv'd, took *Fortunata* by the Legs, and threw her cross the Bed; on which she gave a Squeak, and find-

* A sort of Precious Stones, which, according to *Pliny*, make a shrill Noise when hit together.

ing her Knees bare, hid her Blushes in *Scintilla's* Bosom.

A little after, *Trimalchio* ordering the Desert to be serv'd, the Servants * remov'd the Tables, and set others in their rooms. The Floor was also strew'd with Saffron and Vermilion, and what I never saw before, the Dust of a Stone call'd † *Specularis*.

When *Trimalchio* immediately cry'd, I could have been contented with our former Course; but since we have other Tables, if you have any thing worth bringing, let's have it!

Mean time, an *Egyptian* Boy, that serv'd us with hot Water, began to imitate the Nightingale; but *Trimalchio* crying, *Change!* a Slave who sat at *Habinnas's* Feet, set up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Master, bellow'd out,

Mean time Æneas had forsook the Shore!

* The Desert was always serv'd upon a different Table, and this was call'd *Mensa Secunda*.

† From it's reflecting Images like a Looking-Glass. The *Romans* were very magnificent in this Particular; and *Lampridius* relates, that the Emperor *Heliogabalus* had even his Porticoes strew'd with Gold and Silver Dust, lamenting he could not have it done with Amber.

A harsher

A harsher Sound never grated my Ears; for besides his barbarous Blunders and ridiculous Inconstancy of Voice, he mix'd such a Medly of Comick Verses, that *Virgil* himself then first disrelish'd me. At last having run himself out of Breath, he was forc'd to desist, when, added *Habinnas*, D'ye think this Boy has learn'd nothing? Every body advis'd me to breed him amongst the Strolers, and therefore he has no Fellow, whether he mimicks a Muliteer, or a Mountebank. This Never-be-good has abundance of Wit; he's a Shoemaker, a Cook, a Baker, in short, a Jack-of-all-Trades, and but for two Faults, were worth any Money. He's a Coxcomb, and a great Sleeper; for as to his Squinting, I value it not a Straw; he looks like *Venus*, and therefore his Tongue is ever running; but was that Eye out, I'd hardly give three hundred Denarius's for him.

On this, *Scintilla* interrupted him, And truly, said she, you don't tell us all the Rascal's good Qualities; he's your Darling, but I'll take care he shall have a Brand for that!

At this, *Trimalchio* laughing, I know the Droll, cry'd he, he loves no one better than himself, and by *Hercules*! I can't but commend him. When will you find such another?

ther? But, *Scintilla*, pray don't be jealous; believe me, I know you too: As I hope to be fav'd, I myself was so amorous of *Ammea*, that my Master grew jealous, and banish'd me to his Farm in the Country; but hold thy Peace, Tongue! thou'rt always blabbing.

Hereupon this rascally Servant, as if he had been extoll'd all this while, pull'd an earthen Candlestick from his Bosom, and for half an Hour or more, imitated the Trumpets, *Habinnas* singing the Base to him, and blabbering his Under-lip with his Finger. At last, he went to Dancing, and one while with the Clattering of Canes, imitated the Bagpipes; and then, with a ragged Frock and Whip, aped the Humours of the Muliteers; till *Habinnas* calling him, kiss'd him, and giving him a Bowl of Wine, Nothing can be better, *Massa!* said he, and for a Recompence, I'll give thee a Pair of Buskins.

Nor should we, I believe, have seen any End of our Mortifications, had not the Desert luckily came in. It consisted of a Blackbird Pye, dry'd Grapes, and candy'd Nuts. There were also Quinces stuck so full of Spices, that they look'd like so many Hedge-Hogs. Yet all this might have been endur'd, had

had not the next Dish been so monstrous and disgusting, that we would rather have perish'd for Hunger, than have touch'd it ; for being plac'd upon the Table, and, as we imagin'd, a good fat Goose, with Fish and all kind of Fowl round it, cry'd *Trimalchio*, Whatever you see here, is all made out of one Body!

I being a cunning Spark, immediately imagin'd what it might be, and turning to *Agamemnon*, I wonder, said I, whether all this is not made of Loam? I remember once in the *Saturnalia* at *Rome*, I saw such an * imaginariy Feast.

I had scarce ended my Speech, when, add'd *Trimalchio*, So may I thrive in Estate, not Body, as my Cook made all this out of a single Hog! There can't be a cleverer Fellow in the World! Out of the Belly, he'll make you, if you please, a Dish of Fish; a Plover out of a Piece of fat Bacon; a Turtle out of a Spring of Pork; and a Hen out of the

* The *French* Editor remarks, that the same Custom is still retain'd in some Parts of *Italy* and *Germany*, where, in their grand Entertainments, a Table is set out with all sorts of Animals made of Loam, or Wood finely painted, as if they were ready-dress'd; after which Scene of Grandeur, the Guests are conducted to a less imaginariy Feast.

Intestin. And therefore, in my Opinion, he has a very suitable Name; for we call him *Dædalus*: And because he's an ingenious Fellow, a Friend of his brought him a Present of Knives from *Rome*, of right *Norician* * Steel; and immediately he call'd for them, and turning them over and admiring them, gave us the Liberty to try the Edges on his Cheeks.

Just then rush'd in two Servants in high Dispute, as if they were quarrelling about a Yoke, to which hung two earthen Jars; and when *Trimalchio* had determin'd between them, neither of them stood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-Law, and broke each other's Jar.

Surpriz'd at the Insolence of these Drunken Rascals, all our Eyes were fix'd on their Combat, when we saw Oysters, and other Shell-Fish, falling from the broken Jars, which a Boy collected in a Charger, and carry'd round to the Guests.

Nor was the Cook's Ingenuity in the least unworthy this extraordinary Magnificence; for he brought us Snails upon a Silver Grid-iron, and with a shrill unpleasant Voice,

* *Noricum* was a Country of Germany, the greatest Part of which is now call'd *Bavaria*.

fung us a Song. I am asham'd to relate what follow'd, it was such an unheard-of Luxury! Long-hair'd Boys brought in a rich Perfume, in a Silver Bason, with which they anointed * our Feet, having first bound them and our Thighs and Ancles with Garlands of Flowers. They also 'perfum'd the Wine-Vessels with the same Ointment, and pour'd some of it into the Lamps.

And now *Fortunata* began to dance, and *Scintilla*, who clap'd her, was more troublesome with her Hands, than her Tongue. When cry'd *Trimalchio*, *Philargyrus*, I give thee Leave to sit down; and you, *Carrio*, because thou'rt a Champion for the Green; and thou, *Minophilus*, tell thy Bedfellow to sit down.

What shall I say? We were almost thrust off our Beds by the Croud of Servants which rush'd into the Hall; and who should be seated above me, but the ingenious Cook that had made a Goose of a Piece of Pork, all stinking of Pickle and Kitchen-stuff? nor content with being seated at Table, he

* *Pliny* relates, that *Otho* first taught *Nero* to anoint the Soles of his Feet; wherefore *Petronius* calls it an unheard-of Luxury.

immediately begun to act * *Thespis* the Tragedian ; and presently after gave his Master a voluntary Challenge, that at the next Chariot-Races, he would dispute the Prize with him, for the Honour of the Green.

Trimalchio was charm'd with this Defiance! My Friends, said he, our Slaves are Men as well as we, and suck'd the same Milk, notwithstanding the Oppression of their ill Fortune ; therefore no Prejudice to myself! Mine shall soon eat the Bread of Freedom ; in short, I enfranchise them all by my last Will and Testament.

To *Pbilargyrus* I bequeath a Farm, and his Wife ; and to *Carrio* an Island, a † Twentieth, a Bed and its Furniture ; for as to *Fortunata*, I make her my Heir, and commend her to all my Friends. And all this I make a publick Declaration of, that my Family may love me as well now, as they will when I'm dead.

* *Thespis* was a Greek of the *Icarian* Tribe, and Contemporary with *Solon*. *Horace* calls him the Inventor of Tragedy.

† *Trimalchio* remits him the Twentieth Part of his Effects, which was due from a Slave to his Manumizer.

All thank'd their Master for his Kindness; when he, as having forgotten Trifles, call'd for the Copy of his Will, and read it from one end to the other, the Family all the while sighing and sobbing; then turning to *Habinas*, Tell me, my best of Friends, said he, are you building my * Monument, as I directed? I earnestly intreat you, that at the Feet of my Statue you carve me my little Bitch, with Garlands, and Boxes of Ointments; as also all the Battles I have been in, that by your Kindness I may live when I am dead. Be sure too, that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts the Highway; and as it looks towards the Fields, two hundred: I will also, that there be all sorts of Fruit-Trees and Vines round my Ashes, and that in great abundance; for it's a gross Mistake to adorn Houses for the Living, and to take no care of those we are to inhabit for ever. And therefore, above all things, I'll have this Inscription,

This Monument belongs not to my Heir.

Besides, I shall use all the Precaution I

* *Suetonius* relates, that *Nero* had several extravagant Projects to eternize his Memory in this manner.

can

immediately begun to act * *Thespis* the Tragedian ; and presently after gave his Master a voluntary Challenge, that at the next Chariot-Races, he would dispute the Prize with him, for the Honour of the Green.

Trimalchio was charm'd with this Defiance! My Friends, said he, our Slaves are Men as well as we, and suck'd the same Milk, notwithstanding the Oppression of their ill Fortune ; therefore no Prejudice to myself! Mine shall soon eat the Bread of Freedom ; in short, I enfranchise them all by my last Will and Testament.

To *Philargyrus* I bequeath a Farm, and his Wife ; and to *Carrio* an Island, a † Twentieth, a Bed and its Furniture ; for as to *Fortunata*, I make her my Heir, and commend her to all my Friends. And all this I make a publick Declaration of, that my Family may love me as well now, as they will when I'm dead.

* *Thespis* was a Greek of the *Icarian* Tribe, and Contemporary with *Solon*. *Horace* calls him the Inventor of Tragedy.

† *Trimalchio* remits him the Twentieth Part of his Effects, which was due from a Slave to his Manumizer.

All thank'd their Master for his Kindness; when he, as having forgotten Trifles, call'd for the Copy of his Will, and read it from one end to the other, the Family all the while sighing and sobbing; then turning to *Habinnas*, Tell me, my best of Friends, said he, are you building my * Monument, as I directed? I earnestly intreat you, that at the Feet of my Statue you carve me my little Bitch, with Garlands, and Boxes of Ointments; as also all the Battles I have been in, that by your Kindness I may live when I am dead. Be sure too, that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts the Highway; and as it looks towards the Fields, two hundred: I will also, that there be all sorts of Fruit-Trees and Vines round my Ashes, and that in great abundance; for it's a gross Mistake to adorn Houses for the Living, and to take no care of those we are to inhabit for ever. And therefore, above all things, I'll have this Inscription,

This Monument belongs not to my Heir.

Besides, I shall use all the Precaution I

* *Suetonius* relates, that *Nero* had several extravagant Projects to eternize his Memory in this manner.

can

can in my Will, that I receive no Affronts after I'm dead ; and for that purpose, shall appoint one of my Freedmen to look after my Monument, that the People make not an House of Office of it. I beseech you also, *Habinnas*, carve me Ships under * full Sail, and myself in my Senatorial Robes, sitting on the Tribunal, with five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and throwing Money out of a Bag amongst the People ; for you know, I gave a publick Entertainment, and two Gold Denarius's to every Guest : You may also, if you please, represent a sumptuous Hall, and the People making merry. On my right Hand place my *Fortunata's* Statue, holding a Dove † in one Hand, and leading a little Bitch ty'd to a Girdle, in her other : As also my *Cicaro*, and some Jars close stoppt, that the Wine mayn't run out ; and yet carve one of them as broke, and a Boy weeping over it ; as also a Sun-Dial in the middle, that that whoever comes to see what's a Clock, may read my Name, whether he will or no ; and lastly, carefully consider whether you think this Epitaph sufficient :

* An Emblem of Prosperity.

† The Dove signify'd *Love*, and the Bitch *Fidelity*.

“ Here rests *Gaius Pompeius Trimalchio*,
 “ a Patron of the Learned. A Sevirate was
 “ decreed him * when absent ; and tho’ he
 “ was often courted to be a Decurion, yet
 “ he refus’d the Honour. He was pious,
 “ brave, and faithful, and rais’d himself
 “ from little, leaving behind him three hun-
 “ dred thousand Sesterces, yet never heard a
 “ Philosopher. May’st thou imitate him!”

Trimalchio, whilst they read this, wept
 plentifully, *Fortunata* also, and *Habinnas*
 wept ; and the whole Family, as if they had
 been bidden to a Funeral, fill’d the Hall
 with Lamentations ; and even I myself was
 ready to whine for Company ; when cry’d
Trimalchio, Since we know we must die, why
 don’t we make haste to live ? If you’d be hap-
 py, let’s throw ourselves into the Bath ! I’ll
 engage none of you will repent it, for it’s as
 hot as an Oven.

True, true, reply’d *Habinnas*, I’m not a-
 fraid to make two Days of one ! and getting
 up bare-foot, follow’d *Trimalchio*, who lead
 the Way wonderfully pleas’d.

* To insinuate his Importance, and the high Esteem
 he was held in.

When, turning to *Ascylos*, What think you, said I? for if I once see the Bath, I shall certainly faint away.

Let's make our Escapes then, said he, and now they are thronging to the Bath, slip away in the Crowd.

The Contrivance pleas'd us; and *Gito* leading the Way through the *Portico*, we came to the outermost Gate, where a chain'd Dog bolted upon us so furiously, that *Ascylos* fell into the Fish-Pond. I, who was also very drunk, and had been frighted even at a painted Dog, whilst I endeavour'd to help him, fell in myself; when the Porter luckily coming in, sav'd us; for he both appeas'd the Dog, and drew us out. Mean time *Gito* had found a cunning way of securing himself; for whatever we had given him at Supper, to carry home, he threw to the Dog, and by that means mollify'd him.

But when shiv'ring with cold, we desired the Porter to let us out: You're mistaken, said he, if you think to go out the same way you came in; no Guest is ever dismiss'd by the same Gate; when they enter one way, they must go out another.

What

What could we do, unfortunate as we were, and bewilder'd in this new kind of Labyrinth? The Bath was now become our Wish, and therefore we desired the Porter to be our Guide to it, and throwing off our Cloaths, which *Gito* spread to dry in the Porch, enter'd the Bath, which was narrow, and not unlike a Bathing-Cistern. In this stood *Trimalchio* stark-naked, nor could we avoid the shocking Sight; for nothing, he said, was more agreeable than to bathe in a Crowd, and that the Place had formerly been a Grinding-House. At length being weary, he sat down, and invited by the Echo of the Bath, set up his drunken Throat, and began to murder some Songs of *Menecrates*, as they that understood him inform'd us.

Some of the Guests ran round the Cistern in a Circle, and tickling each other by the Palm of the Hand, set up a most violent Laughter; whilst others either try'd to take a Ring from the Pavement with their Hands bound behind them, or putting one Knee to the Ground, to kiss their great Toe backwards.

Whilst they were diverting themselves in this manner, we descended into a Hot-Bath prepar'd for *Trimalchio*; after which being re-

H

cover'd

cover'd of our Drunkenness, we were conducted into another Hall, where *Fortunata* had set out a fresh Banquet. Here I observ'd little brazen Images of Fishermen over the Lamps, Tables of massy Silver, earthen Bowls double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine.

Then cry'd *Trimalchio*, This Day, my Friends, a fav'rite Slave of mine was shav'd for the first time ; he's not a proud Youth, but frugal, and one I respect ; therefore let's give the Floor more Wine, and continue our Jollity till Day-break.

He was yet speaking, when a Cock crow'd, on which *Trimalchio*, in great Disorder, commanded Wine to be thrown under the Table, and the Lamps to be sprinkled with the same ; then changing a Ring to his right Hand, It is not for nothing, said he, this Trumpeter has given us Notice ; for either some House will be on fire, or some one will die in the Neighbourhood : Far from us be the Omen ! And therefore whoever brings me this Prophet of ill Tidings, shall receive a Coronet.

When immediately a Cock was brought in, and *Trimalchio* ordering him to be fricassey'd, he was torn in pieces, and put in a Stew-Pan

Pan by that excellent Cook, who a little before had made us Fish and Fowl of a Hog; and whilst *Dædalus* was preparing a lusty Potion, *Fortunata* pounded Pepper in a Box-Tree Mortar.

The last Service thus over, *Trimalchio* turning to his Servants, What, cry'd he, have not ye supp'd yet? Be gone, and let others supply your Places!

Whereupon came in another Rank of Servants; and as the former said, *Farewel, Gaius!* these cry'd, *Hail, Gaius!*

And here our Mirth began to be disturb'd, for a beautiful Boy coming in amongst these new Servants, *Trimalchio* pull'd him to him, and kiss'd him thick and threefold; which *Fortunata* thinking a sufficient Confirmation of her Jealousy, began to revile *Trimalchio*, calling him a base infamous Scoundrel, and one who preserv'd no Bounds in his Lust; at last, she added, he was a Dog.

Trimalchio, on the other hand, confounded and enrag'd at the Charge, threw a Goblet at *Fortunata's* Head: On which she set up a Roar, as if her Eye had been knock'd out, and trembling, clap'd her Hands before her Face.

Scintilla was amaz'd, and snatch'd her to her Bosom; the Boy also put a Pitcher of cold Water to her Cheek, on which she lean'd, groaning and weeping in a most lamentable manner.

When *Trimalchio*, What, cry'd he, has this Whore forgot me already? When I took her from the Kneading-trough, I was a Man amongst Men; but now she swells like a Frog, and bespatters her own Bosom; she's a Block, not a Woman: But thus it is, who's brought up in a Cottage, never dreams of a Palace! So may my Genius preserve me, as I'll bring down the Stomach of this *Cassandra* in Buskins! When I was not worth Twopence, I could have had a Wife with her Hundred thousand, thou know'st I don't lye; 'twas but lately that *Agatho* the Perfumer came to me, And I'd persuade you, said he, not to let your Family be extinguish'd; but, to keep my Faith with her, forsooth! and not to seem light-minded, I've stuck a Thorn in my own Foot: But I'll take care thou shalt be glad to scratch for me with thy Nails; and that thou may'st immediately know my Intentions, I enjoin thee, *Habinnas*, not to place her Statue on my Monument, for fear we should fall together

gether by the Ears when I am dead; nay, that she may know I am able to plague her, she shall not so much as kiss my Corps.

After this Thunder-clap, *Habinnas* began to intreat him to desist his Anger: There's not one of us, said he, but offends sometimes: We are Mortals, not Gods. *Scintilla* also wept, and calling him her *Gaius*, besought him by his Genius to be pacify'd.

Trimalchio could refrain from Tears no longer; I beseech you, *Habinnas*, said he, as you wish to enjoy what you've got, if I'm guilty of a Fault, spit in my Face: I kiss'd the Boy, it's true, not for his Beauty, but because he's a hopeful thrifty Lad: He has his ten Declamations by heart, reads his Book at Sight, saves Money out of his Day's Provision; has a little Box of his own to keep it, and two Drinking-Cups; and is not he deserving my Favour? But *Fortunata*, forsooth! will not have it so. Thou wilt not away with it, thou rotten Staff! But let me persuade thee be content, thou She-Kite! Don't exasperate me, Sweet-heart! for otherwise, perhaps, I may shew thee whose Head is hardest; thou know'st me well enough, what I've once resolv'd is as fix'd

as a Cart-Nail ; but let's remember the Living.

Come, my Friends, pray be merry ! I was once as you are ; but now, Thanks to my Industry ! I am what I am. It's the Heart makes the Man, all the rest is but Stuff ! I buy well, and sell well. Another may tell you a different Story ; but I'm so happy, I could die for Joy ! But thou, who art good for nothing but Snoring, art thou crying still ? I'll take care thou shalt cry for something !

But, as I was telling you, my Frugality made me the Man I am ; I came out of *Asia* no taller than this Candlestick, and daily measur'd myself by it : And that I might get a Beard the sooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-Grease ; yet I kept Favourite to my Master fourteen Years (it's no Dishonour to obey one's Master) and satisfy'd my Mistress at the same time : You understand me, Gentlemen, I'll say no more, for I hate Boasting. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the Government of the House was committed to me, and nothing done but by my Direction : What need many Words ? My Master made me joint Heir with *Cæsar*, and
I got

I got by his Will a Senator's Estate ; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had an Inclination to turn Merchant. Not to encroach too much upon your Patience, I built five Ships, freighted them with Wines, which were then worth their Weight in Gold, and sent them to *Rome*: You'll hardly think I desir'd it ; all my Ships founderd at Sea ; it's a true Story, no Fable ; *Neptune* swallow'd me in one Day three hundred thousand Sesterces. D'ye think I broke upon't ? by *Hercules* ! No ; the Loss was no more than a Flea-bite ; for, as if no such thing had happen'd, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former, that every one might see I was a Man of Courage. A great Ship, you know, has a great Strength ; these I loaded with Wines, Beans, and Bacon, Perfumes of *Capua*, and Slaves : And here *Fortunata* shew'd herself generous ; for she sold all her Jewels, nay, her very Cloaths, and put a hundred Crowns in my Pocket ; tho' it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the Gods will, soon comes to pass ; I clear'd a hundred thousand Sesterces by the Voyage, and immediately redeem'd all the Lands which belong'd to my Patron, built me a

House, bought Cattle to sell again, and whatever I undertook, thriv'd like a Honeycomb. But when I grew richer than all the Country besides, I gave over, and from a Merchant, turn'd Usurer, and lent out large Sums to Freedmen.

Thus resolv'd to leave off all Business, a certain Astrologer that chanc'd to come to this Village, persuaded me to the contrary. He was a *Grecian*, his Name *Serapa*, a Counsellor of the Gods; he told me a deal that I had forgot, and laid every thing before me from top to bottom: He knew my very Inside, told me what I had the Night before to Supper; and you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his Lifetime.

Was not you present, *Habinnas*? I think you was, when he told me; You have made a Woman Mistress of your Fortune; you have but ill Luck at Friends; no one ever return'd your Kindnesses; you have large Possessions; but nourish a Viper in your Bosom. Why should not I tell you all? I have by his Account, thirty Years, four Months, and two Days, yet to live; and in a short time shall have another Estate left me.

Thus

Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to those in *Apulia*, I shall be rich enough: Mean time, by the Favour of *Mercury*, I have built this House: It was once, you know, a meer Cottage, but now as magnificent as a Temple: It has four Dining-Rooms, twenty Bed-Chambers, two Marble Porticoes, a Store-Room on the top of the House, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and Conveniences for a thousand Guests: In short, whenever *Scaurus* comes this way, he'll lodge no where else, though he has a fine Seat of his own by the Sea-side: I have also many other Conveniences, which I'll shew you presently. Believe me, he that has a Penny, is worth a Penny: They that have much, shall have more. And so your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

And now, *Sticbus*, bring me the Furniture in which I design to be carry'd to my Funeral; bring also the Ointments, and some of that Perfume in which I order'd my Bones to be wash'd.

Immediately *Sticbus* brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and desired

us to feel if they were not of the finest Wool, and well wove. Then cry'd *Trimalchio*, with a Smile, Take care, *Stichus*, that neither Mice nor Moths come near them; for otherwise I'll burn you alive. I'll be carry'd out in Pomp, that all the People may give me their Benedictions.

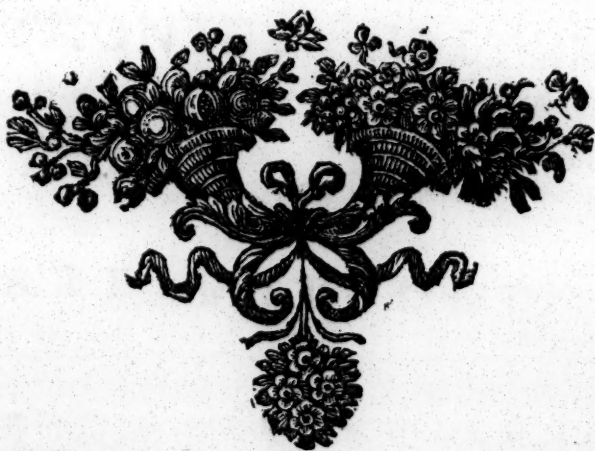
With that, opening a Bottle of Spiknard, he caus'd us all to be anointed; And I hope, said he, it will delight me as much when I am dead, as it does now I'm living: Then commanding the Wine-Vessels to be fill'd again, Now imagine, said he, you are invited to my Funeral-Feast.

We were perfectly nauseated with these Extravagances; when *Trimalchio*, most intolerably drunk, began a new Interlude; for commanding the Cornets to be call'd in, and lying at his full Length upon the Bed, with Pillows under him, Suppose me dead, said he, say something, I beseech you, in praise of me.

On this, the Cornets sounded as at a Funeral, and one in particular, the Servant of that Undertaker who appear'd the best-natur'd Man in the Company, made such a Thundering, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood:

hood : On which the Watch, thinking *Trimalchio's* House had been on Fire, broke open the Gate, and with their Water and Axes, enter'd in their usual tumultuous manner. When finding so fair an Opportunity, we gave *Agamemnon* the Slip, and run off, as from a real Fire.

End of the First Part.



THE

First of the series. 187
book: On which the Wind, thinking it
was the book had been or was, broke
open the door and with their Water and
the wind in the great sunburst was
the wind in the great sunburst was
the wind in the great sunburst was

Book of the Wind



THE



THE
WORKS
OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER,

In *PROSE* and *VERSE*.

PART *the* SECOND.



THE

THE

W O R K S

OF

GEORGE W. BAKER

ROSE and W. B. E.

PART II SECOND

THE



THE
WORKS
OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

WE had no * Torch to guide us to our Lodging, and as it was Midnight, little Hopes of meeting any one to direct us. The Way was intricate, even in the Day-time ; but our not knowing the Town, with the Wine we had drank, made it inextricable. At last, when we had wander'd about an Hour, and † cut our Feet over an hun-

* The *Romans* us'd to present their Guests with Torches to conduct them home.

† They wore a sort of Sandals.

dred sharp Stones, and Heaps of Rubbish, we were deliver'd by the Ingenuity of *Gito*; for he being afraid, the Day before, of missing his Way, tho' by Sunshine, had mark'd all the Posts and Pillars with Chalk, which shining thro' the Darknes of the Night, at once discover'd their own Brightness, and our Road. Nor were we less perplex'd when we got to the Inn, for my Hostess having taken a plentiful Cup of the good Creature, was fallen so fast asleep, that throwing her into the Fire would hardly have wak'd her; and perhaps we must have lodg'd in the Street, if a Steward of *Trimalchio's* had not arriv'd at the same time with ten Carriages of his Master's Revenue, who, without much Ceremony of Knocking, beat down the Door, and gave us Entrance thro' the Breach.

As soon as I got to my Chamber, I flew to Bed, and having sup'd so provokingly, and burning with Desire, threw myself into the Arms of Pleasure.

Ye Gods, how charming was the Night!

How soft the Bed of soft Delight!

When lost in Soul-transporting Bliss,

We chang'd our Souls at ev'ry Kiss.

Adieu,

*Adieu, fond Care! what value I,
Since Mortals can so sweetly die?*

But I had little Reason to boast of my Happiness; for as soon as my drunken Arms were asleep, *Ascyrtos*, the Contriver of all Mischief, stole the Boy from my Embrace, and convey'd him to his own Bed; where, in Violation of all Justice, he revell'd in Joys he had no Title to: *Gito* being insensible of the Change, or else dissembling the Injury. When I arose, and found myself robb'd of my Felicity, if there's any Belief in a Lover, I had a strong Inclination to have stabb'd them both, and to have made their Sleep eternal; but cooler Thoughts taking Place, I awak'd *Gito* with a good Drubbing, and looking sternly on *Ascyrtos*, Since you're a Villain, said I, and have broke the sacred Band of Friendship, pack up your Trinkets immediately, and find some other Place to play your Tricks in.

He took me at my Word, and after we had made an exact Division of our Booty; Well, now, said he, let us divide the Boy. I thought it a Jest at Parting; but drawing his Sword with a murderous Resolution; Don't think, cry'd he, you shall ingross this
Prize,

Prize, I insist upon my Share, which if you refuse, this shall right me. Upon which, I also drew, and wrapping my Gown about my Arm, stood ready to engage.

The unhappy Boy rush'd in between us, and grasping our Knees, with Tears besought us, that we would not act a *Theban* * Tragedy in a pitiful Tavern, nor pollute with Blood our mutual Vows and Obligations; but if there must be Murder, cry'd he, behold my naked Bosom! hither direct your Fury, here sheath your Swords. I only ought to die, who am the unhappy Occasion of violated Friendship.

Upon this we put up our Bilboes, and first *Ascyltos* began; I'll put an End, said he, to this Difference: Let the Boy chuse his own Master, only let his Liberty be free in the Election.

I who presum'd, my long Acquaintance with the Boy had rooted me in his Affection, was so far from fearing the Proposal, that I catch'd at it, and with an impatient Pleasure,

* Alluding to *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, Brothers by the incestuous Marriage of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta*, King and Queen of *Thebes*. After their Father's Death, they agreed to reign alternately; but *Eteocles* denying *Polynices* his Turn in the Kingdom, they slew each other.

demand'd Judgment ; but had hardly spoke the Word, when *Gito*, without a Moment's Deliberation, or so much as a hesitating Look, jump'd up, and declar'd in favour of *Ascyltos*.

Thunder-struck at the Sentence, I threw myself upon the Bed ; and tho' I was unarm'd, should certainly have laid violent Hands upon myself, had not I envy'd their Malice the Pleasure of my Destruction.

Ascyltos carry'd off his Prize in Triumph, leaving me forlorn and destitute in a strange Place, whom a little before he had caress'd as his dearest Friend, and the Partner of all his Adventures.

*But Friendships now no other Stay afford,
Than artful Draughtsmen on the sportive Board.
When Fortune smiles, they hail the Sunshine Joy !
But when she frowns, with Looks averted fly.
Thus in the Scene, with well-dissembled Arts,
Are acted Fathers, Sons, and Patriots Parts ;
But when the Curtain falls, gay Fiction dies,
And Truth revives to our deluded Eyes.*

But I durst not indulge my Grief too long, for fear, amongst the rest of my Misfortunes, one *Menelaus*, a School-master, should find me alone in the Inn : Therefore packing up
my

my Wardrobe, I retired to a solitary Place by the Sea-side, where I shut myself up for three Days, when stung with Resentment at my Unhappiness, I beat my Breast, sick as it was, with continual Sighs, and as often as my Affliction would give me leave, cry'd out, Why has not the Earth swallow'd me up alive? Why has not the Sea, which spares not even the Guiltless, overwhelm'd me? I have been a Murderer, I have fled from Justice; but to what purpose? to be left in a sorry Inn in a * *Greek City*; and amongst the other Titles of my Shame, to have those of Beggar and Vagabond! And who condemn'd me to this Wretchedness? A Villain, a Prostitute to all manner of Lust; one, who by his own Confession, deserves the Gallows; who gain'd his Liberty by his Leudness, rais'd himself by his Infamy, and as soon as he arriv'd to be a Man, expos'd himself as a Woman to his own Sex. And what is that other, O ye Gods! who the very Day he was to assume the † *Virile Robe*, put

* *Naples* was inhabited by a *Greek Colony* from *Cuma*.

† When he was Eighteen, at which Age they assum'd the *Toga Virilis*, and were esteem'd at Mens Estate.

on a Female Habit, persuaded from his Cradle he had nothing Male about him; who serv'd the Lust of a Prison; and after having ruin'd his Keeper, and being compell'd to change the Scene of his Vices, O Impudence! for one Night's Pleasure, sold his Friend: Now the Lovers lie lock'd in each other's Arms whole Nights together; and perhaps in the Intervals of their Letchery, my Misfortunes are their Diversion; but they shan't escape unpunish'd, for I am neither a Man, nor a Gentleman, unless I revenge the Injury with their Blood.

With this Resolution I girt on my Sword, and lest my Weakness should lose the Battle, encourag'd myself with a lusty Meal; when falling into the Street, I ran staring about like a Madman: But whilst with a wild, distracted Countenance, I breath'd nothing but Blood and Slaughter, often clapping my Hand to the Hilt of my Sword, a Soldier, or perhaps some Footpad, observing me; How now! Brother Soldier, said he, of what Regiment are you? Who is your Captain? I nam'd him both, with a ready Assurance. But hark you, said he, do the Soldiers of your Regiment wear such Buskins?

kins*? I immediately look'd guilty, and my Trembling betraying the Lye I had told him, he commanded me to lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of myself. Thus robb'd of my Weapons and Revenge, I turn'd back to my Inn, and my Courage being a little cool'd, began to thank the Rascal for his Impudence.

But still I found it no easy Task to conquer the Love of Revenge; and after having wasted half the Night in Anxiety, at Day-break I rose, and to divert myself, walk'd out into all the publick Porticoes, in hopes of leaving the Sense of my Injury behind me: When going into a publick Gallery, justly admir'd for its variety of fine Paintings, I there saw some Pieces of *Zeuxis*, which had not yet submitted to the Insults of Time: Nor was it without Reverence I beheld some others of *Protogenes*, which, though his first Draughts, yet contended with Nature herself for Exactness: Neither were the † *Monochromata* of *Apelles* without their Share of my

* These Buskins, call'd in the Original *Phæcassa*, were an effeminate Wear, and different from the *Caligæ*, or Buskins wore by the Soldiers.

† The Greeks call'd Pictures of one Colour *Monochromata*.
Ado-

Adoration; for the Shades were animated with so much Life, you'd have thought every Picture that of a Soul.

In one was the Eagle bearing *Jupiter* to Heaven; in another the beauteous * *Hylas*, struggling with a lascivious Naid; in another *Apollo*, wringing his guilty Hands, and crowning his Harp, which lay unstrung, with the † Flower that ow'd its Birth to his Misfortune.

In the midst of these painted Lovers, I cry'd out, as in a Solitude: Are not the Gods then secure from Love? *Jupiter*, finding nothing to please him in Heaven, condescends to sm upon Earth, yet he injures no one: The Nymph would have stifled her Passion for *Hylas*, had she thought *Hercules* would have interrupted its Success: *Apollo* still enjoys his *Hyacinth*, in his Flower; and

* *Hylas* was the Son of *Theodamas*, and belov'd of *Hercules* for his Beauty. Falling by Accident into a Fountain where he was drawing Water, he was drown'd; which occasion'd the Poets to feign, that he was pull'd in by a Naiad who was in Love with him.

† The *Hyacinth*, which sprung from the Blood of *Hyacinthus* the Son of *Amyclus*, a beautiful Boy, belov'd of *Apollo*, and slain by him as they were playing together at Coits; thro' the Jealousy of *Zephyrus*, who blew the Coit at *Hyacinth's* Head.

all

all these fabled Lovers are happy in their Wishes, without a Rival; but I have receiv'd into my Friendship a Villain more cruel than *Lycurgus*.

Whilst I was thus talking to the Air, an old grey-headed Gentleman enter'd the Gallery, with a worn-out Countenance, which yet seem'd to promise something extraordinary; but by the Indigence of his Habit, I immediately guess'd him to be one of those *Litterati*, to whom Wealth has a natural Antipathy; when addressing himself to me, Sir, says he, I'm a Poet, and, as I hope, no despicable Genius, at least, if there's any Merit in those * Crowns, which are too often bestow'd on the Unworthy, as well as Deservers.

But why then are you so unpolish'd in your Dress? said I. Because, answer'd he, Learning never yet knew the way to be rich.

* These Crowns, which were given to the Poetical Victors in public Games, were of different Kinds. If the Games were instituted to the Honour of *Jupiter*, they were made of Oak; if to *Minerva*, of Olive; and if to *Venus*, of Myrtle. There were also others of Palm, Laurel, Ivy, or Parsly. Historians remark, that these Crowns were never conferr'd with more Pomp and Magnificence, than under the Reigns of *Nero* and *Domitian*; and that the first, in particular, intrigu'd with all his Power to obtain them.

Rich

*Rich Merchandize rewards the Sailor's Toil;
Conquest and Plunder on the Soldier smile;
On Tyrian Beds the Wine-sick Flatt'rer sleeps;
The Bully's kind because th' Adult'refs keeps;
Learning alone to tatter'd Rags betray'd,
Starving, implores the helplefs Muse's Aid.*

It's certain a Man who declares open War with Vice, is sure to be ridicul'd for his Singularity; for when did any one love another's Manners better than his own? And therefore the Devotees of Mammon, because they are rich themselves, would fain persuade us that nothing is so valuable as Money, and boast that Learning is but a second-rate Happiness at best.

How Poverty came to be Learning's Sister, I can't imagine, said I, and sigh'd. You justly lament, return'd he, the hard Fate of Scholars.

That's not the Occasion of my Sighs, answer'd I; my Grief has a heavier Motive: And as Human Nature is fond of communicating its Uneasinesses, I told him my Story, beginning first with *Ascylos's* Treachery, which I exaggerated, crying out with repeated Sighs, Had not the Rascal exceeded the Bounds of Pardon, I might rein in my Re-

I

sentment;

sentment; but he's a Veteran in Villainy, and leuder than the Brothel itself.

The old Gentleman, pleas'd with my Frankness, began to comfort me; and to divert my Melancholy, related an amorous Adventure which had happen'd to himself.

When I was in *Asia*, said he, retain'd by the Quæstor *, I lodg'd in a House at *Pergamus* †, which pleas'd me extreamly, not only for the Neatness of its Apartments, but for the Beauty of my Host's Son. The Method I took to hinder the Father's Jealousy, was this; whenever any Talk happen'd at Table, concerning the Abuse of handsome Boys, I flew into a violent Passion, and complain'd so loudly of the Rape committed upon my Hearing, that the Mother in particular look'd upon me as a Philosopher intirely above the Pleasures of Sense. Upon which, I was desired to conduct the young Gentleman to School, to regulate his Studies, to give him good Instructions, and above all things, to see that no one had Access to the House who might seduce him.

* The Quæstors were Treasurers who receiv'd the Publick Revenues.

† A City of *Troas*, or *Myfia*.

Soon after, a solemn Festival giving a Pause to our Studies, we prolong'd our Mirth so late, that thinking it too much trouble to retire to our Chamber, we threw ourselves upon a Couch in the Dining-Room; when about the middle of the Night, perceiving the Boy to be awake, I address'd myself to *Venus*; Queen of soft Desires, murmur'd I, if I may but steal one Kiss from this lovely Youth, and he not know it, to-morrow I'll present him with a pair of Turtles.

Hearing the Reward, the Boy began to snore, upon which I approach'd him softly, and stole two or three Kisses. Contented with this Beginning, I rose early in the Morning, and sending for a Pair of Turtles, perform'd my Promise.

The next Night, finding the same Opportunity, I chang'd my Petition; O Goddess! said I, if I may but have the Felicity of wandering my Hand over this naked Beauty, and he not perceive it, a Pair of Fighting-Cocks shall be at his Service. Immediately the Boy turn'd himself, and I believe in my Conscience was afraid lest I should be asleep. I satisfy'd my Curiosity, and the next Day disengag'd my Word like a Man of Honour.

But when the third Night indulg'd the same Liberty, applying my Lips to his Ear, Immortal Gods! whisper'd I, might I now seize that Joy entire, for which I languish, a little * *Macedonian* Horse shall be the Reward of my Happiness. The Boy never slept sounder in his Life; I press'd to him, and receiv'd a Satisfaction that bounded all my Wishes. The next Morning he stay'd in his Chamber, expecting me according to Custom; but it's much easier to procure Turtles and Fighting-Cocks, than a Horse; and besides, I was afraid the Value of such a Gift should render my Civility suspected: Therefore after an Hour or two's Ramble, I return'd into the House, but made the Boy no other Present than a Kiss; when throwing his Arms about my Neck, Pray, Sir, said he, where's the little Horse?

The Difficulty of getting a good one, answer'd I, has oblig'd me to defer it, but in a few Days I will be as good as my Word. The Boy immediately took my Meaning, and

* These little Horses were highly esteem'd for their Beauty and Swiftnes. They were call'd *Asturcones*, from their being first brought into *Macedonia* from *Asturia* in *Spain*.

by his Countenance discover'd his Resentment.

For some time I was entirely out of Favour ; but it was not long ere Fortune set us right ; for a few Days after, another Festival giving me the same Privilege again, as soon as I heard the Father snore, I began to intreat the Boy to be Friends, and said all the soft things a violent Passion could inspire : But he, full of Anger, gave me no other Answer than this, *Lie still, or I'll call my Father !*

But Love surmounts all Difficulties ; whilst he was saying, *I'll call my Father !* I rush'd upon him, and after a faint Resistance, won the Field. He was not displeas'd at my Behaviour ; but after a long Complaint that I had deceiv'd him, and that he should be laugh'd at amongst his Playfellows, to whom he had boasted of my Promise ; yet, to shew you, added he, that I am not like you, if you've a mind to repeat your Pleasure, do. I forgetting all Quarrels, was easily reconcil'd, and after using the Liberty he gave me, fell fast asleep ; but he, who was now in his Prime, and fit for Action, was not so soon satisfy'd, but hugging me, ask'd me if I'd have any more ? It was no ungrateful

Task to me yet; I pleas'd him, as well as I could, and fell asleep the second time: But it was hardly an Hour ere he was punching me again with his Elbow, crying, We lose Time! I lost all Patience at being so often disturb'd, and retorting his own Words, *Lie still*, said I, *or I'll call your Father!*

I was very much diverted at the old Gentleman's Pleasantry, and begg'd the Favour of his Judgment concerning the Antiquity of several of the Pictures, with the Stories of some others which appear'd obscure to me; as also the Reason of the Indolence of the present Age; why the most polite Arts were so much neglected? and particularly, why Painting retain'd so little of its first Bloom and Beauty? The Love of Money, reply'd he, is the Occasion of all these *Phenomena*. In former Times, when Virtue was only admired for her own sake, the reigning Emulation was, who should contribute most to the Improvement of Posterity: 'Twas then *Democritus* * distill'd the Virtues of Simples; and

* The Son of the rich *Hegilistratus*, who magnificently feasted *Xerxes* and his whole Army. Having travell'd over the known World, he retir'd into a Garden, where, that no exterior Objects might distract his Meditations,

lest any Vegetable Secret should escape him, spent his Life in Experiments upon Plants and Fossils. 'Twas then * *Eudoxus* grew old upon the Top of a high Mountain, to discover the Motions of the Celestial Bodies; and then it was that † *Chrysippus* pass'd thrice thro' a Course of Hellebore, to attain a Facility of Invention.

To come to Statuary: *Lysippus* ‡ was so intent about finishing one Figure, that he starv'd for want of Necessaries: And *Myron* ||, whose Images both of Men and Beasts

tations, he voluntarily put out his Eyes, by looking stedfastly upon a red-hot brass Bason. *Tertullian* tells us, that his blinding himself, was for the sake of seeing no more Women, to which Sex he found himself too much addicted.

* A Native of *Cnidus* in *Caria*, who first regulated the Year amongst the *Greeks*.

† This Stoick Philosopher, and Logician, was the Son of *Apollonius*, and born at *Tarsus*. He was so remarkable for the Subtilty of his Wit, that it occasion'd the Saying, *If the Gods have any Logick, it's that of Chrysippus*.

‡ A Native of *Sicyon*, so excellent in his Art, that *Alexander* commanded no other should carve his Statue, and none but *Apelles* draw his Picture.

|| *Myron* was a Native of *Eleutheris*, and Disciple to *Agelades*. He flourish'd, according to *Pliny*, in the 87th Olympiad.

seem animated, dy'd extremely poor. But for our Parts, we are so taken up with Wine and Women, that we have not even Leisure to understand the Arts already discover'd. We laugh at the Ancients, but neither teach nor learn any thing but Debauchery ourselves. Where is Rhetorick? Where is Astronomy? Or even where is Religion? Who now implores the Blessings of Eloquence and Philosophy? Not one either prays for a sound Mind, or a sound Constitution. Instead of that, one vows an Offering, if Heaven will but please to take a rich Relation of his, and make him his Heir; another intreats the Happiness of finding a Treasure; and a third very modestly begs the Favour, that his Extravagance may be supply'd with a Thousand a Year. Even the Senate itself, which ought to set an unexceptionable Example, often devotes large Sums to the Capitol, in hopes that *Jove* will be so generous, as to return it ten-fold in his future Favours. Therefore it's no Wonder Painting should be neglected, when both Gods and Men find more Charms in an Ingot of Gold, than in any thing your mad *Greeks*, *Apelles* and *Pheidias*, fool'd their Time about. But I see your Attention is
wholly

wholly taken up with that Picture of the Destruction of *Troy* *; I'll endeavour to give you the Story in Verse.

*Now the last Summer of ten circling Years
Besieg'd proud Troy, with all its Hopes and Fears;
Whilst Faith in Chalcas † held the dubious Scale,
As Hope and Fear alternately prevail.*

*When warn'd divinely by the ‡ Delian God,
Ide's verdant Honours leave their proud Abode;
Thro' ev'ry Grove the hostile Ax resounds,
And from the Toil a mighty Horse rebounds.
His monstrous Sides a dreadful Cavern boast,
An ample Den, capacious of an Host!*

*Within which borrid Gloom, by Fate inspir'd,
And by a ten-years Thirst of Vengeance fir'd,
Deep lay conceal'd, intent on endless Fame,
The Pride and Glory of the Danean Name.*

*¶ O my poor Country! --- we believ'd in vain
A thousand Ships repuls'd into the Main!*

* Nero is said to have compos'd a Poem on this Subject, and setting *Rome* on Fire in Imitation of the Burning of *Troy*, to have sung it to his Harp.

† An Augur who attended the *Grecians* in their Expedition, and foretold that *Troy* should be taken after a ten Years Siege.

‡ *Apollo*.

¶ *Eumolpus* calls it his Country, because the *Romans* deriv'd their Original from the *Trojans*.

*We thought that War had left our conqu'ring Shore;
 For Peace was what the curst Inscription bore:
 Peace was the Charm of Sinon's * pow'rful Lye,
 Ordain'd for Ill, and fated to destroy.*

*Thro' the free Gates, from War's Restraint at
 Ease,*

*Now rushes Troy, to hail this Pledge of Peace!
 In Floods of Tears their Transports find Relief,
 Impatient Joy assumes the Dress of Grief.
 When thro' the Throng the Priest of Neptune flies,
 With Hair dishevell'd, and repeated Cries;
 His Arm outstretch'd, to give the Vengeance force,
 Swift with his Spear he darts the Votive Horse:
 Fate held his Hand, the guiltless Spear recoils,
 And vulgar Faith, with Pride, itself beguiles.
 Yet his collected Strength once more he try'd,
 And hid his Ax within the Monster's Side.
 Th' imprison'd Youth in hollow Murmurs groan,
 And the Wood breathes an Anguish not its own.
 In vain! they captiv'd went to captive Troy,
 And win by Fraud what Force could ne'er destroy.
 But now, to other Monsters turn your Eyes,
 Where † Tenedos's Clifts exulting rise,*

* See Virgil, *Æn.* 2.

† An Island in the Hellespont, behind which the Greeks retir'd with their Fleet, to wait the Success of their Stratagem.

*And the Sea, broke by the intruding Steep,
 Retreats in gentler Murmurs to the Deep.
 As when in some calm Night's auspicious Reign,
 A distant Vessel ploughs the level Main,
 Far off we hear the Oars their Strokes repeat,
 And the Waves sigh beneath th' oppressive Weight;
 Ev'n thus two Serpents urge their liquid Way
 To Phrygia's Shore, across the murm'ring Sea:
 With Crests erect, they o'er blue Neptune ride,
 Like lofty Ships, and lash the Surge aside.
 The Deep resounds; like flaming Gold aspire
 Their burnish'd Scales; their Eyes the Ocean fire,
 Trembled the Waves their direful Hiss to hear,
 And all the mute Spectators froze with Fear.
 With holy Fillets bound, by Laocoon's Side
 Stood his two blooming Sons, their Father's Pride.
 Round these the Serpents wind their sinuous Train,
 Each rears his little Hands, but rears in vain!
 Nor to assist himself, but Brother, tries,
 And wounded with fraternal Anguish, dies.
 The Father could not help, yet shares their Fate.
 Gorg'd with Destruction, and with Death elate,
 The bloated Monsters seize his trembling Age,
 Too weak, alas! with Grief itself 't engage.
 The Priest the Victim at his Altar lies,
 And bites th' invidious Earth, and murm'ring dies.*

Thus

*Thus wretched Troy, to certain Fate ordain'd,
First * lost her Gods, by Sacrilege profan'd.*

*Now Phoebe, in her Noon of Glory bright,
Effulg'd resplendent o'er her Train of Light,
When on poor Troy, by Sleep and Wine betray'd,
Th' imprison'd Greeks their fatal Sally made.*

*Impatient as some brave Theſſalian Steed,
Juſt from the galling Yoke of Bondage freed,
He ſnuffs the Air, and ſhakes his gen'rous Mane,
Enjoys the Race, and paws the trembling Plain.*

*Their glitt'ring Swords unſheath'd, they graſp
their Shields,*

*Their Souls breathe War, each ſofter Paſſion yields.
This ſtabs the Wretch in drunken Slumbers faſt,
And makes the Dream of Luxury his laſt :
Whiſt others rage with Brands from Altars tore,
And againſt Troy the Trojan Gods implore.*

Some of the People who were walking in the Portico, hearing *Eumolpus* repeat his Verſes, threw Stones at him ; but he, who was no ſtranger to that kind of Applauſe, cover'd his Head, and ran for it out of the Temple. I was afraid they ſhould alſo take me

* The tutelary Deities of any Place were always ſuppos'd to leave it before its Deſtruction.

for a Poet, and therefore follow'd with all the Heels I was Master of. As soon as we were out of Danger, I beseech you, said I, what will you do with this cursed Disease of yours? I have hardly been acquainted with you two Hours, yet you have talk'd more Poetry than Common-Sense. No Wonder People pelt you! I must fill my Pockets with Stones myself, that whenever I find you going into a Fit, I may bleed you in the Head with one of them.

He shook his Ears; Really, young Gentleman, said he, I must own this is not the first Time I have been serv'd so; for indeed whenever I attempt to rehearse any thing in the Theatre, it uses me in the same manner: But to prevent any Difference between us, I'll lay a Restraint upon my Genius. Well, said I, if you'll forswear the Muses, we'll sup together. Accordingly, I order'd the Landlord to provide for us; and in the mean time we took a Walk to the Bagnio, where the first thing I saw was *Gito*, leaning against the Wall, with Towels and Scrapers in his Hand, but so confused and dejected, as easily convinc'd me he was not very proud of his Office. As soon as he saw me, he seem'd transported. Have Compassion on me, Sir! said

said he, for I dare speak my Mind, now there are no drawn Swords to fright me. Rescue me from this barbarous Robber! It was my Fear, not my Inclination, that chose him: Punish me afterwards as you please. Death itself will be a Pleasure, if it contributes to your Satisfaction.

I bid him stifle his Complaints, lest any one should overhear us; and leaving *Eumolpus*, who was pouring out a Torrent of Verses in the Bath, I stole with *Gito* through a back Entry, and flew to my Lodging, where clapping to the Door, I fell on his Neck, and kiss'd away the Tears which trickled down his lovely Cheeks. It was some time before either of us could speak, for the Boy was almost strangled with his Sighs. Unhappy Wretch that I am! cry'd I, tho' you basely deserted me, yet I still love you; nor has that deep Wound of Ingratitude left so much as a Scar of Remembrance behind it. What can you say in Vindication of your Perfidy? How did I deserve the Abuse?

Finding I still retain'd a Kindness for him, he begun to look up; My Affection, pursu'd I, appeal'd to no other Decision than your own; but farewell Complaints! every thing

thing shall be forgot, if your future Behaviour shews your Penitence sincere.

Speaking this, my Words were intermingled with Sighs and Tears: When wiping my Face with his Cloke, I beseech you, *Encolpius*, said he, let me appeal to the Justice of your own Memory; Did I leave you, or you betray me? I acknowledge indeed, I thought it Prudence, when I saw you both at Dagger's-Drawing, to go over to the strongest.

I kiss'd the dear Bosom, so full of Wisdom, and throwing my Arms about his Neck, sign'd and seal'd our Reconciliation a thousand times over.

It was now quite dark, and Supper almost ready, when *Eumolpus* knock'd at the Door. Who is there? said I; and peeping through a Chink, began to examine whether *Ascyrtos* was not with him; but seeing him alone, I let him in. He was hardly sat down, when seeing *Gito* in waiting, On my Word, said he, a very * *Ganymede*! I find the Day has not been so unfortunate as I imagin'd.

* The Son of *Tros*, stolen by *Jupiter* in the Form of an Eagle, and advanc'd to be his Paramour and Cup-bearer.

I was not at all pleas'd with such a liquorish Beginning, and afraid I had entertain'd another *Ascyltos*; but *Eumolpus* pursued his Humour, and the Boy filling him some Wine, I had rather, said he, be in Possession of thee, than the whole Bagnio; and greedily emptying his Glass, swore he never was more thirsty in his Life; I narrowly escap'd Beating, added he, for attempting to repeat some Verses in the Bath; and after being turn'd out there, as I us'd to be out of the Theatre, I search'd every Corner, crying as loud as I could, *Encolpius! Encolpius!* On the other side, a naked* Youth who had lost his Cloaths, call'd out as vehemently, *Gito! Gito!* The Boys hooted me for a Madman: But the other was throng'd with a Crowd of Admirers; for Nature had so largely qualify'd him for a Lover, that you might easily mistake a Part of him for the Man himself. A thundering Whoreson! I warrant he'll maintain the Field eight and forty Hours together. Therefore he soon found Relief, for a debauch'd Spark, a *Roman Knight* they said he was, threw his Cloke over him, and took him home, in hopes, I suppose, to engross so

* *Ascyltos.*

great a Prize; but I could not so much as obtain my Cloaths without a Voucher to my Character, so much Advantage has the Beauty of the Body over that of the Mind.

Whilst *Eumolpus* was speaking, I often chang'd Countenance, being pleas'd, or sorry, as my Rival met with good or bad Fortune; but lest the old Gentleman should suspect I had an Interest in the Story, said nothing; and when he had ended, told him what we had for Supper.

I had hardly acquitted myself, ere our Entertainment came in; the Fare was homely and far from being elegant, but very good and nourishing. Our half-starv'd Doctor rather devour'd, than eat; but when he had fill'd his Belly, began to tell us, that Philosophers were above the World, and ridicul'd those who despise everything that is common, and esteem nothing but what is difficult to be had. It's the Effect of a vicious Appetite, added he, to condemn the obvious Blessings of Nature, and doat on Scarcities.

I would not what I wish as soon obtain,

Too easy Conquests give a Victor Pain.

*The Phasian * Bird from Colchis' distant Shore,*

And Africk's Game, are Viands I adore.

* So call'd from *Phasis* a River in *Colchis*.

*Things rare alone can please; the snowy Goose,
Or painted Duck, let some Plebeian chuse.*

*Give me the Scare from distant Oceans brought,
Or nobler Fish by Shipwreck only caught.*

The Mullus now can only Nausea yield,

The Wife must to the Mistrefs quit the Field.

Ye Roses! blush, the Cinnamon's more bright,

Far-fetch'd can only please a Taste polite.

Is this your Promise, said I, of troubling us with no more of your Poetry? For Heaven's sake! at least spare us, who never pelted you! If any of those who are drinking in the Inn should scent you out for a Poet, the whole Neighbourhood would be raised, and we inevitably involved in your Misfortune. Have some Compassion on us! Think of the Gallery and the Bagnio. Whilst I was reprimanding him thus, *Gito*, who is infinitely good-natur'd, took me up; telling me, I ought not to reflect upon my Elders, and that it was Ill-manners to invite a Gentleman to affront him; with many other conciliating Expressions, which, deliver'd with a Blush, as they were, became him extremely.

Happy is the Mother, cry'd *Eumolpus*,
that bore thee! Continue to grow up in Vir-
tue!

true! So much Beauty and Wit are indeed a Miracle! But don't imagine your Civility lost; you have engag'd an Adorer; your Praise shall be the Subject of my Verse; I'll both be your Instructor and Guardian, and wherever you go, I'll follow you. Nor can *Encolpius* think it an Injury, since he loves another.

It was lucky for *Eumolpus*, that the Soldier robb'd me of my Sword; for otherwise, all the Revenge I had hoarded up for *Ascylos*, had been lavish'd upon him. *Gito* perceiv'd the Storm rising, and prudently avoided my Indignation, under Pretence of going out to make Water. *Eumolpus*, said I, in a great Fury, your Poetry was more tolerable than your impertinent Gallantry. I am very passionate, and you are very lewd: Suppose me mad for once; humour the Frenzy, and be gone this Moment!

Eumolpus was confus'd at this Declaration; but without staying to inquire the Reason of my Anger, scour'd off, and pulling the Door after him, lock'd me in, when I least suspected it, and taking the Key with him, run in quest of *Gito*.

I was so enrag'd to be thus abus'd, that I determin'd to hang myself; and fast'ning my
Belt

Belt to the Bedstead, committed my Neck to the Noose; but *Eumolpus* and *Gito* returning that Instant, prevented the fatal Catastrophe. *Gito*'s Grief immediately turn'd to Rage; he rais'd a loud Cry, and catching me in his Arms, threw me upon the Bed; You're mistaken, *Encolpius*, cry'd he, if you think it possible to die before me. Had I been Master of a Sword, I would have freed myself from *Ascylos*'s Tyranny; and had not you come to my Relief, would have thrown myself headlong out of the Window. But to let you see that Death is never far from those that desire him, enjoy yourself the Tragedy you prepar'd for me. No sooner had he spoke these Words, but snatching a Razor from *Eumolpus*'s Servant, he made Attempts three or four times at his Throat, and fell down at our Feet. I shriek'd, and catching the Razor out of his Hand as he was falling, endeavour'd to follow him by the same Method; but neither had *Gito* any Wound, nor could I perceive myself hurt; for it happen'd to be a Razor made blunt on purpose, to prepare Barbers Apprentices to handle a sharper, for which Reason the Servant from whom it was snatch'd, shew'd no Apprehension, neither would *Eumolpus* offer to interrupt our tragical Farce.

During

During this Scene, the Inn-keeper brought up the Remainder of our Supper; and seeing the ridiculous Postures we were in, Pray, Gentlemen, said he, are you drunk? or have you broke Prison? or both? Which of you has made a Gallows of my Bed? What is the Meaning of these Pranks? I suppose you intend to bilk me of my Reckoning, and think the Darknes of the Night will favour your Retreat; but you shan't escape me so; I'll soon make you sensible who is Master of the House!

Do you threaten, Rascal? cries *Eumolpus*, and immediately gave him a Slap in the Face; upon which the Inkeeper throwing an empty Pitcher at him, cut his Forehead, and run off. *Eumolpus*, impatient at the Affront, snatch'd up a wooden Candlestick, and pursuing him, dealt his Blows so freely, that he amply reveng'd his bloody Brow. Upon this, the whole House was in an Uproar, and all the Drunkards reel'd out of their Holes, to see the Fray. When, having got an Opportunity to return *Eumolpus's* Favour, I lock'd the Door upon him, and serving him as he serv'd me, enjoy'd both Bed and Board without a Rival.

Mean

Mean while *Eumolpus* was set upon by all the Male and Female Filth of the Inn; one throws a hot Spit, with a Leg of Mutton on it, at his Head; whilst another catches up a Flesh-Fork, and puts himself into a martial Posture; but above all the Combatants, a blear-ey'd old Woman was the most remarkable, who, tucking up a dirty Rag of an Apron, with two wooden Shoes on, not fellows, lugg'd a great Mastiff into the Field of Battle, and set him at *Eumolpus*, who, with his wooden Candlestick, defended himself valiantly against all his Enemies.

We saw all these Passages through a Hole that had been made a little before, by wrenching the Latch from the Door. You may easily imagine how well I wish'd him; but *Gito*, who was compassionate, was for opening the Door and relieving him; upon which, my Anger being still up, I gave the merciful Coxcomb such a Box on the Ear, as set him crying on the Bedside. After this I enjoy'd my Revenge with all the Eyes I had, and made a perfect Banquet on *Eumolpus's* Misfortunes; when *Bargates* the Commissary of the Quarter, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper, was brought out in a Chair, his own Legs being too gouty to support him; where
after

after he had deliver'd himself of a tedious and barbarous Harangue against Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking earnestly at *Eumolpus*, And is it you, most excellent Poet? said he; have the Rascals been so profane, as to lift up their Hands against you? Then applying himself to *Eumolpus's* Ear, My Mistress, said he with a low Voice, has the Folly to despise me; if you love me, Lam-
poon her, and shame her into better Man-
ners.

Whilst *Eumolpus* was thus engag'd in private Conference with *Bargates*, a Cryer, attended with another publick Officer, and a great Mob at his Heels, enter'd our Inn, and shaking a smoaky Torch, mouth'd out to this Effect:

“ Ran away from the Bath, a little while
“ ago, a very pretty Boy with curl'd Hair,
“ his Name *Gito*: If any one can tell Tale
“ or Tidings of him, he shall receive One
“ hundred Crowns Reward.”

Not far from the Cryer stood *Ascyrtos*, in a Habit of * divers Colours, showing the promis'd Reward in a Silver Charger.

* Those who search'd for any thing by publick Authority, were order'd by the Law to wear this Habit.

Immediately I order'd *Gito* to whip under the Bed, and put his Hands and Feet thro' the Cords; that as *Ulysses* formerly escap'd under the Ram's Belly, so he might elude the Search, by extending himself under the Bed in the same manner.

Gito was all Obedience, and in a Moment fix'd himself with such Dexterity, as might rival *Ulysses* himself in Cunning; when to remove all Suspicion, I threw my Cloaths upon the Bed, and imprinted my own Length upon it.

Mean while *Ascylos*, having search'd all the other Rooms, came to mine, where he conceiv'd great Hopes from the Door's being so carefully bolted; but the Officer beating it down, soon remov'd that Obstruction.

I immediately fell at *Ascylos*'s Feet, beseeching him by the Memory of our past Friendship, and the Society of our Misfortunes, that he would once more let me see *Gito*; and to gain Credit to my Dissimulation, I know, *Ascylos*, said I, that you come to seek my Life, what Occasion else for these Axes? Sate your Revenge; I offer my Throat to your Resentment; shed that Blood which you come to spill under the Pretence of a Search.

Ascylos

Ascyrtos seem'd shock'd at the Charge; I protest, said he, I only come in Pursuit of my Defenter; I seek no Man's Death, much less a Suppliant's, whom I have always held dear, notwithstanding our fatal Quarrel.

Mean time the Officer was not idle; for snatching a Stick from the Inn-keeper, he thrust it under the Bed, and search'd so much as every Hole in the Wall. *Gito* shrunk his Body out of the Stick's Way, and breathing with all the Caution of Fear, held his Mouth close to the Cords.

They were hardly gone out of the Room, when *Eumolpus* bounced in, for the shatter'd Door forbid no body Entrance. I'll earn the hundred Crowns, said he in a Fury, I'll follow the Cryer, and by a meritorious Revenge, put *Gito* into his Hands.

Finding him in earnest, I embraced his Knees, and intreated him not to kill a dying Man. You would justly be enrag'd, said I, could you prove I betray'd you. The Boy is run away amongst the Crowd, nor can I imagine whither he's fled. I beseech you, *Eumolpus*, run after him, and bring him back, tho' you restore him to *Ascyrtos*.

Just as I had work'd him into a Belief, *Gito*, with restraining his Breath, sneez'd thrice, so loud, that he shook the very Bed ; at which *Eumolpus*, turning himself about, God bless you, Sir ! said he ; and throwing off the Bedding, discover'd our little *Ulysses*, who would have rais'd Compassion even in an hungry *Cyclop* ; then looking at me, What, Sirrah, said he, durst not you tell Truth, tho' catch'd in your Roguery ? Had not some God who directs Human Affairs, forc'd the Boy to this Discovery, I should have jant to all the Bawdy-Houses in Town to a fine Purpose. But *Gito*, who could wheedle much better than I, dipping a Cobweb in Oil, bound it to his broken Forehead, and changing his Mantle for the other's torn Coat, bath'd his Wound in Kisses. When seeing his Resentment appeas'd, Dear Father, said he, our Lives are at your Mercy ; if you have any Love for your *Gito*, shew it in his Preservation ! O that the raging Fire would devour me ! or the stormy Sea o'erwhelm me, who am the Cause of so much Unhappiness ! Was I dead, all these Enmities might be reconcil'd.

Eumolpus, touch'd with our Misfortunes, but particularly with the Blandishments of
Gito,

Gito, Your Conduct is entirely wrong, said he, you have Accomplishments enough to make you happy, yet you lead your Lives in Misery, and are continually starting new Plagues to torment you. Wherever I am, I always live To-day, as if I never expected a To-morrow, that is, in absolute Tranquillity; if you would imitate me, you must avoid Anxiety. *Ascyrtos* persecutes you here, fly from him. I am taking a Voyage into a foreign Country, and should be glad of your Companies. This very Night I shall go on board the Vessel, where I am no Stranger, but can assure you a handsome Reception.

His Council appear'd both prudent and advantageous, as it not only freed me from *Ascyrtos*, but also promis'd a happier Scene of Life. *Eumolpus's* Generosity overcame me; I was heartily sorry, both for the Injury I had done him, and for that Jealousy which had occasion'd him so many Displeasures.

Therefore bursting into Tears, I besought him to receive me again into Favour; telling him, a Lover could not always bridle his headstrong Passion; but that for the future it should be my Study, neither to act nor say any thing which might offend him, ho-

ping his Goodness would entirely banish the Remembrance of our former Difference ; that on rude neglected Grounds the Snow continu'd a long time, but on a Soil enrich'd with Culture it soon melted away ; that it was the same with Anger in Mens Breasts ; unpolish'd Minds can't soon discharge their Passions ; but where Souls are enrich'd with Wisdom, they but appear and vanish.

To convince you of the Truth of your Observation, cry'd *Eumolpus*, my Anger expires in this Kiss. Get yourselves ready, and either lead, or follow me, which you please.

He was yet speaking, when the Door flew open, and gave Entrance to a Sailor with a horrid rough Beard ; you stay, cry'd he, *Eumolpus*, as if you did not know it was near Day.

Immediately we all started up, and *Eumolpus* rousing his Servant, who had long since fallen asleep, hurry'd him away with his Baggage ; whilst *Gito* and I pack'd what we had in a Bag, and adoring *Castor* and *Pollux* *, enter'd the Vessel.

* The Sons of *Leda*, and tutelary Deities of Seamen.

We plac'd ourselves as much out of the way as we could, under Deck ; and it not being yet Day, *Eumolpus* fell asleep ; but neither I, nor *Gito*, could get a Wink ; for reflecting that I had associated *Eumolpus*, a more dangerous Rival than *Ascylos*, I was terribly uneasy ; but at length Reason overcoming Passion, I could wish, said I, the Boy appear'd less charming to *Eumolpus* ! but what then ? Are not all the most excellent Works of Nature in common ? The Sun shines on all ; and the Moon, with her innumerable Train of Stars, lights even wild Beasts to their Forage. What can be more beautiful than Water ? yet it flows for publick Use. And is Love alone sweeter when stolen, than when freely imparted ? It's so, and I would only possess what the World envies. However, I have little to fear from such an old wither'd Rival ; for if he should offer to intrude upon my Pleasure, his short Breath would jade in the Attempt.

Having cheated my Jealousy with this Assurance, I muffled my Head in my Coat, and feign'd myself asleep : But on a sudden, as if Fortune had resolv'd to destroy my Constancy, I heard one groaning above Deck ; And has he mock'd me ? This struck me

with a violent Palpitation, for it was a Man's Voice, and one I was afraid I was but too well acquainted with. Immediately a Woman, in a louder Tone of Indignation; And would but some God put *Gito* into my Hands! I would treat him as he deserves.

So unexpected an Accident turn'd us as pale as Death; and I in particular lay gasping for Breath a long time, as if I had been stunn'd by some frightful Dream; when trembling with Fear, I pull'd *Eumolpus*, who was falling into a sound Sleep, by the Coat; Upon your Honour, Father, said I, who is the Owner of this Ship, and what Passengers has he on Board? He was in a Pet at my disturbing him: And was it for this Reason, said he, we chose the most private Place under Deck, that none but yourself might have the Pleasure of disturbing us? Or what will it signify if I tell you, that one *Lycas* a *Tarentine* owns the Vessel, and is carrying a Lady call'd *Tryphæna*, who travels for her Pleasure, to *Tarentum*.

I trembled at this Thunder-clap, and baring my Neck, cry'd out, At length, Fortune, thou hast entirely vanquish'd me! *Gito*, who lean'd upon my Bosom, was also rather dead than alive; but at last the Sweat

our

our Fear had put us into, reviving us, I embraced *Eumolpus's* Knees, Take Pity, said I, on two dying Wretches! and let our common Passion engage you to assist us; Death threatens us, and, unless you prevent it, will soon put a happy End to all our Misfortunes.

Eumolpus, surpriz'd at what I said, swore by all that's sacred, he was ignorant of its Meaning, nor knew of any Design against us; that he had brought us thither with the most innocent Intention imaginable, and purely for our Companies, having hir'd a Place in the Ship long before he was acquainted with us. But what Ambushes are here? added he; or what * *Hannibal* is this that fails with us? Why, *Lycas* the *Tarentine*, a very honest Gentleman, that's both Captain and Owner, and also Master of a plentiful Estate in Land, who having been bred up to Merchandize, freights the Vessel with his own Cargo: This is the *Cyclops* and Arch-Pirate we have embark'd with; and besides him, there's *Tryphæna*, one of the most beautiful Women in the World, who fails about for her Diversion.

* Proverbial, from the Cruelties exercis'd by *Hannibal* on the *Romans*.

These are the very Persons we fly from, cry'd *Gito*, and gave *Eumolpus*, who trembled at the Story, a short Account of the Reasons of their Malice, and our Danger.

He was so confus'd at what we told him, that he had no Power to advise; but bid each of us propose his Opinion; And let us imagine, said he, we have enter'd the *Cyclop's* Den; we must either seek some means of Delivery, or bury ourselves, and the Fears of all future Mischiefs, in the Ocean.

No, no, cry'd *Gito*, rather offer the Pilot a Reward to steer the Vessel into some Port, and affirm the Sea so disagrees with your Friend, that he's at the Point of Death. You may colour the Pretence with Tears, and appear so much concern'd, as to move the Pilot's Compassion to grant your Request.

Eumolpus reply'd, This is impracticable, for great Ships are with difficulty conducted into Harbour, neither is it likely my Friend should be so dangerously ill on the sudden; add to this, that *Lycas* may think himself oblig'd, in Civility, to visit his sick Passenger; and then consider, whether such a Compliment would forward your Escape. But presuming the Ship could be stop'd under full Sail, and that *Lycas* should omit visiting his
Sick,

Sick, how can we get out but all must see us? with our Heads muffled, or uncover'd? if muffled, who won't lend a Hand to sick Persons? if uncover'd, what is it but betraying ourselves?

A desperate Disease, said I, must have a desperate Cure; let us slide down into the Long-Boat, and cutting the Cord, leave the rest to Fortune: Nor will I desire *Eumolpus* to share this Danger; for why should we involve an innocent Person in our Misfortunes? I shall think myself happy enough if we get safe into the Boat.

The Advice is excellent, reply'd *Eumolpus*, could it be put in Execution; but who won't see us as we pass? Or how shall we escape the Diligence of the Pilot, who watches even the distant Motions of the * Stars? Perhaps we might possibly impose upon him, could we leave the Ship by any other Way than the Helm; but we must unavoidably descend there, or no where, because the Hafter of the Boat is fasten'd to that Part of her: Besides, *Encolpius*, I admire you should not remem-

* The Navigation of the Ancients was entirely guided by the Sun and Stars, before the Discovery of the Loadstone.

ber, that there's a Sailor on Duty both Night and Day in the Boat, and that it's impossible to remove him from his Post, without cutting his Throat, or throwing him overboard ; whether this is practicable, consult your own Courage ; for my Part, to bear you Company, I would refuse no Danger where there was the least Hopes of Safety ; but to throw away Life, as a Possession of no Value, is what I believe even yourselves think unreasonable. Hear whether you like my Proposal : I'll sew you up in two Skins, and making Holes for you to breathe and eat thro', cord you up amongst my Cloaths, as part of my Baggage : To-morrow Morning I'll cry out that my Slaves, fearing a greater Punishment, leap'd last Night into the Sea, and as soon as the Wind drives us into any Port, I can carry you on Shore unsuspected.

Very well, said I, you imagine then that we are really solid, and have no natural Evacuations ; that we neither Sneeze, nor Snore : Or would you cord us up in this manner, because I once succeeded in such a Stratagem ? But suppose we could endure this Bondage for one Day, how if it continue longer ? What must become of us, if a Calm, or a Tempest prolong it ? Even our Cloaths would
grow

grow as rotten as a Carrier's Directions: Can we, d'ye think, who are young, and not us'd to labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our Cords as insensibly? We must seek another Method of Escape; hear what I have thought on: The studious *Eumolpus* always carries Ink about him, let's black ourselves from Top to Toe, under which Disguise of *Æthiopian* Slaves, we may both enjoy the Sweets of Freedom, and impose upon our Enemies.

And why must not we be circumcis'd too, interrupted *Gito*, that we may appear like *Jews*; or have our Ears bor'd, to imitate *Arabians*; or our Faces white-wash'd, to pass for native *Gauls*? as if the only Mark of a Foreigner was his Colour, and no other Distinction requisite. Would not our very Speech betray us? Grant our daub'd Faces would keep their Colour; suppose no Part of it would wash off by any Accident, nor the Ink stick to our Cloaths, which frequently happens, tho' no Gum be in it; yet how can we imitate their black swollen Lips, the short Curl of their Hair, the Brand on their Foreheads, their circular Way of Treading, their splay Feet, or the Mode of their Beards? An artificial Colour rather stains, than alters
the

the Body ; but if you'll be rul'd by a Mad-man, let's even cover our Heads, and plunge into the Sea.

Neither Gods, nor Men, cry'd *Eumolpus*, will suffer so shameful a Despair ! rather pursue this Advice ; My Servant, as you may guess by the Adventure of the Razor, is a Barber ; let him immediately shave not only your Heads, but also your * Eye-brows ; and I'll finish your Disguise with an † Inscription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for some extraordinary Villainy : Thus the same Letters will at once divert Suspicion, and conceal your Countenances under the Mask of Punishment.

We approv'd the Advice, and hastening the Execution, stole to the Side of the Vessel, where we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber ; after which *Eumolpus*

* The Shaving the Head was a common Badge of Slavery ; but that of the Eyebrows a Punishment of great Infamy.

† These Inscriptions were in use till the Time of *Constantine*, who first forbid them, thinking they reflected a Dishonour on God, in whose Image Man was created. The Letter us'd on this Occasion by the *Romans*, was F, as Φ was by the *Greeks*.

fill'd our Foreheads with great Letters, and liberally dispers'd the known Marks of Fugitives over the other Parts of our Face. As it happen'd, one of the Passengers easing his Stomach over the Side of the Ship, perceiv'd by Moon-light our Barber at this unseasonable Occupation, and cursing the Omen, which seem'd a last Vow before Shipwreck, ran to his Cabbin: We disssembled taking notice of his Execration, and returning to our former Melancholy and Silence, pass'd the Remainder of the Night in a restless manner.

The next Morning *Eumolpus*, as soon as he understood *Tryphæna* was up, went to visit *Lycas* in his Cabbin; when after some Talk about the happy Voyage they hoped from the Serenity of the Heavens, *Lycas* addressing himself to *Tryphæna*, Methought, said he, *Priapus* appear'd to me last Night, and told me he had brought that *Encolpius* whom I sought, into my Vessel.

Tryphæna trembled with Horror, And you'd swear, said she, we slept together; for methought the Image of *Neptune*, under which I wrote three * Inscriptions at *Baiæ*, came

* These Inscriptions recorded the Performance of Vows made in danger of Shipwreck.

and

and told me, I should find *Gito* in *Lycas's* Ship.

Hence you may learn, cry'd *Eumolpus*, that * *Epicurus* is a divine Person, who has so ingeniously ridicul'd these Sports of Fancy :

*Th' illusive Dreams which on the Mind attend,
Nor † Shrines inspire, nor from the Gods descend;
But from ourselves; when Nature sleeping lies,
These Mimicks of th' unburthen'd Fancy rise.
What most in Day affects, at Night returns :
Thus he who shakes proud States, and Cities burns,
Sees Show'rs of Darts, forc'd Lines, disorder'd
Wings,
Fields drown'd in Blood, and Obsequies of Kings.
The Lawyer dreams of Terms and double Fees,
And trembles when he long Vacation sees.
The Miser hides his Wealth, new Treasure finds.
Thro' echoing Woods his Horn the Huntsman winds.
The Sailor's Dream a Shipwrack's Chance describes.
The Whore writes Billet-doux. Th' Adultres bribes.*

* A famous Philosopher, Author of a Sect call'd after his Name.

† Alluding to those Temples where Oracles were deliver'd to the Consultors in their Sleep.

*The op'ning Dog the tim'rous Hare pursues :
And Misery in Sleep its Pain renews.*

But *Lycas* having expiated * *Tryphæna's* Dream, What hinders us, said he, from searching the Ship, that we mayn't seem to slight the divine Admonition?

Upon this, one *Æsius*, the Passenger who had discover'd our Midnight Fraud, cry'd out, These are certainly the same Persons that were shav'd last Night by Moonshine : By *Jupiter* ! it's a most terrible Example ; for, as I've often heard, it's not lawful for any one to pair their Nails, or cut off their Hair on Shipboard, unless to appease a Tempest.

Lycas hearing this, flew into a violent Rage; And is it so ? said he ; has any one in the Vessel cut off his Hair, and in so calm a Night ? Bring hither the Offenders this Moment, that I may know with whose Blood to purge the Vessel.

It was I commanded it, said *Eumolpus* ; not to bring any Misfortune upon a Ship I

* This Expiation for Dreams was perform'd by washing the Hands and Head with Wine and Water ; and sometimes by plunging the whole Body in Water.

fail in myself; but because my Slaves, who are the innocent Occasion of this Alarm, had long frightful Hair, which I order'd to be shav'd off, lest I might seem to make a Jail of the Ship, and that the Marks of their Villainy might be more visible, when the Hair which shaded them was away; for you must know, they have squander'd a considerable Sum of my Money on a Whore, who serv'd them both, and from whom I took them but last Night, half-drown'd in Wine and Perfumes. In short, they smell still of the Debauch they gave themselves at my Expence.

Notwithstanding, *Lycas*, to appease the tutelary Deity of the Ship, order'd each of us forty Stripes. The Sentence was immediately put in Execution, and the enraged Seamen falling on us with Ropes-ends, endeavour'd to secure their Safety with a Sacrifice of our Blood. I bore three Strokes with a * *Spartan* Courage; but *Gito*, at the very first Stripe, set up such an Outcry, that the well-known Sound reach'd the Ears of

* Alluding to the *Spartan* Custom of whipping their Children (even those of the Nobility) every Year, before *Diana's* Altar.

Tryphæna; nor was she the only one who took the Alarm, for all her Maids hearing a Voice they were so well acquainted with, ran to the Place where he was whipping.

Gito's admirable Beauty had already disarm'd the Rage of the Sailors, and pleaded for Mercy, tho' silent; when the Maids altogether cry'd out, It's *Gito!* it's *Gito!* hold your barbarous Hands! Help, Madam, it's *Gito!*

Tryphæna hasten'd to their Outcries, already convinc'd what occasion'd them, and with eager Haste flew to the Boy.

As for *Lycas*, he knew me as well as if he had heard my Voice, and running to me, neither look'd at my Hands, nor my Face, but fixing his Eyes upon a lower Part, and taking me by the Fist; Your Servant, *Encolpius*, said he: Let it no longer be a wonder that *Ulysses's* Nurse should know him by a Scar *, after twenty Years Absence, since this prudent Gentleman, notwithstanding the confus'd Disguise of my Features and whole Body, could discover his Fugitive by a less ob-

* This Scar, *Homer* tells us, was in *Ulysses's* Leg; and discover'd by his Nurse *Euryclea*, as she was washing his Feet.

vious Token. Mean time *Tryphæna*, deceiv'd by our Forgery, and thinking the flavish Inscriptions on our Foreheads real, burst into Tears, and with a low Voice enquir'd, What House of Correction had intercepted our Rambles, or what Hands could be so cruel to inflict such a Punishment? but that we had indeed deserv'd some Chastisement, as Fugitives, who had flighted her Favours.

Upon this *Lycas* flew into a violent Rage; And O, simple Woman! cry'd he, can you believe the Knife prepar'd these Letters for the Ink? Oh that they are branded in their Foreheads with these Inscriptions in Reality! we should then have our desired Consolation; but now we are amus'd with the Tricks of the Play-house, and banter'd with a sham Inscription.

Tryphæna, mindful of her former Pleasures, would have had Compassion on us; but *Lycas* rememb'ring the Abuse of his Wife, and the Affronts he had receiv'd in the Portico of *Hercules's* Temple, cry'd out, with double Fury in his Looks, I believe you're convinc'd, O *Tryphæna*! that the immortal Gods preside over Human Affairs; since they have not only brought our Enemies unwittingly on Board us, but have also
reveal'd

reveal'd it to us by Dreams which agree in every Particular ; therefore consider what you'll get, by pardoning those the Gods themselves have brought to Punishment : As for myself, I am not naturally cruel ; but fear, should I spare them, the Vengeance would fall upon my own Head.

Tryphæna was touch'd with this superstitious Oration, and declar'd she would oppose our Punishment no longer, but even assist his just Revenge ; for her Resentment was now grown as violent as *Lycas's*, recollecting how publickly we had traduc'd her Virtue to the Rabble.

Lycas finding *Tryphæna* as warm for Revenge as himself, order'd our Punishments to be renew'd ; which *Eumolpus* hearing, endeavour'd to mitigate his Fury in the following manner.

These unfortunate Wretches, said he, whose Destruction you resolve, *Lycas*, implore your Compassion, and have chose me, as a Person not unknown to you, that I may reconcile them to those who once held them dear. You may imagine, perhaps, that these young Men have fallen into your Hands unawares ; but what Appearance ? since it's always the first Care of every one who embarks on Ship-board,

board, to inquire the Name of him he intrusts with his Safety. Therefore appease yourself with the Satisfaction you have already taken, and permit free-born Men to proceed in their Voyage without Injury. The most implacable Masters dismiss their Cruelty, when their Slaves return with Repentance; and we spare even our Enemies when they ask us for Quarter. What would you have then? Or what can you desire? The young Men throw themselves at your Feet; they are Gentlemen, and Men of worth; and, which is a stronger Argument than all, were once your dearest Friends. By *Hercules*! had they robb'd you of your Wealth, or betray'd you in the basest manner, you could not exact a severer Punishment than what they now suffer; you see the Marks of Slavery on their Foreheads, and the Faces of free-born Men loaded with Infamy to appease you.

To avoid Confusion, interrupted *Lycas*, speak to every Particular in order.

And first, if they came on their own accords, why have they cut off their Hair? He who disguises himself intends a Fraud, not a Satisfaction.

In the next Place, if they expected any Favour from your Mediation, why have you in every thing endeavour'd to conceal them? Whence it plainly appears, that the Offenders are fallen into our Hands by meer Accident, and that you only hunt for Artifices to elude the Effects of our Resentment.

As to your invidious ringing in our Ears, that they are Gentlemen, and Men of Worth, take care you don't hurt your Cause by a groundless Confidence! What can be expected from the Injur'd, when the Guilty fly to Punishment? And that they were our Friends, makes them the less deserving Mercy; for he who wrongs a Stranger, is a Villain; but he who betrays his Friend, is little better than a Parricide.

I am sensible, reply'd *Eumolpus* to this unjust Reasoning, that the principal Article against these unfortunate young Men, is their having cut off their Hair at Midnight; from whence you conclude that their coming into the Ship was accidental, not voluntary; but I shall as candidly undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: They design'd before they embark'd, to ease their Heads of that troublesome and useless Burden; but the unexpected Wind which call'd us on Board obliging

ing them to defer it, they never once imagin'd it was of any Importance, where they executed what they had resolv'd, being equally ignorant of the ill Omen and Custom of Mariners.

To what Purpose, answer'd *Lycas*, should Suppliants shave their Heads? Because Baldness is thought an Object of Compassion? But why should I expect Truth from a Defender of Criminals? What can'st thou say for thyself, thou Villain? added he, turning to me; What * *Salamander* has eat off thy Hair? To what † God hast thou vow'd it? Speak, ‡ Victim, before I sacrifice thee.

I was so terrify'd with the Fear of Punishment, that I could find no Answer to this plain Accusation. The Confusion I was in on account of my Deformity, and the shameful Baldness of my Head and Eyebrows, had struck me dumb; but when our

* The Blood or Oil of this Serpent occasions Baldness, according to Physicians.

† The Devotion of the Hair to some Deity, was a common Practice amongst the Ancients.

‡ The Word, *Pharmacus*, in the Original, as *Suidas* informs us, signifies a Victim devoted for the Crimes of the Publick.

Faces already bath'd in Tears, came to be wip'd with a wet Sponge, and the Ink dissolving, had obscur'd all our Features in a footy Cloud, their Rage turn'd to Hatred ; which *Eumolpus* observing, protested, he would not suffer free-born Men to be so abus'd, contrary to all Law and Equity ; and not only oppos'd the Threats of our Butchers with Words, but with Blows : His Man also seconded him, with two other sick Passengers, who rather serv'd to encourage, than increase our Force.

Upon which I was so far from begging Pardon, that holding up my Fist at *Tryphæna*, I told her aloud, she should feel my Resentment, unless her leacherous Ladyship, who was the only one in the Ship that deserv'd to be punish'd, would decline her Pretensions to *Gito*.

The angry *Lycas* was in a double Fury at my Impudence, and highly nettled that I abandon'd my own Cause, to defend that of another.

Nor was *Tryphæna* less enrag'd at the Affront ; so that the whole Ship was divided into Parties.

On our Side, *Eumolpus's* Servant distributed the Instruments of his Trade, reserving a
Razor

Razor to defend his own Person ; and on the other, *Tryphæna's* Attendants, arm'd only with their bare Nails, advanc'd, filling the Field of Battle with their Cries. On which the Pilot declar'd he would leave the Ship to the Mercy of the Waves, if they continu'd a Bustle rais'd about the Lust of two or three Vagabonds.

Notwithstanding the Combat was carry'd on with the utmost Fury ; they fighting for Revenge, and we for Safety ; in short, many fell half-dead on both Sides ; others withdrew, as from great Armies, to be drest of their Wounds. Nor yet was the Rage of either Party abated.

When the courageous *Gito*, [clapping a Razor to that Part of him *Tryphæna* most admir'd, threaten'd to cut away the Cause of all our Misfortunes ; but *Tryphæna* flying to prevent so great a Crime, gave him all the Quarter he desired. I also made an Attempt several times at my Throat, but with as little Intention to kill myself, as *Gito* had to execute what he threaten'd ; but he play'd his Part much the bolder, knowing it was the same blunt Razor with which he had before attempted to cut his Throat.

Each

Each Party still keeping the Field, and the Pilot perceiving it was likely to be no mock Battle, prevail'd, with a great deal of Difficulty, that *Tryphæna* should officiate as Herald, and propose a Truce; upon which, mutual Faith being pledg'd, according to Custom, she snatch'd an Olive-Branch from the Statue of the Guardian Deity of the Ship, and advancing boldly to the Parley,

What Rage, cry'd she, invades soft Peace with Arms?

What Crime of ours provokes these rude Alarms?

*We've here no * Paris, no Atridan Bride;*

Nor with fraternal Gore † Medea dy'd.

*But Love contemn'd can kill --- then why should you,
Amidst these Waves my certain Fate pursue?*

One Death's enough! --- Your stormy Rage forbear,

Nor shew the Seas a more tempestuous War!

* The Son of *Priam* King of *Troy*, who stole away *Helen* the Wife of *Menelaus* King of *Sparta*.

† The Daughter of *Ætes* King of *Colchis*, who flying away with *Jason* the *Argonaut*, tore her Brother *Ab-syrus* to pieces, and scatter'd his Limbs in the Road, that her Father, stopping to pick them up, might be hinder'd in his Pursuit of her.

L

Tryphæna

Tryphæna having thunder'd out this Rhapsody there was a Suspension of Arms, and every one desiring Peace, an End was put to the War. *Eumolpus*, the Head of our Party, immediately laid hold on the Opportunity, and after giving *Lycas* a severe Reprimand, sign'd the Articles of Peace, which were as follows :

“ You, *Tryphæna*, from the Bottom of
 “ your Heart, promise never to complain of
 “ any Injury you have receiv'd from *Gito* ;
 “ nor to upbraid him with, nor study to re-
 “ venge, either directly or indirectly, any
 “ Action of his before this Day. And
 “ also, that you will neither hug, kifs,
 “ nor solícite him to any farther Pleasure,
 “ without his Consent, under the immediate
 “ Forfeiture of one hundred Denarius's for
 “ every Offence.

“ *Item*, You, *Lycas*, from the Bottom of
 “ your Heart, promise not to reproach *En-*
 “ *colpius* with a contumelious Word or
 “ Look ; nor to enquire where he sleeps on
 “ Nights, under the immediate Forfeiture
 “ of two hundred Denarius's for each Of-
 “ fence.”

Conditions thus agreed, we threw down our Arms ; and lest any secret Rancour should remain, notwithstanding our Oath, endeavour'd to bury the Remembrance of what was past in mutual Embraces.

Every one exhorting us to Peace, our Resentments vanish'd ; and a sumptuous Banquet being brought into the Field of Combat, spread an Air of Mirth thro' the whole Company : The Ship resounded with our Songs, and a sudden Calm having stopt us in our Course, one diverted himself with darting the Fish which leap'd above Water ; whilst another, covering his Hooks with flattering Baits, drew out the unwilling Prey : We also saw Sea-Birds sitting on the Sail-Yard, which one skill'd in Fowling took with his Reeds, their Down fluttering in the Air, whilst their larger Feathers were the Sport of the Waves.

Lycas and I had already renew'd our Friendship ; and *Tryphæna*, as a Mark of her Love, threw the Bottom of her Glass upon *Gito* ; when *Eumolpus*, almost drunk, began to rally us upon our being bald and stigmatis'd, but at last, having spent his insipid Jest, he return'd to his Humour of

Poetry, and made us an Elegy on the Loss of our Hair.

*Beauty is fall'n ! thy Hair's soft vernal Grace
To wint'ry Baldness gives untimely Place.
Thy injur'd Temples mourn their ravish'd Shade,
Waste, like a stubbled Field, thy Brow is laid.
Fallacious Gods ! your treach'rous Gifts how vain !
You only give us Joy, to give us Pain.
Unhappy Youth ! but late thy curling Gold
Ev'n Phœbus' Self might envy to behold ;
But now for Smoothness, nor the liquid Air,
Nor wave-born Tuber can with thee compare.
The Laughter-loving Maids you fly, and fear :
And * Death, with hasty Steps, will soon be here.
His fatal Night already clouds thy Morn,
Beauty is fall'n ! and thy gay Locks are shorn.*

He would have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worse Stuff than the former, if an Attendant of *Tryphæna's* had not interrupted him ; who calling *Gito* aside, dress'd him up in one of her Mistress's Towers ; and taking a pair of false Eyebrows out of her

* Alluding to the Opinion, that *Proserpine* cut a Lock of Hair from every Person, before they expir'd.

Patch-Box, set them on so artificially, that he was perfectly restor'd to his former Beauty.

At the Sight of the true *Gito*, *Tryphæna* wept for Joy, and kiss'd him with the utmost Satisfaction.

For my Part, tho' I was charm'd at the Boy's recovering his Beauty, yet I hid my Face as much as possible, being convinc'd I must appear uncommonly frightful, when even *Lycas* disdain'd to speak to me; But it was not long ere the Maid came to my Relief, and taking me aside, dress'd me in a Peruke no less agreeable than that of my Companion; nay, being of a * Flaxen Colour, it very much improv'd my Complexion.

After this our Advocate and Reconciler, *Eumolpus*, to entertain the Company, and keep up our Mirth, began to be pleasant on the Inconstancy of Women: How susceptible they were of Love, and how soon they forgot their Lovers; and that there was no Woman so chaste, but might be wrought into the very Fury of a criminal Passion:

* False Hair of this Colour was only worn by Courtezans.

That he should take no Notice of ancient Tragedies, and the famous Examples of former Ages; but would divert us, if we pleas'd, with a Story which happen'd in his own Memory. Upon which, every one giving Attention, he began in the following manner.

There * was a Lady at *Ephesus*, in such high Repute for her Chastity, that even the Women of the neighbouring Countries came out of Curiosity to see her. When her Husband was carry'd to the Grave, she was not content with the vulgar Form of following the Funeral with dishevell'd Hair, and beating her Bosom thro' a Crowd of Spectators, but would attend him into the Sepulchre itself; where, according to the Custom of the *Greeks*, she watch'd the Corps, and embalm'd it Night and Day with her Tears. Nay, so violent was her Grief, that she determin'd to destroy herself by Hunger, neither could her nearest Relations or Friends

* *John of Salisbury*, Bishop of *Chartres*, who has inserted this Story out of *Petronius*, in his Book intitl'd *Polycraticus*, assures us from *Flavian*, that there really was such a Lady at *Ephesus*, as is here describ'd by *Petronius*; adding, that she suffer'd in Publick for her Crime.

prevail with her to desist from so fatal a Resolution : The Magistrates themselves were the last repuls'd in the Attempt ; and she was deplor'd by all as the most illustrious Example of her Sex, having now mourn'd five Days without receiving any Nourishment.

A faithful Servant waited upon her Sorrow, who mingled her Tears with those of her Mistress, and as oft as Occasion requir'd, renew'd a Lamp which burnt in the Monument. Nothing else was talk'd of throughout the whole City, and all Ranks of Men confess'd, there never was such a shining Instance of Chastity and Affection.

It happen'd at this very Time, that the Governor of the Province order'd certain Robbers to be affix'd to Crosses, near the dismal Cave where this virtuous Lady bewail'd herself over her late-interr'd Husband. The following Night, the Centinel who watch'd the Crosses, lest the Bodies should be stol'n for Burial, perceiving a Light glimmering amongst the Monuments, and hearing the Groans of a Person in Distress, was led by a Curiosity common to Mankind, to see who, or what it might be. He descend- ed therefore into the Sepulchre, where seeing a very beautiful Woman, he stood amaz'd

That he should take no Notice of ancient Tragedies, and the famous Examples of former Ages; but would divert us, if we pleas'd, with a Story which happen'd in his own Memory. Upon which, every one giving Attention, he began in the following manner.

There * was a Lady at *Ephesus*, in such high Repute for her Chastity, that even the Women of the neighbouring Countries came out of Curiosity to see her. When her Husband was carry'd to the Grave, she was not content with the vulgar Form of following the Funeral with dishevell'd Hair, and beating her Bosom thro' a Crowd of Spectators, but would attend him into the Sepulchre itself; where, according to the Custom of the *Greeks*, she watch'd the Corps, and embalm'd it Night and Day with her Tears. Nay, so violent was her Grief, that she determin'd to destroy herself by Hunger, neither could her nearest Relations or Friends

* *John of Salisbury*, Bishop of *Chartres*, who has inserted this Story out of *Petronius*, in his Book intitled *Polycraticus*, assures us from *Flavian*, that there really was such a Lady at *Ephesus*, as is here describ'd by *Petronius*; adding, that she suffer'd in Publick for her Crime.

prevail with her to desist from so fatal a Resolution: The Magistrates themselves were the last repuls'd in the Attempt; and she was deplor'd by all as the most illustrious Example of her Sex, having now mourn'd five Days without receiving any Nourishment.

A faithful Servant waited upon her Sorrow, who mingled her Tears with those of her Mistress, and as oft as Occasion requir'd, renew'd a Lamp which burnt in the Monument. Nothing else was talk'd of throughout the whole City, and all Ranks of Men confess'd, there never was such a shining Instance of Chastity and Affection.

It happen'd at this very Time, that the Governor of the Province order'd certain Robbers to be affix'd to Crosses, near the dismal Cave where this virtuous Lady bewail'd herself over her late-interr'd Husband. The following Night, the Centinel who watch'd the Crosses, lest the Bodies should be stol'n for Burial, perceiving a Light glimmering amongst the Monuments, and hearing the Groans of a Person in Distress, was led by a Curiosity common to Mankind, to see who, or what it might be. He descend- ed therefore into the Sepulchre, where seeing a very beautiful Woman, he stood amaz'd

at first, as at the Sight of a Spectre; but viewing the Corps which lay before her, and considering her Tears and torn Visage, he soon concluded, as it really was, that the Lady could but ill support the Loss of the Deceas'd. Upon this he went back, and fetch'd his small Supper into the Monument, and began to exhort her to desist from her superfluous Sorrow; that to heave her lovely Bosom with Sighs, would avail nothing; that Death was a necessary Exit; and that the Grave was a Home for all; omitting no Argument of use to cure a distemper'd Mind. But she, starting with Horror at so unlook'd-for a Consolation began to beat her Breast with double Vehemence, and tearing off her Hair, strow'd it upon the dead Body.

The Soldier is not at all discourag'd by this, but with the same Exhortations endeavours to persuade her to take some Nourishment; till the Maid, who was undoubtedly overcome by the grateful Odour of the Wine, reach'd out her Hand to her obliging Benefactor; and having recruited her Spirits by what she eat and drank, began herself to combat the Obstinacy of her Mistress. And what will it avail you, said she, to starve
your-

yourself in this manner; to bury yourself alive, and resign your Breath before Heaven requires it?

*Think you the Happy in the Shades below,
Or see your Tears, or listen to your Wee?*

Will you revive your dead Husband in spite of Fate? Or won't you rather dismiss this Female Weakness, and enjoy the World whilst you may? The very Body that lies before you, might advise you to make a better Use of your Life.

None listen with Regret, when press'd to Eat, or Live. The Lady, exhausted by so many Days Abstinence, suffer'd her Obstinacy to be vanquish'd, and eat with the same Greediness as her Maid who had yielded before. You know what Temptations usually follow a hearty Meal: The very same Arguments the Soldier had us'd to combat her Despair, he now employ'd against her Chastity; and as the young Fellow appear'd neither disagreeable, nor destitute of Wit, the Maid was not wanting on her Part, to do him all the good Offices she could; saying to her Mistress:

*Why thus unmindful of your past Delight,
Against a pleasing Passion will you fight ?*

But why should I keep you in Suspence ? The Lady observ'd the same Abstinence, even as to this Part of her Body ; and the victorious Soldier triumph'd over both. Thus they continu'd together, not only the first Night of their Enjoyment, but the next Day also, and the next after that : The Doors of the Monument being carefully shut, that whoever, whether Friend or Stranger, had come there, they would undoubtedly have imagin'd, this most virtuous of Wives had expir'd on the Body of her Husband. Our Soldier was so charm'd with his Mistress's Beauty, and the Secret of his Happiness, that what little Stock he had, he laid out for her Entertainment, and as soon as Night came on, convey'd it into the Monument.

In the mean time, the Relations of one of the Malefactors, observing the Remissness of the Guard, carry'd off the Body in the Night, and bury'd it. The poor Soldier, who was wrap'd up in his private Pleasures when this Trick was play'd him, finding on the Morrow one of the Crosses without a Body, immediately repair'd to his Mistress in the greatest

est Apprehensions of Punishment, and acquainting her with what had happen'd, added, that he was fully resolv'd not to wait his Condemnation, but with his own Sword to execute Justice on his Negligence; that the only Favour he begg'd of her was, to afford him a Burial, and to make that fatal Place at once the Monument of a Lover, and a Husband.

At this our Matron, as compassionate as chaste; The Gods forbid! cry'd she, that I should, at the same time, behold the Funerals of two Persons who are so dear to me. I had rather hang the Deceas'd, than occasion the Death of the Living: And accordingly order'd the Corpse of her Husband to be taken out of its Coffin, and fasten'd to the Cross whence the Body was stolen. The Soldier immediately put in Execution the Advice of this discreet Lady; and next Morning every one wonder'd, how a dead Man should be able to find his Way to the Cross.

The Sailors laugh'd heartily at this Story, whilst *Tryphæna*, not a little asham'd, hid her Blushes in *Gito's* Bosom; but *Lycas* nodding his Head, with an Air of Displeasure, If the Governor, said he, had been a just Man,
he

he ought to have restor'd the Husband's Body to his Monument, and hung the Woman on the Cross. Without doubt, it made him reflect on my Intrigue with his Wife, and our pillaging his Ship, when I fled from his House upon that Account. But the Articles he had agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain, and we were so full of Mirth, that he had no Opportunity to vent his Rage.

Tryphæna, who still lean'd on *Gito's* Bosom, sometimes loaded it with Kisses, and sometimes entertain'd herself with disposing his new Ornaments, to make them more agreeable to his Face.

I was so out of Humour, and impatient of this new League, that I could neither eat nor drink ; but by a thousand Side-looks discover'd my Uneasiness. Every Kiss the Wanton gave him, and all her Caresses, stabb'd me to the Heart. Nor did I know which I ought to be the most enrag'd against, the Boy for robbing me of my Mistress, or my Mistress for debauching the Boy? In short, they were both insupportable to me, and much more so than any thing I had suffer'd in my counterfeit Slavery. To compleat my Misery, neither *Tryphæna* spoke to me

as if I had been her Acquaintance, and once belov'd; nor would *Gito* so much as drink to me, or vouchsafe me a Syllable upon the most indifferent Subject. I believe he was tender of the new Return of her Favours, and afraid to give her a second Occasion to fall out with him. I burst into a Flood of Tears, and my Sighs which I endeavour'd to suppress, almost strangled me.

Lycas perceiving, tho' in this Trouble, how well my Flaxen Ornament became me, was inflam'd afresh, and laying aside the haughty Brow of a Master, put on the tender Complaisance of a Friend; but his Endeavours were fruitless. At last, meeting with an entire Repulse, his Love turn'd to Fury, and he endeavour'd to extort by Violence what he could not win by Entreaty; but *Tryphæna* bolting in when least expected, prevented his Design, upon which, in the utmost Confusion, he button'd up, and run off.

Tryphæna, agog at the Sight, What would *Lycas* be at? cry'd she; and oblig'd me to explain his Caresses; when, fir'd at the Relation, and mindful of our old Amours, she offer'd to renew them; but worn off my Legs with those Employments, I made her
Advances

Advances but an ill Return. When throwing her Arms round me in a Rage of Lust, she hug'd me so close, that I was forc'd to cry out. Upon which one of her Maids run in, and believing I would have forc'd from her Mistress the Favours I deny'd her, rush'd between us. *Tryphæna* thus repuls'd, was in the utmost Fury at her Disappointment, and threatening me, flew to *Lycas*; not only to raise his Resentment, but to join him in pursuit of Revenge.

You must know, I was formerly a Favourite with this Attendant of *Tryphæna*, when I held a Correspondence with her Mistress; for which reason she was extremely nettled at catching me with her, and sobb'd most bitterly: I press'd her to know the Occasion, when after a faint Resistance, she burst out; If you had the least Spark of a Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Prostitute. If you was a Man, you'd scorn to come near such a filthy Whore.

This Accident not a little perplex'd me; but what I chiefly fear'd, was, that *Eumolpus* coming to the Knowledge of my Adventure, should make it the Subject of his next Lampoon, and under a Notion of revenging
ing

ing my Quarrel, expose me to a Ridicule which I dreaded more than any thing.

Whilst I was contriving how to prevent his Suspicion, *Eumolpus* himself came in, already acquainted with what had happen'd; for *Tryphæna* had communicated her Grief to *Gito*, and endeavour'd at his Cost to compensate the Affront I had offer'd her. Upon which *Eumolpus* was all on fire, and the more so, because this Violence was an open Breach of the Articles she had sign'd.

As soon as the old Man saw me, he bemoan'd my hard Fortune, and desired to know the whole Scene from myself; upon which, finding he was already inform'd, I frankly told him of *Lycas's* lewd Attempt, and the lascivious Assault of *Tryphæna*; which *Eumolpus* hearing, swore a most solemn Oath, that he would vindicate our Cause, and that the Gods were too just to suffer so many Crimes to go unpunish'd.

Whilst we were thus discoursing, the Sea grew stormy, and the Day was obscur'd by thick Clouds which gather'd from every Quarter: The Mariners fly to their Posts as fast as Fear can make them, and pulling down the Sails, leave the Vessel to the Mercy of the Tempest; for as the Wind often
veer'd,

veer'd, and tofs'd the Waves first one way, and then another, the Pilot knew not what Course to keep : Sometimes we were drove towards *Sicily* ; but were oftener the Sport of the North-wind, which prevails on the Coast of *Italy* ; and, what was more dangerous than all the rest, on a sudden, the Sky was blotted with such a horrid Darkeness, that the Pilot could not so much as see the Prow. Upon this, all despair'd of Safety ; when *Lycas* threw himself trembling at my Feet, and lifting up his Hands, I beseech you, *Encolpius*, said he, succour us in our Distress, I mean, restore the sacred Vest and Siftre which you stole from the Image of the Goddess *Isis* ; take Pity on us, according to your usual Compassion ! At what time a Whirlwind snatch'd him up, and threw him howling amidst the Waves, and soon after an envious Billow just shew'd him us, and drew him back again.

As for *Tryphæna*, she was snatch'd from certain Death by the Fidelity of her Servants, who sav'd her, with the greatest Part of her Goods, in the Skiff belonging to the Vessel.

For my Part, locking myself in *Gito's* Arms, I burst into Tears, and cry'd out,
At least we deserv'd that the Gods should
unite

unite us in Death! But even in This our cruel Fortune opposes us; for see, the Waves are just going to overset the Vessel, and the angry Sea comes to burst the belov'd Bands which hold us! therefore if you ever sincerely lov'd your *Encolpius*, let's embrace while we may, and snatch this last Joy from the Envy of our approaching Fate.

When I had thus said, *Gito* threw off his Coat, and wrapping himself in my Mantle, join'd his Lips to mine, and that the malicious Waves might not wash us asunder, he inclos'd us both in his Girdle; And it's some Comfort, said he, that by this means the Sea will bear us the longer ere it can divorce us from each other's Arms. Or if, in Compassion, it should throw us on the same Shore, either the next Passenger will, in * common Humanity heap a few Stones over us, or at least the angry Waves themselves will cast us up Sand for a Grave. I was contented that my last Bands were so happy, and as on a

* To bury the Dead, was always esteem'd an essential Duty, even by the Heathens, and strictly commanded by the *Jus Pontificium* amongst the *Romans*; for they imagin'd that the Souls of all who were unbury'd, were deny'd their Passage over the infernal Lake.

Death-bed, expected the approaching Hour
with Tranquillity.

In the mean time the Tempest, acting the
Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging
from the Vessel; neither Mast nor Rudder
was left, nor even so much as a Rope, or an
Oar, but an aukward shapeless Hulk of a
Ship, tofs'd up and down by the Waves.

The Fishermen that inhabited the Sea-side,
expecting a Booty, in all haste put out with
their Boats; but when they saw those in the
Vessel could defend their own, they chang'd
their Design of Pillaging, into that of suc-
couring us.

Just then, 'midst the Clamours of our Sa-
lutes, we heard an unusual Murmur under
the Master's Cabbin, like that of some wild
Beast labouring to get out; upon which, fol-
lowing the Noise, we found *Eumolpus* sitting
with a great Parchment in his Hand, which
he was filling with Verses, even to the very
Margin. We were astonish'd how a Man so
near Death, could amuse himself with Poe-
try, and, notwithstanding his Cries to the
contrary, dragg'd him out of his Hole, de-
siring him to leave his Fooling; but in a
Pet at being disturb'd, S'death! cry'd he, let
me finish this Line, it compleats the Poem.

Upon

Upon this I laid violent Hands upon the Madman, and calling *Gito* to my Assistance, order'd the still-murmuring Poet to be haul'd on Shore.

Having thus, with great Difficulty, preserv'd our Lives, we very pensively enter'd one of the Fishermen's Huts; where, after a wretched Meal on some of our Provisions, which the Salt-water had spoil'd, we pass'd the Night in a profound Melancholy.

The next Day, as we were consulting what Course to steer, on a sudden I discover'd a Human Carcase, which the Waves gently floated to Shore. Concern'd at the Sight, I stood still, and fixing my Eyes on the Sea, could not help reflecting on the Inconstancy of that Element.

Who knows, cry'd I, but this unhappy Wretch has a Wife in some Part of the World or other, who sits secure at home, expecting the Return of her Husband? Or perhaps, he has a Son equally ignorant of his Shipwreck; or it may be, he himself has left the tender Embraces of his Father. These are the vain Designs of Mortals! and such is the Issue of their great Projects! see the mighty Nothing, how it is toss'd by the Waves!

Whilst

Whilst I thus deplor'd him as one unknown, a Wave cast him on Shore; when fixing my Eyes on his Face, which was not at all disfigur'd, I easily knew the late terrible and implacable *Lycas* lying at my Feet.

I could refrain from Tears no longer; but often striking my Breast, Now where's thy Rage? cry'd I; or where thy boasted Power? Thou'rt now expos'd a Prey to Fishes and wild Beasts; nor could the Ship thou proudly call'd'st thy own, afford one Plank to save thee. After this, let Mortals flatter themselves with golden Dreams; let the cautious Miser heap up ill-got Wealth for many Years; 'twas but Yesterday this lifeless Thing was proud of its Riches, and had fixt the very Day he thought to return. How short, O ye Gods, is the poor Wretch of his Design! But it's not the Sea only we have reason to apprehend: The Wars hurry some to Death; others perish in the midst of their Devotions; a third dies by a Fall from his Chariot; Eating often kills the Greedy; and Abstinence the Temperate. Thus, do what you will in this Sea of Life, you may be shipwreck'd every where: But the Wretch that's drown'd, you'll tell me, wants a Burial;

rial; as if it concern'd the perishing Carcase,
 whether Fire, Water, or Time consum'd it.
 Whatever way you perish, the End of all's
 the same. But wild Beasts, you'll answer, may
 tear the Body; as if it was a gentler Fate to
 have it burn'd, which we think the cruellest
 Punishment we can inflict on our offending
 Slaves. Therefore what a Madness it is to
 be thus anxious that nothing of us remains
 unbury'd, when we are conscious that Desti-
 ny will provide us a Sepulchre, even in spite
 of ourselves.

These Reflexions over, we paid the last
 Duties to the Body, and though his Enemies,
 honour'd him with a Funeral Pile. Whilst
Eumolpus, who was busy about his Epitaph,
 roll'd his Eyes here and there, to find an
 Image to raise his Fancy.

Having chearfully discharg'd this charita-
 ble Office, we pursu'd our design'd Journey,
 and all in a Sweat, soon reach'd the Top of
 a neighbouring Mountain, whence, at a lit-
 tle distance, we discover'd a large Town,
 seated on the Brow of a high Hill; but could
 not tell what Place it was, till a Shepherd in-
 form'd us 'twas * *Crotona*, the most ancient,

* Meaning *Rome*, which the Author Satirizes under
 this Name.

and

and once most flourishing City of *Italy*. When we enquir'd of him what sort of People inhabited this famous Place, and what kind of Commerce they chiefly maintain'd, since their Impoverishment by so many Wars?

Gentlemen, said he, if you are Merchants, I would advise you to steer another Course ; but if you're skill'd in the more genteel Traffick of Lying, you are in the ready Road to the Market. For in that City, Learning is in no Esteem ; Eloquence is banish'd ; nor can Temperance or Morality so much as meet with Commendation. You'll only find two sorts of Men, the Cheaters, and the Cheated: For there, a Father takes no Care of his Children ; because the having Heirs is such a Mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumstance, dares not appear at any publick Show, or Entertainment, is excluded all Privileges, and only herds among the Dregs of the People. But on the contrary, those who never marry, and have no Ties of Nature, are advanc'd to the highest Honours ; they are the only Brave, the only fit to Command, and in short the only Virtuous. You are going to a City, added he, that resembles a Field in Plague-time, where
you

you can see nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcases.

Eumolpus, who had more Experience in the World than us, after a short Reflexion on this new kind of Policy, declar'd it was a way to get Riches which did not displease him. For my Part, I look'd upon what he said, as a Poetical Extravagance; when, added he, O that I was better equipp'd, and had a Habit suitable to the Imposture! I would soon make all your Fortunes.

Immediately I offer'd him every thing in my Power, the sacred Vest of *Isis*, and all the Booty we made at *Lycurgus's* Villa; not doubting but the Goddess would prosper a Design carry'd on by her Assistance.

What hinders us then from acting this Comedy? cry'd *Eumolpus*; but if you approve the Plot, you must acknowledge me for Master.

No one ever condemn'd a Project that was no Charge to him; therefore for the better Concealment of our Roguery, we took a solemn Oath to *Eumolpus*, that we would suffer for him * Fire, Prison, Stripes, or even Death itself; and that we would blindly

* The Oath of a Gladiator.

obey whatsoever he commanded. Thus, like true Gladiators, we devoted ourselves, both Souls and Bodies, to the Will of our Master.

After the Ceremony of our Oath, having disguis'd ourselves like Slaves, we saluted our new Master, and agreed to give out, that *Eumolpus* had lately lost his only Son, a Youth of great Hopes, and an excellent Orator ; that this was the unhappy Occasion of his leaving his Country ; lest the daily Visits of his Son's Dependents and Companions, with the Sight of his Sepulchre, might continually revive his Sorrow. That this Affliction had been follow'd by a Shipwreck, in which he had lost upwards of Two Millions of Sesterces ; but that he was not so much concern'd for the Loss of his Money, as of his large Retinue, which he fear'd wou'd make them not proportion their Thoughts to his Greatness. That moreover, he had a Revenue, to the Amount of Three Millions of Sesterces, in Lands and Securities in *Africa* ; and as many Slaves dispers'd about *Numidia*, as were able to take *Carthage*.

Agreeable to this Scheme, we advis'd *Eumolpus* to cough very much, that he might seem weak at his Stomach ; and to affect a Disgust

Disgust to every thing he eat before Company ; to talk of nothing but Gold and Silver ; how such a Manor had deceiv'd his Expectation ; and to make continual Complaints of the Barrenness of Land. That he should dissemble a daily Hurry of Accounts, and be perpetually altering his Will ; and that nothing might be wanting to compleat the Farce, whenever he call'd any of us, to mistake our Names, that it might appear, how mindful their Lord was of the Servants he had left behind him.

Matters thus settled ; after Prayers to the Gods for our Success, we set forward ; but neither *Gito* could support his unusual Burthen, nor *Corax*, *Eumolpus's* Servant, who grumbling at his Office, often rested his Load, and cursing those who went too fast, declar'd he would either throw down his Luggage, or run away with it : What, cry'd he, do you take me for a Beast of Burthen, or a Ship to carry Marble ? I was hir'd for a Man, not a Horse ; nor am I less a Gentleman than the best of you, tho' my Father left me poor. Nor content with Curses, he lifted up one Leg, and venting his Choler at the wrong End, fill'd our Nostrials with a beastly Scent.

M

Gito

Gilo laugh'd heartily at the Humour, and for every Crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill Scent might stifle another.

When *Eumolpus* returning to his natural Humour; Young Men, said he, this Fondness for Poetry deceives many; for now, if any one can teach a Verse to crawl on its Feet, or cloath a trivial Thought in gay Words, he immediately conceits himself the Favourite of the *Muses*; which is the Reason why so many, tir'd with the noisy Business of the Bar, retreat to the calm Amusement of Poetry, as the less difficult Task, imagining it much easier to compose a Poem, than handle a pointed Controversy; but a sensible Mind is above this Vanity; nor can any one either conceive, or bring forth a true Poetical Birth, without an immense Fund of Learning. Above all things, if I may be allow'd the Phrase, avoid a Vileness of Expression, and make use of Words above the vulgar Reach.

I hate th' unlearn'd, profane, and vulgar Herd!

You must also take care, not to deform your Piece with any superfluous Sentiments; but every thing must be so naturally interwoven,

woven, as to contribute to the Beauty of the whole. *Homer* is a Witness of this Truth; as are also the *Greek* Lyrics, our own *Roman Virgil*, and the happy Correctness of *Horace*. As for the rest, they were either ignorant of the true Path to Poetry, or afraid to tread it. To sing our Civil Wars, would be a glorious Attempt! But should any one undertake it without an equal Share of Learning, he must sink under the Weight. A dry * Narrative must not be told in Verse; an Historian can execute that Province much better: But the free Spirit of a Poet must soar thro' the boundless Mazes of Fiction, and call even the Gods themselves to support the Dignity of his Performance; that it may rather seem a Prophetic Fury, than a bare Relation of well-attested Facts. As the following Rapture, for Example, though it has not receiv'd the last Hand.

* In Ridicule of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, which he justly condemns as too narrative. The little Poem which he gives us on the same Subject, to heighten his Banter on *Lucan*, was so admired by *Douza*, that he declares he should prefer it to three hundred Volumes of the Poet after *Lucan*.

*Now haughty Rome reign'd Mistress of the Ball,
Where'er the Æther shines with heav'nly Fires;
Or Earth extends, or circling Ocean rolls;
Yet still insatiate, her wing'd Navies plough'd
The burden'd Main, to each unplunder'd Shore;
For to the Rich she bore immortal Hate,
And her own Av'rice still prepar'd her Fall.*

*Ev'n former Pleasures were beheld with Scorn,
As Joys grown threadbare by too vulgar Use.
The Soldier now admir'd th' Assyrian Dye,
And now th' Hesperian charm'd his fickle Pride.
Numidia here the lofty Roof sustain'd:
There shone the Honours of the Serean Loom:
Arabia of her balmy Sweets was spoil'd:
Yet still unquench'd, the Lust of Ravage burn'd.
Thro' Maurian Wilds, and Ammon's distant Reign,
Monsters were captiv'd for our cruel Sports.
The Stranger Tyger in his golden Cage,
Now cross'd the Main to press our friendly Shore;
Whilst joyful Rome her Monster entertain'd,
With purple Streams of her own kindred Blood.*

*I blush to speak, I tremble to recite
Our Persian Manners, and our Curse of Fate!
From Youth they snatch'd the Man with cruel Art,
Whilst Venus frown'd o'er the retreating Tide;*

As if they thought to favour the Deceit,
 Ev'n Age itself would like that Tide retire !
 Nature was lost, and sought her self in vain.
 Hence nought but leud Effeminacies please,
 Soft curling Hair, and Wantonness of Dress,
 And all that can disgrace Man's Godlike Form.
 From Africk Slaves, and purple Carpets come,
 With Citron Tables, rich in golden Stains ;
 Around whose costly, but dishonour'd Pride,
 Bury'd in Wine, the giddy Drunkards lie.
 Nothing escapes our raging Lust of Taste ;
 The Soldier draws his Sword in Rapine's Cause,
 And from Sicilia's distant Main the Scare
 Is brought alive to our luxurious Board :
 The Lucrine Shore is of its Oysters spoil'd,
 And Hunger purchas'd with th' expensive Sauce :
 Phasis is widow'd of its feather'd Race,
 And nothing heard o'er all the Desert Strand,
 But Trees remurm'ring to the passing Gales.
 Nor less in * Mars's Field Corruption sway'd,
 Where ev'ry Vote was Prostitute to Gain ;
 The People and the Senate both were sold.
 Ev'n Age itself was deaf to Virtue's Voice,

* The Place of Elections.

*And all its Court to sordid Int'rest paid,
 Beneath whose Feet lay trampled Majesty.
 Ev'n Cato's Self was by the Crowd exil'd,
 Whilst he who won, suffus'd with Blushes stood,
 Asham'd to snatch the Pow'r from worthier Hands.
 Oh Shame to Rome, and to the Roman Name!
 'Twas not one Man alone whom they exil'd,
 But banish'd Virtue, Fame, and Freedom too.
 Thus wretched Rome her own Destruction bought,
 Herself the Merchant, and herself the Ware.
 Besides, in Debt was the whole Empire bound,
 A Prey to Usury's insatiate Faws;
 Not one could call his House, or Self his own;
 But Debts on Debts, like silent Fevers wrought,
 Till thro' the Members they the Vitals seiz'd.*

*Fierce Tumults now they to their Succour call,
 And War must heal the Wounds of Luxury;
 For Want may safely dare without a Fear.
 And sunk in hopeless Mis'ry, what could wake
 Licentious Rome from her voluptuous Trance,
 But Fire, and Sword, and all the Din of Arms?
 Three mighty Chiefs kind Fortune had supply'd,
 Whom cruel Fate in various Manner slew.
 The Parthian Fields were drunk with Crassus' Gore;
 Great Pompey perish'd on the Libyan Main:*

And

*And thankless Rome saw greater Julius bleed.
Thus as one Soil too narrow were to hold
Their rival Dust, their Ashes shar'd the World.
But their immortal Glory never dies.*

*'Twixt Naples, and * Dicharchian Fields extends
A horrid † Gulph, immensely deep and wide,
Thro' which Cocytus rolls his lazy Streams,
And poisons all the Air with sulph'rous Fogs.
No Autumn here e'er cloaths himself with Green,
Nor joyful Spring the languid Herbage cheers:
Nor feather'd Warblers chant their mirthful Strains,
In vernal Consort to the rustling Boughs;
But Chaos reigns, and ragged Rocks around
With nought but baleful Cypresses are adorn'd.*

*Amidst these Horrors Pluto rais'd his Head,
With mingled Flames and Ashes sprinkled o'er,
Stop'd Fortune in her Flight, and thus address'd.*

*Oh thou whose Scepter Heaven and Earth controuls!
Who hat'st the Power which too securely stands,
And only heap'st thy Favours to resume;
Dost thou not sink beneath Rome's pond'rous Weight,
Unable to sustain her tott'ring Pride?*

* Now call'd *Pizzolo*, and formerly a Colony of the Samians.

† The Lake *Avernus*.

*Ev'n Rome herself beneath her Burden groans,
 And ill sustains Monopoly of Power.
 For see, elate in Luxury of Spoils,
 Her golden Domes invade the frightened Skies!
 Sea's turn'd to Land, and Land is turn'd to Sea,
 And injur'd Nature mourns her slighted Laws.
 Ev'n me they threaten, and besiege my Throne;
 The Earth is ransack'd for her treasur'd Stores,
 And in the solid Hills such Caverns made,
 That murmuring Ghosts begin to hope for Day.
 Change, Fortune, therefore change this prideful Scene!
 Fire ev'ry Roman's Breast with Civil Rage,
 And give new Subjects to my Desert Reign!
 For ne'er have I been joy'd with Human Gore,
 Nor my * Tisiphone e'er quench'd her Thirst,
 Since † Sylla's Sword let loose a purple Tide,
 And reap'd the Harvest of insatiate Death.
 He spoke ----- when straight the op'ning Earth dis-
 clos'd,
 And to the Goddess' Hand his Hand he join'd.
 When Fortune smiling, this Reply address'd.*

* One of the Furies.

† Alluding to the Civil War between Marius and Sylla.

*Oh Father, who Cocytus' Empire sways !
 If dangerous Truths may safely be reveal'd,
 Enjoy your Wish ! not less my Anger boils,
 And in my Breast as fierce Resentment burns.
 I hate the Height to which I've lifted Rome,
 And my own lavish Favours now repent.
 But that same * God who built her haughty Pow'r,
 Shall soon rehumble to the Dust her Pride.
 Then I'll with Transport light the gen'ral Flame,
 And with the plenteous Slaughter feast Revenge.
 Methinks I see † Thessalia's fatal Plain
 Already heap'd with Dead, and Fun'ral Piles
 Innum'rous blazing on ‡ Iberia's Shore !
 I see the § Libyan Sands distain'd with Blood,
 And seven-fold Nile groans with Prophetic Fears !
 On ev'ry Side the Clang of Arms resounds,
 And || Actium's Flight seems present to my Eyes !*

* Mars.

† Pharsalia, where Cæsar defeated Pompey.

‡ In Allusion to Cæsar's War in Spain with the Sons of Pompey.

§ Libya and Ægypt were very much involv'd in the Civil Troubles of Rome.

|| A Promonory in Epirus, near which the famous Naval Fight was fought between Mark Anthony and Augustus.

Then open all the Portals of thy Reign,
 And give thy crouding Subjects free Access!
 Old * Charon in his Boat can ne'er convey
 The Shoals of Ghosts that for their Passage wait.
 But needs a Fleet! ---- Tisiphone may then
 Quench her dire Thirst, and cloy herself with Fate.
 The mangled World is hurrying to thy Reign.

Scarce had she spoke, when from a sulph'rous Cloud
 Blue Light'nings flash'd, and sudden Thunders roar'd.
 Affrighted Pluto fear'd his Brother's Darts,
 And trembling hid his Head in Shades of Night.

The Gods by dreadful Omens straight disclos'd
 The deathful Horrors of approaching Fate.
 The Sun in bloody Clouds obscur'd his Rays,
 As if he mourn'd the dreadful Scene begun;
 Whilst trembling Cynthia fled the impious Sight,
 Quenching her Orb, and from the World withdrew.
 Mountains by sudden Storms were overturn'd:
 And erring Rivers left their Channels dry.
 Ev'n Heav'n itself confesses the Alarm,
 And fierce Battalions skirmish in the Clouds:
 Ætna redoubles all her sulph'rous Rage,
 And darts strange Light'nings at th' affrighted Sky:

* The Ferryman of Hell.

*Unbury'd Ghosts too wander round the Tombs;
And with impatient Threatnings ask Repose:
A fiery Comet shakes her blazing Hair:
And wond'ring Jove descends in Show'rs of Blood.
Nor was it long that Heav'n th' Event conceal'd;
For mighty Cæsar panting for Revenge,
Gave Peace to Gaul, and flew to Civil Arms.*

*Upon the tow'ring Alps remotest Height,
Where the cragg'd Rocks look down upon the Clouds,
A Grecian Altar to Alcides smoaks.*

*There everlasting Winter bars Access,
And the ambitious Summit props the Skies:
No Summer ever darts his genial Beams,
Nor vernal Zephyrs cheer the joyless Air;
But Snows on Snows accumulated rise,
The Icy Pillar of the starry Orb.
Here Cæsar with his joyful Legions climb'd;
Here camp'd; and from the lofty Precipice,
Surveying all Hesperia's fertile Plains,
With Hands uplifted, thus address'd his Pray'r.*

*Almighty Jove! and thou * Saturnian Earth,
So oft by me with filial Triumphs grac'd!*

* So call'd, because inhabited by Saturn, when he fled from the Usurpation of his Son Jupiter.

*Witness these Arms I with Reluctance bear,
 Compell'd by matchless Wrongs to War's Redress.
 Proscrib'd, and exil'd, whilst the Rhine's proud Flood
 I swell'd beyond its Banks with native Gore ;
 And to his Alps confin'd the haughty Gaul,
 Once more to Storm your || Capitol prepar'd.
 But what Reward has all these Toils repaid ?
 Conquest alas is by herself undone !
 Germania vanquish'd a New Crime is deem'd,
 And sixty Triumphs are with Exile crown'd.
 But what are they my Glory thus compels,
 To court the Aid of † mercenary Arms ?
 Oh Shame to Rome ! My Rome disowns their Birth !
 Nor shall they long her injur'd Honours stain,
 Beneath this Arm their envious * Chief shall fall !
 Come Fellow-Victors, rouse your martial Rage,
 And with your conqu'ring Swords assert my Cause !
 One is our Danger, and our Crime the same.
 It was not I alone reap'd Glory's Field,
 But Thanks to you ! by you these Laurels won.*

|| The Gauls sack'd Rome under the Conduct of Brennus.

† Great Part of Pompey's Troops were hir'd Auxiliaries.

* Pompey.

Then

*Then since Disgrace and Punishment's decreed,
Our mutual Trophies and victorious Toils.*

‡ *The Die be thrown ! and Fortune judge the Cast !
Let each brave Warriour grasp his shining Blade !
For me my Rights already crown'd appear,
Nor 'midst so many Heroes doubt Success.*

*He spoke, — when swift-descending thro' the Sky,
The Bird of Jove wing'd his auspicious Flight.
Strange Voices in the Left-hand Woods were heard;
And issuing Flames flash'd thro' the Sylvan Gloom.
Phœbus himself assum'd his brightest Beams,
And with unusual Splendors chear'd the Day.*

*Fir'd with the Omen, dauntless Cæsar bids
His Ensigns move ; himself the First t'essay
The dang'rous Path : for yet in Frost confin'd
And peaceful Horrors lay the passive Ground.*

*But when with ardent Feet th'innum'rous Train
Of Men and Horse the icy Fetters loos'd,
To fierce Resistance swell'd the melted Snows,
And sudden Rivers o'er the Mountains roll'd.
But soon again as if by Fate's command,
The rising Waves in Icy Billows stood ;
Whilst in Confusion o'er the treach'rous Path,*

‡ Cæsar's Words when he pass'd the Rubicon. *Jacta Alea est.*

*Horses and Men and mingl'd Standards lay.
 To aid the Horrour, sudden Winds compel
 The gath'ring Clouds, and burst into a Storm,
 Thick o'er their ringing Arms the Hail descends,
 And from the Æther pours an Icy Sea :
 One common Ruin conquers Earth and Sky,
 And frightened Rivers hurry o'er their Banks ;
 But dauntless Cæsar aided by his Spear,
 Still presses forward with unshaken Soul.*

*With such an Ardour was Alcides fir'd,
 When down * Caucasian Steeps he rush'd to Fame.
 And thus descending from Olympus' Brow,
 Almighty Jove the Giants put to flight.*

*Mean time on trembling Pinnions thro' the Skies,
 To mount † Palatium frightened Rumour flew,
 And to astonish'd Rome these Tidings bore.
 A hostile Fleet is riding on the Main,
 And o'er the Alps, with German Conquests flush'd,
 The vengeful Legions pour on guilty Rome.
 Strait Fire, and Sword, and all the dreadful Train
 Of civil Rage, before their Eyes appear !
 Distracting Tumults ev'ry Bosom sway'd,*

* A high Mountain in the North of Asia, on which Hercules shot the Vultur that prey'd on Prometheus' Liver.

† One of the Seven Hills of Rome.

And Reason 'midst the dubious Fears was lost.
 This flies by Land, and that confides the Sea,
 As far less dang'rous than his native Shores.
 These run to Arms; Fate aids the wild Affright,
 And each obeys the Guidance of his Fears.
 No certain Course the giddy Vulgar know,
 But thro' the Gates in throng'd Confusion croud,
 And rival Terrour — Rome to Rumour yields,
 And weeping Romans leave their native Seats.
 This in his Hand his trembling Children leads,
 And this his Gods within his Bosom hides,
 His long-lov'd Threshold quits with mournful Looks,
 And wings his Curses at the absent Poe.
 There on the Husband's Breast the Bride complains;
 And here his Father's Age a pious Youth
 Supports with filial Care, nor feels his Load,
 Nor fears but for his venerable Charge.
 Whilst these, insensate! to the Field convey
 Their treasur'd Wealth, and glut the War with Spoils.
 As on the Deep when stormy Auster blows,
 And mounts the Billows with tumultuous Rage,
 Th' affrighten'd Seamen ply their Arts in vain;
 The Pilots stand aghast; these lash their Sails;
 Whilst these make Land, and those avoid the Shores,
 And rather Fortune than the Rocks confide.

But

*But what can paint the Fears which seiz'd each
Breast,*

*When both the || Consuls with great Pompey fled ?
Pompey, * Hydaspes' and proud Pontus' Scourge,
The Rock of † Pirates, whom with wonder Jove
Had thrice beheld in the triumphal Car !
That mighty Chief, who gave the Euxine Laws,
And taught th'admiring Bosph'rus to obey,
Oh Shame ! deserted the Imperial Name,
And meanly left both Rome and Fame behind !
Whilst fickle Fortune glory'd in his Flight.*

*The Gods with Horrour see th'intestine Fars,
And even celestial Breasts consent to fear.
For see, the mild pacific Train depart,
Exil'd the World by our Impiety !
First soft-wing'd Peace extends her snowy Arm,
And pulling o'er her Brows her Olive Wreath,
Seeks the Elyfian Shades with hasty Flight.
On her with down-cast Eyes meek Faith attends,*

|| *Marcellus and Lentulus*, who with the greatest Part of the Senate, fled with *Pompey* to *Dyrrachium*, upon *Cæsar's* Approach.

* So call'd for his conquering *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, and subjecting the East, of which *Hydaspes* is a principal River.

† From his subduing the Pirates, who were at that time very formidable.

And

*And mourning Justice with dishevel'd Hair,
And weeping Concord with her Garments rent.*

*But joyful Hell unbolts her brazen Doors,
And all her Furies quit the Stygian Court.
Threatning Bellona with Erinnyes joins,
And dire Megæra arm'd with fiery Brands.
Pale Death, insidious Fraud, and Massacre,
With Rage burst forth! Who from his Fetters freed,
Lifts high his gory Head; a Helmet hides
His wounded Visage, and his left Hand grasps
The Shield of Mars horrid with countless Darts:
Whilst in his Right a flaming Torch appears,
To light Destruction, and to fire the World.*

*The Gods descending also left the Skies,
Whilst wond'ring Atlas miss'd his usual Load;
And mortal Jars even Heav'n itself divide.
In Cæsar's Cause* Dione first appear'd;
Her Pallas aided, and the God of War.
Whilst in Espousal of brave Pompey's Part,
Cynthia with Phœbus, and Cyllene's Son,
And his own Model great Alcides join'd.*

*The Trumpets sound! When strait fell Discord
rais'd*

* Venus, from whose Son Æneas the Julian Family boasted themselves descended.

*Her Stygian Head, and shook her matted Locks.
 With clotted Blood her Face was cover'd o'er,
 And gummy Horrors from her Eyes distill'd:
 Two Rows of canker'd Teeth deform'd her Mouth,
 And from her Tongue a Stream of Poison flow'd;
 Whilst hissing Serpents play'd around her Cheeks;
 Her livid Skin with Rags was scarce conceal'd,
 And in her trembling Hand a Torch she shook.*

*Ascending thus from the Tartarean Gloom,
 She reach'd the Top of lofty † Apennine;
 Whence viewing all the subject Land and Sea,
 And Armies floating on the croud'd Plains,
 Thus into Words her joyful Fury broke.*

*Now, rush ye Nations, rush to mutual Arms,
 And let Diffension's Torch for ever burn!
 For Flight no longer shall the Coward save,
 Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Childhood Pity move;
 But the Earth tremble, and her haughtiest Tow'rs
 Shake in convulsive Ruins to the Ground.
 Do thou Marcellus the ‡ Decree uphold;*

† Part of the Alps.

‡ The Decree of the Senate by which *Cæsar* was depriv'd of his Government of *Gaul*, and commanded to lay down his Arms, under pain of being declar'd an Enemy to the Republick. *Martellus* was one of the Consuls, and a Partizan of *Pompey's*.

*And || Curio thou excite the madding Croud !
Nor thou persuasive * Lentulus, forbear
To aid the Faction with thy potent Tongue !
But why, O Cæsar, this delay'd Revenge ?
Why burst'st thou not the Gates of guilty Rome,
And mak'st her treasur'd Pride thy welcome Prey ?
And thou, great Pompey ! know'st thou not thy Pow'r ?
If thou fear'st Rome, to † Epidamnum haste,
And feast Thessalia's Plain with human Gore !
Thus Discord spoke. — the impious Earth obey'd.*

When *Eumolpus*, with his usual Volubility, had deliver'd himself of these Verses, we arriv'd at *Grotona*, where at first we fell into a House of no extraordinary Entertainment ; but the next Day, going in search of better Quarters, we happen'd into a Company of those Parasites that hunt after Inheritances, and who in an instant were wonderful inquisitive, to know what we were, and whence we came : To which we answer'd the credulous Knaves, according to what we had before agreed on, and even with a little Exaggeration. When immediately all their Fortunes

|| Tribune of the People, and Friend to *Cæsar*.

* The other Consul, attach'd also to *Pompey*.

† A City of *Macedonia*, otherwise call'd *Dyrrachium*.
were

were pour'd at *Eumolpus's* Feet ; and each, to ingratiate himself in his Favour, strove to exceed the rest in Presenting.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a long time flowing in upon us, *Eumolpus* had so entirely lost the Memory of his former Condition, that he boasted nothing in *Crotona* could withstand his Interest ; and that whatever Crime any of us should be guilty of, he had Friends enough to secure us from Punishment.

But for my Part, tho' I indulged every Day in the most luxurious Excesses, and flatter'd my self that ill Fortune had entirely taken her Leave of me, yet I could not help frequent Reflexions not only on my present State, but the Adventure which occasion'd it. And what, said I, if some one wiser than the rest, should send into *Africa*, and detect our Forgery ? Or how if *Eumolpus's* Servant, surfeited with too much Ease, should give the Hint to any of his new Friends, and maliciously betray our whole Intrigue ? We should then be put upon the Stroul again, and with shame be oblig'd to renew our former Beggary. Oh ye Gods ! How unhappy are lawless Livers ! Who continually dread the Punishments they deserve.

Being

Being very melancholy with these Reflections, I sally'd out to recreate my self with a little fresh Air, but had hardly enter'd the publick Walk, when a Girl of no unpolite Appearance met me, and calling me *Polyænos*, which was the Name of my Metamorphose, told me, her Lady desir'd to speak with me.

You're mistaken, answer'd I, in a surprize, I am a Servant, and a Stranger, and not worthy that Honour.

It's with you yourself, reply'd she ; but you're so sensible of your own Worth, and so proud of your Talent, that I presume, you sell, not bestow your Favours. To what purpose else are those Locks so nicely curl'd ; that Face so smoothly wash'd ; and that saucy Roll of the Eye ? To what intent that studdy'd Gait, as if you were afraid one Foot should run away from the other ? but only to set your self off to the best Advantage, and make the better Market ? Look upon me, I am neither skill'd in Augury, nor was ever addicted to the Star-gazing of Astrologers ; yet I can spell a Man by his Physiognomy, and read your Thoughts as soon as I saw you. Therefore if you're one that sell your Ware, a Purchaser is ready ; or if, which is much the genteelest, you courteously bestow

bestow your Favours, take care to make it an Obligation. As for your being a Servant, as you say, and one of an inferiour Rank, it increaseth the Flames of her that's dying for you: for some Women have a Humour to doat on nothing but Filth, and are never in love but when they see a Livery, or a ragged Red-Coat; a Prize-fighter, a Hackney-coachman, or a lewd Actor sets their Hearts in a Blaze. Of this Taste is my Lady, instead of the Side-box, she always makes her *doux-yeux* at the Upper-gallery.

Charm'd with the Flattery of her Discourse, Are you the dear Creature that is in love with me? said I; the Girl laugh'd heartily at the Humour of the Question; Pray don't encourage your Vanity with such a Notion, reply'd she, I never lay down to one of your Fraternity yet, nor will Heav'n ever suffer me to be fond enough to hug the Gallows. Some Ladies, I know, will kiss the Wheals of the Whip; but tho' I am only a Servant, nothing less than a Knight shall sit in my Saddle.

I must own I was surpriz'd at such an Inequality of Tastes, and thought it not a little remarkable, that the Maid should have the
Pride

Pride of the Mistress, and the Mistress the Humility of the Maid,

After many other Pleasantries, I desir'd the Girl to bring her Lady into the Grove of Planes; she readily consented, and tucking up her Coats, trip'd gently into a Laurel-labyrinth which join'd the Walk. Nor was it long ere she usher'd her Lady to me; a Woman of more correct Beauty, than the most finish'd Statues. No Words can express her Charms, and whatever I say will be Detraction: Her Hair which curl'd naturally, fell in large Buckles on her Shoulders; her Fore-head was small, and look'd as if it ow'd its Being to the turning back of her Hair; her Eye-brows were exquisite; her Eyes more sparkling than the brightest Stars; her Nose a little aquiline; and her Mouth such as *Praxiteles* form'd that of *Venus*. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Hands, and the Whiteness of her Feet, which appear'd thro' their embroider'd Slippers, sham'd the Luster of the purest *Parian* Marble. It was then I first begun to despise my old Mistress *Doris*.

*Why a mute Fable 'mongst the Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Reclin'st thou Jove in thy Olympian Bow'rs?*

Now,

*Now, now assume the * Bull's Majestick Pride;
Or with soft † Plumes thy softer Passion hide:
Thy Danae's here, one Touch of this bright Frame,
‡ Will melt thy Light'nings in a nobler Flame.*

Being pleas'd, she smil'd with so much Grace, that she seem'd a full Moon breaking in all its Glory from a Cloud. Then modulating her Voice with her Ivory Fingers, If you disdain not this little Beauty, said she, which a Year ago was a Stranger to your Sex, I present you, young Man, with a Mistress: I am sensible indeed that you have a Friend already; for I thought it no Trouble to enquire; but can't you take a Mistress too? I lay the same Claim to your Caresses, only think me deserving, and confer them as you please.

Rather let me entreat you by your charming self, answer'd I, not to disdain a Stranger amongst the Number of your Admirers! You'll find him very devout, if you indulge him the Honour to adore you; and to show

* Alluding to the Story of *Europa*.

† *Jupiter* deceiv'd *Leda* in the Shape of a Swan, and *Danaë* in that of a Shower of Gold.

‡ In allusion to the Fate of *Semele*.

you that none should approach this Temple of Love without an Offering, I sacrifice to your Interest, the Darling you speak of.

What! says she, will you abandon him, whom you cannot live without; on whose Lips your Life depends; and whom you love with such a Passion, as I would you? Speaking this, she heighten'd the Rapture of the Expression with such enchanting Sweetness, and the Air was so charm'd at the Musick of her Voice, that you would have thought the Sirens had been singing in Concert with the Zephyrs. I was all Admiration, and ask'd the Name of my Goddess.

What! said she, hasn't my Maid told you then, that my Name is *Circe*? I'm not indeed the Daughter of the Sun, nor could my Mother, when she pleas'd, stop the Revolution of the Heavens: But yet if our Fates unite us, I shall think my self oblig'd to my Stars, and tho' I can't penetrate into the Decrees of Destiny, I'm sure it's not without Cause that **Circe* loves *Polyænos*. Between these two Names there's always a Sympathy: therefore

* Alluding to the Amour between *Circe* the Daughter of *Apollo*, and *Ulysses*, whom *Homer* also calls *Polyænos* in the 12th Book of his *Odyssæy*.

take, if you please, this Embrace ; we have no curious Eyes to apprehend, and your Brother is far enough from us.

Thus murmur'd *Circe*, and folding me in Arms more soft than Down, pull'd me upon a Grassy Bed, enamel'd with a Thousand Flowers.

*On lofty * Ida, when Imperial Jove
Indulg'd his Flame, and gave a Loose to Love,
The conscious Earth her balmy Odours threw
Around the raptur'd God ; ——— the Violet blue,
The modest Rose which blushes to be seen,
And snowy Lilies laughing thro' the Green.
On such a fragrant Couch my Venus lay,
Whilst brighten'd by her Eyes, the charming Day
Smil'd on our Joys, and shone profusely gay.*

On this *Elysian* Bank we gather'd a thousand Kisses ; but panting after a more nervous Joy, a sudden Weakness robb'd me of my Bliss ; at which Injury *Circe* reddening with Anger, What, cry'd she, is my Kiss distasteful, or my Breath offensive ? am I guilty of any unhappy Scent ? or if none of these, are you afraid of *Gito* ?

* A Mountain in *Crete*, on which *Jupiter* first enjoy'd *Juno*.

Flush'd with Shame at her Reproach, if any Strength remain'd, that Instant I lost it ; my whole Frame seem'd unhing'd. My Queen, says I, cease, I beseech you, to aggravate my Misfortunes ! I am certainly bewitch'd.

But *Circe*, too much enrag'd to be pleas'd with so trivial an Excuse, turn'd from me with Contempt, and frowning at her Maid ; Tell me, *Chrysis*, but tell me true, is any thing disgustful or inelegant in my Dress ? Am I unfortunate thro' any natural Defect ? Don't deceive your Mistress, I would know in what I displease !

The Girl was struck dumb ; but she snatch'd the Glass from her, and having practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd less charming, tore off her Robe, and stamping it on the Ground, flung into a Neighbouring Temple of *Venus*.

For my part, I stood like a condemn'd Criminal, or one scar'd by some horrible Vision, examining whether I was really defrauded of a Happiness or not.

* *As when in Sleep our wanton Fancy sports,
And our fond Eyes with hidden Riches courts,*

* This Comparison is suppos'd by some ingenious Men, to be a Banter upon *Nero*, for his visionary Hopes

*We hug the Theft ; the smiling Treasure fills
 Our guilty Hands ; the conscious Sweat distills ;
 Whilst lab'ring Fear sits heavy on the Mind,
 Lest the big Secret should an Utt'rance find.
 But when with Night th'illusive Joys retreat,
 And our Eyes open to the gay Deceit,
 That which we ne'er possess'd, as lost, we mourn,
 And for imaginary Blessings burn.*

My Misfortune actually appear'd as a Dream to me, and I concluded my self bewitch'd a hundred Times over ; for I was so absolutely depriv'd of my Nerves, that I had no Power to rise. But at length the Oppression of my Spirits being a little gone off, and my Strength returning by Degrees, I made a shift to crawl home, where feigning my self indispos'd, I went to Bed. But had not been long there, ere Gito, hearing I was ill, enter'd the Room in a great Concern ; to make him easy, I told him I had only lain down to repose my self, with a great deal of other Chat : but not a Word of my Adventure, because I dreaded his Resentment ; and to avoid all Suspicion, pull'd

of finding the Treasures which *Dido* brought from *Tyre*. *Tacitus* gives us a particular Relation of this Whim in the 14th Book of his Annals.

him

him down by me, and endeavour'd to give him a Specimen of my Affection ; but my panting and sweating were in vain ; he got up in a Passion, and upbraiding my Inconstancy, told me, he had for some time taken Notice, that all my Favours were bestow'd abroad.

My Love for you, my dear *Gito*, said I, has always been constant, but at present it's govern'd more by Reason, than Passion.

I thank you, answer'd *Gito*, with a Sneer, for the Reasonableness of your Affection. You love me indeed with a **Socratic* Fidelity; *Alcibiades* never left his Master's Bed, with more Innocence, than I yours.

Indeed, my dear Child, reply'd I, I don't know whether I am a Man or not, for I frankly own to you, that that Part of my Body is dead and buried, in which I once was *Achilles*.

Gito perceiving me really destitute of Nerves, and fearing if he was catch'd there, it might occasion Scandal, stole off, and withdrew into an inner Apartment.

He was scarce gone. when *Chrysis* enter'd the Room, and deliver'd me a Letter from her Lady, in which I found these Words ;

* *Socrates* is traduc'd by some Authors for his Love to *Alcibiades*.

CIRCE TO POLYÆNOS.

WAS my Disposition more amorous than it is, I should complain of my Disappointment, but on the contrary I think my self oblig'd to thank your Weakness, having been amused with an Idea of Pleasure too long. I shall be glad however to know how you do, and whether your own Legs carry'd you home; because Physicians are of Opinion, that without Nerves a Man can't walk. I advise you, my Dear, to beware of a Palsy; for never was any one in a more eminent Danger. Heav'n blefs me! I tremble for you. Suppose the same Numbness had seiz'd your Knees, or your Hands, what must have become of you? But tho' I've receiv'd such an unpardonable Affront, I can't be malicious enough to deny you a Remedy. Ask Gito Leave to be well; your scatter'd Spirits will rally again, if you sleep but three Nights without your Darling. As to my self, I'm in no Apprehension of appearing to another less charming than I have to you. Neither my Glass, nor Report flatter me. Farewell, if you can.

When

When *Chrysis* saw I had read over the Indictment, Don't be surpriz'd, said she, at what has happen'd to you ; it's nothing to be wonder'd at, and particularly in this City, where the Women by their Art can call down the Moon ; but we'll take care of your Cure ; only return a tender Answer to my Mistress, and appease her in the handsomest Manner you can : for in truth, since the Moment you affronted her, she has been besides her self.

I willingly gave Ear to the Girl's Counsel, and writ the following Reply.

POLYÆNOS TO CIRCE.

*IT's confess'd, Madam, that I've often offend-
ed ; for I am not only a Man, but a young
one, yet never was so capitally delinquent till
now. You have a confessing Criminal, nor can
you inflict any thing more rigorous than I de-
serve. I have betray'd my Friend, kill'd my
Man, and ransack'd a Temple ; punish me for
these Crimes ; if by Death, my Sword shall o-
bey you ; but if a Beating will content you, I
fly naked to your Arms. Only remember that
it was not the Workman, but his Materials that
fail'd. I was ready to engage, but wanted*

N 4.

Arms.

Arms. Who robb'd me of them, I know not ; perhaps my eager Mind out-run my Body ; or perhaps, whilst I grasp'd at all, I was cheated with abortive Joys. I only know, that I don't know what I've done. You bid me beware a Palsy, as if a worse could happen, than that which robb'd me of the Power of possessing you. However this is my best Excuse, that I'll certainly repair my Fault, if you'll favour me with another Opportunity. Adieu.

Having dismiss'd *Chrysis* with this Answer, I began to nurse up my jaded Carcass ; after the Bath and strengthening Oils had a little refresh'd me, I betook my self to such a Diet as might render me Strong and Vigorous, using Wine very moderately. Then took a short Walk, and returning to my Chamber, slept that Night without *Gito* ; for I was so desirous to make my Peace with *Circe*, that I durst not run the Hazard of a Temptation.

Finding my self Fresh and Vigorous when I arose the next Morning, I hasten'd to the Grove of *Planes* ; and tho' I look'd upon the Place as ominous, waited there amongst the Trees for my Guide *Chrysis* ; nor had I taken above a Turn or two, before she came,
with

with a little old Woman whom she help'd to walk. After the Salute of a Courtsey, Well, Sir, said she, does your Stomach begin to come to you?

Immediately the old Woman, lugging a woollen Lift of divers Colours out of her Bosom, bound it about my Neck; after which, mixing Spittle with Dust, she dipp'd her middle Finger in it, and in spite of my Resistance, cross'd my Forehead.

This Part of the Charm over, she made me Spit thrice, and as often put into my Bosom little enchanted Stones which she had wrap'd in Purple; then examining lower, and finding her Hand fill'd with a portentous Swelling; See here, my Dear *Chrysis*, cry'd she, See here! What a Hare I have started for another to have the Pleasure of the Chace!

*There's Hope whilst Life! ——— Priapus grant our
Pray'r,*

Renew our Strength, and Steel our Arms to dare.

After this the old Woman return'd me to *Chrysis*, who was overjoy'd at the Recovery of her Mistress's Treasure; and hastening to her, introduc'd me into a most beautiful Re-

cess, where Nature seem'd prodigal in the Profusion of every thing agreeable.

*A Plane diffus'd its bow'ring Verdures wide,
With trembling Pines which to the Zephyrs sigh'd;
* Daphnes with Berries crown'd, their Boughs in-
wove,*

And the soft Cypress ever whispering Love.

*'Midst these a Brook in winding Murmurs stray'd,
Chiding the Pebbles over which it plaid.*

'Twas Love's Elysium! --- there in tend'rest Strains

† Aëdon mourn'd, there Progne told her Pains.

*The Violets glow'd, whilst, in such magick Notes,
They pour'd Enchantment from their warbling Throats.*

She was in an Undress reclining upon a Couch of Gold, and diverting herself with a Branch of flow'ring † Myrtle. When she saw me, remembering the Injury of the past Day, her Cheeks glow'd Carnation; but as soon as we were alone, inviting me to sit down by her, she clapp'd her Bough before my Eyes, and as if that Partition had inspir'd

* Laurels, so call'd from the Metamorphose of *Daphne*.

† *Philomel*, or the Nightingale, so call'd from the Sweetness of her Singing.

‡ This Plant was in a particular Manner consecrated to *Venus*.

her with new Courage, What! *Paralytic*, said she, are you come entire to Day?

Will you rather ask, than try, Madam? answer'd I. And throwing my self into her Arms, reap'd a whole Harvest of Kisses. The matchless Beauties I discover'd set me in a Flame; impatient Kisses proclaim'd the Encounter of our Lips; our Hands wander'd o'er all the Regions of Love; and now our Bodies embrac'd, as if our Souls too had grown together; when in the Height of these charming Prolusions, an unhappy Foible seiz'd my Nerves, and shut me from *Elysium*.

Enrag'd at this repeated Affront, *Circe* flew to Revenge, and calling her Footmen, order'd them to give me a Warming. Nor was she satisfy'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, even the Meanest in the House, she made them spit upon me. I knew very well what I deserv'd, and therefore us'd no Intreaties to mollify 'em; but clapping my Hands before my Eyes, was turn'd out with a large Retinue of Kicks and Spittle. *Proserpinus* was also kick'd out, *Geryon* beat, and the whole House in an uproar; every one murm'ring, and asking, what had put their Mistress in such a hellish Humour?

Having

Having plaister'd up my Bruises as well as I could, I took all possible Care to conceal them, not being willing to grieve *Gito*, or make *Eumolpus* merry with my Misfortune. Therefore to hide my Shame, I dissembled my self not well, and went to Bed, where letting loose my Indignation against the Cause of my Reproach ;

*Thrice in my Hand I grasp'd the glitt'ring Steel;
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Razor fell;
Nor could I now exact the Vengeance due,
For cold as Ice the sniv'ling Coward flew
Beyond my Reach, --- and struck with pannick Dread,
Behind a thousand Wrinkles hid his Head.
But tho' the Rascal baulk'd my first Design,
Yet Words more sharp than Razors still were mine.*

When raising my self on the Bed, in this, or the like Manner I upbraided the fullen Impotent. What can'st thou say for thy self, cry'd I, thou Shame to Gods and Men, that can'st not be seriously mention'd? How have I deserv'd of thee, to be thrust from the Heav'n of my Joys into the very Abyss of Misfortunes? To have a Scandal fix'd on the Prime and Vigour of my Years; and to be reduc'd to the Weakness of an old Man? Pray, Sir, oblige me
with

with an Epitaph upon my deceas'd Strength !
Thus I rav'd :

*But with averted Eyes, unmov'd he mourn'd,
Nor to my fond Reproach one Look return'd ;
Like bended Osiers trembling o'er the Brook,
Or wounded Poppies by no Zephyr shook.*

When my Rage was a little vented, I began to be asham'd of the ridiculous Passion I had been in, and could not help blushing, tho' alone, that I should so far forget common Decency, as to contend with that Part of the Body which no Man of Sense thinks worth his Notice. But upon second Consideration, How can there be any Harm, thought I, in giving such a natural Discharge to one's Resentment? Isn't it usual for us to blame our Bellies when they ache, our Throats when they're sore, and our Heads when they're out of order? Did not *Ulysses* quarrel with his Heart; and don't our Tragedians dispute with their Eyes, as if they imagin'd they could hear them? Those who've the Gout in their Feet, curse their Feet; and those who have it in their Hands, curse them; if a Person has a blear Eye, he swears at that; and if a Finger chances to tingle,

tingle, why, we give it its Share of verbal Chastisement.

*Why these knit Brows, ye Cato's of the Age?
Can plain Simplicity demand your Rage?
Words undisguis'd, not Masquerades, Truth seeks,
And what the Publick acts, she Publick speaks.
Who knows not Venus, and her golden Joys;
Or who the soft enchanting Rapture flies?
Your Father, Epicurus, tells you, Love
Is all the Heav'n the Gods possess above.*

There's nothing more ridiculous than the foolish Persuasions of some People, nor more impertinent than their affected Gravity.

After this Harangue, calling *Gito* to me; My dear Boy, said I, pr'ythee tell me, but tell me sincerely, Did *Ascyrtos* offer any Violence to you that Night he stole you from me? or did he behave himself modestly, and with Reserve? The Boy immediately rubbing his Eyes, took a solemn Oath, that *Ascyrtos* had us'd no Violence at all.

In truth, I was so overwhelm'd by my Misfortunes, that I was sometimes besides myself, and hardly knew what I said. But why, said I, should I recall things to mind,
the

the Remembrance of which can only make me uneasy? After this, I apply'd all my Attention to recover my lost Vigour, and resolving to reconcile myself to the Gods, went to implore the Assistance of *Priapus*, happen what wou'd, I set a good Face on the Matter, and kneeling down in the Entrance of the Temple, thus besought him in Verse.

*O Thou, belov'd of Nymphs, of Bacchus grac'd,
Whom o'er the Groves the fair * Dione plac'd!
Thee Lesbos, blooming Thasos thee adores,
And soft Hypæpis on the Lydian Shores.
Tutor of Bacchus, and the † Dryads' Joy,
Oh hear my Pray'r, nor my Request deny!
My guiltless Hands no hostile Crimson stains,
Nor sacrilegious Thought my Pray'r profanes.
Helpless and poor, alas, I fell to Shame!
In part alone, I was not all to blame.
Want pleads its own Excuse, thy Vengeance cease,
Absolve my Indigence, and grant me Peace!*

* *Venus.*

† Nymphs fabled to inhabit Trees. There were also others call'd *Hamadryades*. These last were suppos'd to perish with their Trees; but the first only to change their Habitations.

And

*And when kind Fortune shall my Wishes bless,
 Rich Offerings shall my grateful Thanks express;
 A horned Goat, the Pride of all his Breed,
 And a young Pig shall on thy Altars bleed:
 The Bowl with new-born Bacchus shall be crown'd,
 And reeling Youths shall hymn the Mystic Round.*

Whilst I was thus at my Devotion, and looking every Moment for a Cure, an Old Woman, with her Hair about her Ears, and dress'd in a black frightful Habit, enter'd the Temple; when taking hold of me, she drew me trembling out of the Portico; And what Sorcerers, cry'd she, has devour'd thy Manhood? or what ominous * Filth, or dead Carcase hast thou stumbled over in thy Night-Rambles? You could not so much as acquit yourself to the † Boy! but impotent, faint, and tir'd, labour'd and sweated, forsooth, like a jaded Horse up Hill, and to as little purpose. Nor was you content to sin alone, you have also drawn the Anger of

* The Ancients imagin'd, that whoever had the Misfortune to tread on any *Purgamenta*, or things us'd in the Expiation of a Crime, was immediately obnoxious to the Punishment that Crime deserv'd. They were equally superstitious in relation to dead Bodies.

† She speaks this, as knowing it by her Art.

the Gods upon me ; and can you think I won't be reveng'd ?

Saying this, she led me, who was all Submission, to the Priestess's Cell, where she threw me upon the Bed, and snatching a Cane from behind the Door, began to belabour me, who durst not so much as open my Lips ; and doubtless she had broke my Arms and Head at the first Stroke, if the Shivering of the Cane had not diminish'd the Violence of the Blow.

I could not help groaning, as well for this Treatment, as her teasing me to revive my Vigour ; and bursting into a Flood of Tears, hid my Face with my right Arm, and lean'd upon the Pillow. The old Woman also wept as bitterly as I, and placing herself on the other side the Bed, began with a trembling Voice to complain, she had liv'd too long ! When the Priestess coming in, How ! cry'd she, are you as melancholy in my Chapel as at a Funeral-Pile ? This is a Holiday in which even the Miserable ought to be merry.

O *Enothea* ! reply'd she, this young Man here, was born under a most malignant Planet ; for he can neither vend his Merchandise to Boy nor Woman : Thou never saw'st so
unfortunate.

unfortunate a Creature ; he has no more Vigour than a bit of wet Leather. In short you may guess what he is, that could rise unblest'd from *Circe's* Bed.

Upon this *Enothea* set herself down between us, and nodding her Head a while, I am the only one, said she, that knows how to cure this Disease ; and that you mayn't suspect my Ability, I desire the young Man may sleep with me to-night, and to-morrow Morning you shall see him as vigorous as a Piece of Horn.

*Whate'er thou see'st, with Pride obeys my Pow'r ;
My Art can bloom, or languish ev'ry Flow'r :
Can pour from desert Rocks a Nile-like Tide ;
And the hoarse Ragings of the Sea subside.
The Zephyrs breathless fall before my Feet ;
And headlong Torrents, when I bid, retreat.
I quench the Tyger's Rage, the Dragon's Fire :
But these are Wonders you should least admire !
The Moon descends, my magick Verse to hear,
Whilst frighted Phœbus backward rolls his Car.
Such Pow'r have Charms ! ——— By Charms, the
Colchian * Maid
The fiery Bulls subdu'd, by Charms betray'd*

* *Medea.*

*The brave † Companions of Ulysses Toil,
Endur'd sad Change on Circe's fatal Isle.
Proteus ‡ assumes what Shape so'er he please;
And I embu'd in equal Mysteries,
Can plant proud Ida's Forest in the Deep,
And make strange Fountains on its Summit weep.*

I was frightened at this astonishing Assurance of her Power, and began to look very earnestly at the old Woman. Upon which she cry'd out, O *Enothea*! be quick with your Orders. Then carefully washing her Hands, she lay down on the Bed, and half smother'd me with Kisses.

Immediately *Enothea* plac'd an antique Table * in the middle of the Altar, and heaping it full of burning Coals, melted Pitch, with which she repair'd the venerable Breaches of an old crack'd wooden Bowl. Her next Concern was, to fix a Nail into the smoaky Wall, which she had pull'd out in reaching down her Bowl. After this, putting on her Sacerdotal Habit, she set a great Kettle on

† *Circe* chang'd them into Beasts. See *Homer*.

‡ The Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, who could vary himself into what Shape he pleas'd.

* These Tables were cover'd with Iron, and us'd instead of Altars, as *Festus* reports.

the Fire, and with a Fork, reach'd a Bag out of her Cupboard, in which were some Beans kept for the Purpose, and a very ancient Piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the Print of a thousand Cuts upon't: Then opening her Bag, she pour'd part of the Beans upon the Table, and order'd me to strip them with the utmost Expedition. I obey'd her, and separated the Grains from their filthy Coverings, with all the Nicety my Fingers were Masters of; but she upbraiding my Slowness, snatch'd them from me, and skillfully tearing off the Husks with her Teeth, spit them like so many dead Flies upon the Ground. In truth, the Ingenuity of Poverty is admirable! and there's no Art, but we owe some Improvement of it to Hunger. The Priestess appear'd so great a Lover of this Virtue, that it was eminent in every thing about her, and her Dwelling, in particular, seem'd entirely consecrated to it.

*Here shone no pompous Roofs with ivory'd Gold,
Nor marble Floors oppress'd th'illuded Mold;
But banded Sheafs of empty Ceres, laid
On hurdled Boughs, the humble Cov'ring made.
There Earthen Bowls in homely Order stood,
And here a Pitcher from the limpid Flood;*

With

*With Ofier Baskets of a rustick Twine,
And an old Cask, still rich with Lees of Wine.
The Walls were stubbled Mud, heap'd up in haste,
O'er which the Reed and Bulrush droop'd, disgrac'd.*

*Within the Hut a smoaky Pole was slung,
From Side to Side, 'cross which its Treasures hung,
Apples, and wither'd Sav'ry dangled down,
With Grapes dispos'd in many a rural Crown.
In such a Cot was Theseus entertain'd,
And * Hecale immortal Honours gain'd.
As † Battus' Son, the Muse of happier Days,
Records the Theme of Wonder, and of Praise.*

Enothea having husk'd the Beans, and eaten a Morfel or two of the Hog's Head, put the rest, as old as herself, with her Fork into the Cupboard; when the rotten Stool on which she was mounted, breaking, threw her down upon the Altar. The Weight of her

* *Hecale* was a poor Woman of *Attica*, extream hospitable to Strangers. *Theseus* having been entertain'd by her in his Passage to the Wars, and returning victorious, instituted a Feast to her Memory, call'd the *Hecalesion*, in which they sacrificed to *Jupiter*, whence that God has sometimes the Sirname of *Hecaleus*.

† *Callimachus*, who wrote a Poem intitl'd *Hecale*.

the Fire, and with a Fork, reach'd a Bag out of her Cupboard, in which were some Beans kept for the Purpose, and a very ancient Piece of a Hog's Forehead, with the Print of a thousand Cuts upon't: Then opening her Bag, she pour'd part of the Beans upon the Table, and order'd me to strip them with the utmost Expedition. I obey'd her, and separated the Grains from their filthy Coverings, with all the Nicety my Fingers were Masters of; but she upbraiding my Slowness, snatch'd them from me, and skillfully tearing off the Husks with her Teeth, spit them like so many dead Flies upon the Ground. In truth, the Ingenuity of Poverty is admirable! and there's no Art, but we owe some Improvement of it to Hunger. The Priestess appear'd so great a Lover of this Virtue, that it was eminent in every thing about her, and her Dwelling, in particular, seem'd entirely consecrated to it.

*Here shone no pompous Roofs with ivory'd Gold,
Nor marble Floors oppress'd th'illuded Mold;
But banded Sheafs of empty Ceres, laid
On hurdled Boughs, the humble Cov'ring made.
There Earthen Bowls in homely Order stood,
And here a Pitcher from the limpid Flood;*

With

*With Oſier Baskets of a ruſtick Twine,
And an old Cask, ſtill rich with Lees of Wine.
The Walls were ſtubbed Mud, heap'd up in haſte,
O'er which the Reed and Bulruſh droop'd, diſ-
grac'd.*

*Within the Hut a ſmoaky Pole was ſlung,
From Side to Side, 'croſs which its Treasures hung,
Apples, and wither'd Sav'ry dangled down,
With Grapes diſpos'd in many a rural Crown.
In ſuch a Cot was Theſeus entertain'd,
And * Hecale immortal Honours gain'd.
As † Battus' Son, the Muſe of happier Days,
Records the Theme of Wonder, and of Praise.*

Enothea having huſk'd the Beans, and eaten a Morſel or two of the Hog's Head, put the reſt, as old as herſelf, with her Fork into the Cupboard; when the rotten Stool on which ſhe was mounted, breaking, threw her down upon the Altar. The Weight of her

* *Hecale* was a poor Woman of *Attica*, extreame hoſpitable to Strangers. *Theſeus* having been entertain'd by her in his Paſſage to the Wars, and returning victorious, inſtituted a Feaſt to her Memory, call'd the *Hecaleſon*, in which they ſacrificed to *Jupiter*, whence that God has ſometimes the Sirname of *Hecalus*.

† *Callimachus*, who wrote a Poem intitled *Hecale*.

Fall broke the Pot, and quench'd the Fire,
 which just began to light; she also burnt her
 Elbow, by running it against a smoaky Torch,
 and all her Face was cover'd with the Ashes
 her Fall had rais'd.

I run with all Speed, and help'd her upon
 her Legs, tho' not without laughing at the
 Accident; when immediately, that nothing
 might retard the Sacrifice, she ran into the
 Neighbourhood to recruit her Fire; but had
 hardly pass'd the Threshold, when three sa-
 cred Geese, that I suppose were constantly
 fed by the Old Woman about Noon, set up-
 on me with so much Vehemence and Cla-
 mour, that I began to quake for fear: One
 tore my Coat, another unty'd my Shoes,
 and the third, the Captain and Ring-
 leader of the Enterprize, made a most fu-
 rious Seizure on my Leg. I thought it was
 no Time to trifle, but snatching up one of
 the Legs of our little Table, endeavour'd to
 force the valiant Animal from his Hold; nor
 content with a slight Blow, reveng'd myself
 with the Death of the Goose.

*Such were the Birds Herculean Art subdu'd,
 And with loud Tumults to the Skies pursu'd.*

And

*And such the * Harpies, the † wing'd Brothers
chas'd*

From trembling Phineus' illusive Feast.

*The Heav'ns were startled at their clam'rous Flight,
And backward seem'd to roll, in wild Affright.*

By this time, the other two having eat up the Beans which lay scatter'd on the Floor, and lost, as I suppose, their Leader, return'd into the Temple. When, glad of my Booty and Revenge, I fomented the slight Hurt in my Leg with a little Vinegar, and fearing the old Woman's Displeasure, determin'd to make off. With this Design I took up my Cloaths, and began my March; but had hardly reach'd the Door, when I saw *Enothea* bringing an earthen Pot full of Fire. Upon which I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fix'd myself in the Entry, as if I stood there expecting her Coming.

* Monsters, engender'd of *Neptune* and the *Earth*, fabled to have Women's Faces, with the Bodies of Vultures.

† *Zethes* and *Calais*, the Sons of *Boreas*, who drove away the Harpies sent by the Gods to torment *Phineus* King of *Pæonia*, for his Crime in cruelly putting out his Son's Eyes, thro' the false Insinuations of a second Wife.

As

As soon as she came in, she heap'd her Fire upon some broken Reeds, and putting some Sticks upon it, began to excuse herself for staying so long; telling me, that her Friend would not part with her, before she had drank three Bumpers, according to Custom. But what have you been doing in my Absence, added she, and where are the Beans?

Imagining I had behav'd myself very gallantly, I gave her a Description of the whole Battle; and to pacify her for the Loss of the Goose, offer'd to pay the Value of it. But when I show'd her the Goose, the old Woman set up such an Outcry, that you'd have thought the Geese were re-entering the Place.

This put me into the utmost Confusion, and not being able to conceive what Crime I had committed, I ask'd her the Reason of her Passion, and why she pity'd the Goose rather than me?

When wringing her Hands, Dar'st thou speak, thou wicked Wretch? cry'd she, thou art ignorant of the Heinousness of thy Offence! thou hast kill'd the Delight of *Priapus*; a Goose, the Darling of all Matrons! And to let you know it's no Trifle, if the Magistrates should hear of it, they'd condemn thee

thee to the Cross. Thou hast polluted my Temple with Blood, which never was profan'd before ; and, in short, thou art guilty of a Crime, for which any malicious Person might turn me out of my Office.

*Trembling she spoke, and raging with Despair,
She wounds her Cheeks, and rends her silver Hair.
In copious Streams fast rolls the briny Show'r,
As down the Hills the rapid Torrents pour,
When Aufter with indulgent Softness blows,
Dissolves the Frost, and melts the Mountain Snows :
Thus in a Flood of Tears her Eyes were drown'd,
And from her inmost Breast deep Sighs resound.*

Upon which, I beseech you, said I, don't afflict yourself ; I'll give you an Ostrich for your Goose.

But instead of answering me, she sat down on the Bed, and stunn'd me with fresh Lamentations. Mean time *Proscelenos* came in with Money for the Sacrifice ; when seeing the murder'd Goose, and enquiring into the Cause, she began to weep more bitterly than the Priestess ; pitying me, as if I had kill'd my Father instead of a Goose. But tir'd with this tedious Scene, I beseech you, said I, tho' I had slain a Man, would not Money and Entreaties purchase my

O

Ex-

Expiation? See, here are two Pieces of Gold! with these you may buy both Gods and Geese.

When beholding them, Pardon me, young Man, said *Enothea*, I am only concern'd for your Safety, which is an Argument of Affection, not Malice; therefore we'll take care to conceal the Accident. You have nothing to do, but to intreat the Gods to forgive your Offence.

*Who'er has magick Gold, secure may sail
Where'er he please, he's Lord of Fortune's Gate.
May in a Danae's Arms make soft Abode,
There's no * Acrisius will dispute the God!
He may turn Poet, Orator, what not?
When he harangues, old Cato is forgot!
Or if the noisy Bar delights him more,
Behold what mighty † Labeo was before!
In short --- when of the Money you're possess'd,
You need but wish --- you've Jove within your Chest.*

Mean time *Enothea* preparing every thing for the Sacrifice, plac'd a Bowl of Wine un-

* Because when *Jupiter* had corrupted *Danaë*, by changing himself into a Shower of Gold, her Father *Acrisius* would not credit the Story.

† A famous Lawyer.

der my Hands, and commanding me to extend my Fingers, purify'd them with Leeks and Parsly. After which, pronouncing several mysterious Words, she threw some Filberds into the Wine, and as they sunk or swam, gave her Judgment; but in this I was not to be dup'd; for I very well knew the empty rotten ones would swim, and those whose Kernels were full and sound, naturally sink to the bottom.

Then applying herself to the Goose, she open'd it's Breast, and drawing out a † lusty Liver, predicted from it my future Fortune. And that no Mark of the Murder might remain, cut the Goose in pieces, and putting it on the Spit, prepar'd a splendid Banquet for the Person, whom a little before she had declar'd worthy of the Cross.

Mean while the Wine went merrily round, and the two old Women joyfully devour'd the Goose they so lately lamented. After which, *Enothea*, who was half-drunk, turning to me, Now, said she, I'll finish the Charm that recovers your Nerves; when

† In Imitation of the *Aruspices*, who chiefly drew their Conjectures from the Consideration of this Part and the Heart. When it appear'd sound, it was of good Omen.

drawing out a leather Ensign of *Priapus*, she dip'd it in a Medly of Oil, small Pepper, and the bruised Seed of Nettles, and began by degrees to direct its Passage thro' my hinder Parts. The cruel old Woman also sprinkled my Thighs with the same Compound; and mixing the Juice of Cresses and Southernwood, bath'd my Fore-parts. Then taking a Bunch of green Nettles, she began to lash gently below my Navel. Upon which, jumping from her to avoid the Sting, I made off. The old Women, in a great Rage, pursu'd me; and tho' drunk with Wine and Lust, yet took the right Way, and following me through two or three Streets, cry'd, *Stop Thief! Stop Thief!* However, I had the good Luck to get off; but not without cutting my Feet in my precipitate Flight.

When I got home, I was so fatigu'd, that I immediately went to Bed; but even there, I could not get a wink of Sleep; for all my Misfortunes throng'd at once into my Mind. When considering what an unparallel'd Wretch I was, I could not forbear crying out; Did my ever-cruel Fortune, then, want the Torments of Love to heap my Misery? How unhappy am I! Fortune and Love conspire

spire my Destruction! Severer Love never
 ceases to persecute me; and whether loving,
 or belov'd, I must equally despair. *Chrysis*
 doats upon me, and is continually teasing
 me to oblige her. She who scorn'd me as a
 Footman, deceiv'd by my servile Habit, when
 she woo'd me for her Mistress; that *Chrysis*,
 I say, who abhorr'd my mean Condition,
 wou'd now follow me thro' the World at the
 Hazard of her Life; for thus she protested
 with most solemn Oaths, when she discover'd
 to me the Violence of her Passion. But *Circe*
 possesses my Heart so entirely, that I dis-
 dain all others. And indeed, who is so charm-
 ing as she? What was *Ariadne* *, or *Le-
 da*, compar'd to her? What *Helen*, or even
Venus herself? Had † *Paris* but seen her
 brighter Eyes, when he judg'd the Rival
 Goddesses, he would have sacrific'd to her
 both them and his *Helen*. Oh that I might
 once again be admitted to kiss those lovely
 Lips, and to press that divinely-rising Bo-

* The Daughter of *Minos* King of *Crete*, who deli-
 ver'd *Theseus* by a Clue from the Labyrinth; but being
 afterwards abandon'd by him in the Isle of *Naxos*, she
 there marry'd *Bacchus*, who plac'd the Crown she had
 then upon her Head, amongst the Stars.

† Alluding to the known Story of the golden Apple.

form! Perhaps my Vigour might revive, which now I believe lies oppress'd by Witchcraft. I should not then remember her Reproaches, should forget that I was beat, and my being kick'd out would seem a Pastime, could I once more be happy in her Favour.

These Reflections, with the Idea I had of the incomparable *Circe*, so fir'd my Imagination, that I hug'd my Pillow a thousand times, with the same Ardour as if I had really had the dear Object in my Arms; but my Efforts still proving too vain, I lost all Patience, and began to accuse the cruel Divinity * that had enchanted me. But at length, recollecting how many ancient Heroes had been persecuted by the Anger of the Gods, I deriv'd some Comfort from their Misfortunes, and thus broke out:

*Not I alone have felt immortal Hate;
Compell'd by Juno, and his rigorous Fate,
Alcides † bent beneath the Starry Weight.*

}
Nor

* *Priapus.*

† *Hercules*, the Son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, was persecuted by *Juno* on that Account. Being order'd to fetch the golden Apples which grew in the Garden of the

*Nor was her Rage at impious † Pelias vain :
By sudden War † Laomedon was slain :
Two vengeful God's 'gainst * Telephus engag'd :
And angry Neptune 'gainst ‖ Ulysses rag'd.
I also, or on Land, or Nereus' Flood,
By stern Priapus' Vengeance am pursu'd.*

Full of these Reflexions, I pass'd the Night in the utmost Anxiety, and as soon as it was Day-break, Gito, who had heard of

the *Hesperides*, and were guarded by a dreadful Dragon, he was advis'd by *Prometheus* not to proceed in the Adventure, but to send *Atlas*, during whose Absence *Hercules* was oblig'd to bear the Heavens in his stead.

† *Pelias*, the Son of *Neptune* and *Tir*, is call'd impious, because he slew his Grandmother at *Juno's* Altar, for which Crime he was pursu'd by the Hatred of that Goddess, and at length slain by his own Daughters, thro' the Instigation of *Medea*, who had promis'd to make him young again.

‡ *Laomedon* was suddenly invaded and slain by *Hercules*, to revenge his withholding the Reward he had promis'd him, for delivering his Daughter *Hesione* from a Sea-Monster.

* *Telephus* was the Son of *Hercules* and *Auge* Priestess to *Minerva*. He was persecuted by *Minerva* for the Crime of his Mother; and by *Bacchus*, for his taking part with the *Trojans* against the *Greeks*.

‖ *Neptune's* Anger against *Ulysses*, *Homer* tells us, was occasion'd by *Ulysses'* putting out the Eye of *Polyphemus*, Son to that God.

my lying at home, enter'd my Chamber; where, after grievous Complaints of my licentious Life, he told me that the Family highly resented my Behaviour, and that perhaps the Intrigue I pursu'd might chance to prove my Ruin.

Finding he was no Stranger to my Affair, I immediately imagin'd that some one had been upon the Hunt for me; and therefore began to pump *Gito*, whether any Body was to enquire for me? Not to-day, reply'd he; but Yesterday there came a pretty sort of Woman, and tir'd me to Death with Questions about you; telling me at last, that you deserv'd to be punish'd, and should certainly be us'd like the vilest Slave, if you gave any farther Occasions of Complaint to the Person you had injur'd.

This so sensibly touch'd me, that I began anew to reproach my Fortune; nor were my Complaints ended, ere *Chrysis* came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me, At length, said she, I hold my Wish; thou'rt my Love! my Delight! Nor can't thou ever quench this Flame which devours me, but with the purest of thy Blood.

I was

I was very much chagrin'd at *Cbrysis's* Wantonness, and gave her all the fair Words I could to get rid of her ; for I was afraid in this Excess of Fondness she should be overheard by *Eumolpus*, who was so puff'd up with his good Fortune, that he began to behave like a Master in earnest ; therefore I us'd all the Artifice I could to appease her, dissembl'd Love, whisper'd soft Things, and in short, mimick'd the Lover so well, that she believ'd me one ; representing to her, how dangerous it would be for us both, should she be found in my Chamber, for our Lord *Eumolpus* punish'd even the least Offence. Upon which she immediately left me, and in the greater Hurry because she saw *Gito* returning, who had left me a little before she came.

She was hardly gone out, when one of our new-hir'd Servants came running in, and told me that our Lord was highly exasperated at my two Days Absence ; that he would advise me by all means to invent some plausible Excuse, or otherwise it would be impossible I should escape the Bastonado.

I was extreamly nettl'd at this, and *Gito* seeing my Uneasiness, forbore to speak a Syllable of the Woman ; but talk'd altogether

of *Eumolpus*; advising me rather to droll with him, than put a serious Face upon the Matter. I took his Counsel, and address'd the old Gentleman with so gay an Air, that instead of receiving me with the severe Brow of a Master, he begun to rally the Success of my Amours, prais'd my handsome Mein, and Wit that was so agreeable to the Ladies. Nor is it unknown to me, added he, that you are passionately belov'd by one of the most beautiful Ladies in this City. Therefore consider, *Encolpius*, your Intrigue may be of Advantage to us; do you personate the Lover, whilst I continue the Character I've begun.

He was yet speaking, when a Lady of singular Merit, named *Philumene*, enter'd the Room, who having wheedl'd herself into several Inheritances by the Complaisance of her Youth, and being now old and past her Bloom, made it her business to thrust her Son and Daughter upon old Men who had no Children of their own. With this View she came to *Eumolpus*, and commending her Children to his Conduct, assur'd him, that all her Hopes and Confidence were plac'd in his Goodness, that she knew no one in the World so capable of benefiting young Persons by his

Instruc-

Instructions, and that, in short, she must take the Liberty of leaving them there to improve by his Wisdom. Nor was she worse than her Word, but leaving a very pretty Girl with her little Brother, went out, under Pretence of going to the Temple to offer up her Vows for her Benefactor.

Eumolpus who was so continent that even I seem'd a Boy to him, immediately invited the young Lady to celebrate the Mysteries of Love; to which she readily consented, and gave him Possession of her Beauties more than once.

Mean time, unwilling to be idle, I went and attack'd the Boy, who was admiring his Sister's activity thro' a Chink in the Door; he was too well experienc'd to be shy of my Caresses, but the revengeful Deity still pursued me.

However I was not so much concern'd at this Baulk as the former, for soon after my Strength return'd; when on a sudden finding my self in full Vigour; It's the celestial Gods, cry'd I, who have made me whole again! and * *Mercury* who conveys, and re-

* *Mercury* was Fabl'd with his Caduceus to convey Souls to Hell, and after a certain time, to bring them back to animate new Bodies.

conveys Souls, has by his Favour restor'd what the angry *Priapus* had deprived me of! For see! my Capacity of pleasing the Ladies is greater than either that of † *Protesilaus*, or any of the ancient Heroes!

Saying this, I lifted up my Robe, and shew'd my self to *Eumolpus*, who at first stood astonish'd, hardly believing what he saw, so gracious had the Gods been to me!

This unexpected good Fortune reviving our Mirth, we laugh'd heartily at *Philumene's* Cunning, and the uncommon Experience of her Children, which would serve them but little with us; for she only left them to Heir what we had. When reflecting on this sordid Method of circumventing childless Age, I took Occasion to reason on our own Condition, and admonish'd *Eumolpus*, that the Bitters might be bit at last; therefore, said I, we must square all our Actions by the Rule of Prudence; *Socrates*, who in the Opinion both of Gods and Men, was the wisest of Mortals, us'd to glory, that he had never put his Head into a Tavern, nor been a Party in any popular Riots; which shows the ab-

† A Heroe very famous in Antiquity for his conjugal Capacity.

solute Necessity of Discretion. What I say is certain ; nor are any Men more liable to Misfortunes, than those who covet what belongs to others. How should Vagabonds and Pickpockets subsist, unless they were sometimes to shake a Purse in the Ears of the Croud, as a Bait for future Profit ? As Fish are taken with what they really eat, so Men are to be catch'd with something that's Solid, not empty Hopes. Thus the *Crotonians* have hitherto receiv'd us nobly, but as the Ship which you promis'd them from *Africk*, laden with Money and your Retinue, is not arriv'd, I can perceive our exhausted Fortune-hunters begin to cool in their Liberality, and am much mistaken if Fortune don't already repent of her Favours.

I have thought of a Method, said *Eumolpus*, which will thoroughly perplex these Rascals, and drawing his Will out of his Pocket, read as follows.

“ All those who have Legacies in this my
 “ last Will and Testament, my Freedmen
 “ excepted, receive them on this Condition,
 “ that they cut my Body in Pieces, and eat
 “ it before the People. Nor need they be
 “ shocked at this Proposal, since we know
 that

“ that to this Day it’s a Custom in some
 “ * Countries, for the Relations of the Dead
 “ to eat their Carcasses, for which Reason, they
 “ often chide their sick Kindred for spoiling
 “ their Flesh by a lingering Illness. I only in-
 “ stance this Example, that my Friends
 “ mayn’t refuse to comply with my Will,
 “ but devour my Body, with the same Sin-
 “ cerity as they wish’d well to my Soul.”

Whilst he was thus reading the first Arti-
 cles, some of his greatest Intimates enter’d the
 Room, and seeing the Will, earnestly intreat-
 ed him to impart the Contents, which he
 readily granted, and read over the whole. But
 when they heard the Necessity of eating his
 Carcass, they seem’d mightily confused at the
 Oddness of the Proposal; but the Notion
 they had of his Riches, so blinded these
 Wretches, and his Person was so awful to
 them, that they durst not complain. One
 of them, *Gorgias* by Name, declar’d he was
 willing to accept the Conditions, provided
 he might not wait for the Body.

To this *Eumolpus* reply’d, I am under no

* The *Scythians*, *Massagetes* and *Tartars*, as *Boëmus* informs us, were of that Number.

Apprehension of a Refusal from your Stomach, nor question its performing a Task, which will recompence a Moment's Disgust with an Age of Luxury. It's only shutting your Eyes, and supposing instead of Man's Flesh you are eating a hundred thousand *Sesterces*; besides you may correct the ill Relish by some elegant Sauce, for no Flesh pleases alone, till prepar'd by Art to recommend it to the Stomach. Nor is what I say without Example; the *Saguntines*, when besieg'd by *Hannibal*, eat human Bodies, yet without the Hopes of an Inheritance. The *Petavii* reduc'd to the last Extremity, did the same, and with no other View but to preserve Life. When *Nu-mantia* was taken by *Scipio*, Mothers were found with their Children half-eat in their Arms. Therefore since the Thought of eat-ing Man's Flesh is the only Cause of Aversion, it's only conquering this Abhorrence, and you gain the immense Legacies I leave you.

Eumolpus recounted these shameless Extravagances, with so much Confusion, that our Parasites began to doubt the Effect of his Promises, and more nearly examining our Words and Actions, their Jealousy encreas'd
with

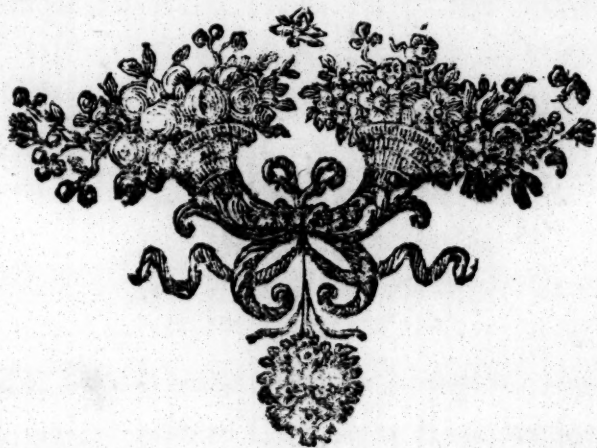
with their Observations, infomuch that they concluded us meer Cheats and Pick-pockets, in which they were confirm'd by some Strangers who accidentally knew us. Upon this those whose Purfes had smarted moft for our Entertainment, resolv'd now to feize us, and take their juft Revenge. But *Chryfis* who was privy to all their Counfels, gave me Notice of their Malice, which fo terrify'd me, that I immediately made off with *Gito*, and left *Eumolpus* to the Mercy of his Enemies ; and in a few Days we heard, that the *Crotonians*, enrag'd at the old Rascal's having liv'd fo long and fo fumptuously at the publick Charge, had facrific'd him the *Maſſilian* Way. Now you muſt know, that whenever the *Maſſilians* were viſited with the Peſtilence, ſome one or other of the pooreſt of the People, would offer himſelf a voluntary Sacrifice, for the ſake of being elegantly fed a whole Year at the publick Charge ; after which wreath'd with † Vervein, and drefs'd in Holy Garments, he was led about the City, and being load-

† This Herb was much uſed in Sacrifices.

PETRONIUS ARBITER. 305

ed with Imprecations that all the Sins of the Publick might be punish'd in him, was thrown down a Precipice.

The E N D.



F R A G-





FRAGMENTS.

I.



ELESTIAL Fires! thy Star-bright
Eyes illumine,
Thy Neck effulges with a rosy Bloom :
More bright than burnish'd Gold thy
Tresses flow,

Thy honey'd Lips with purest Purple glow :
Meandring Veins sublime thy Bosom's White,
And ev'ry Grace adorns thee for Delight.
Each Goddess' boasted Charms in thine we see,
And vanquish'd *Venus* yields the Prize to thee.
Thy Hands are Silver, and with am'rous Pride
The *Serean* Threads thro' thy soft Fingers slide.
Thy Feet, too lovely e'er to kiss the Ground !
From no invidious Pebble fear a Wound ;
For whensoever you o'er the Lilies tread,
Th' uninjur'd Flow'r scarce bends its snowy Head.

Let

F R A G M E N T S.

Let costly Gems be meaner Beauties Care,
You want no Ornaments to style you Fair.
Some Blemish Fancy finds in all we view,
But Envy's Self can't mend a Charm in you.
Could they but hear the Magick of your Tongue,
Sirens and *Muses* both would cease their Song.
But Oh how dang'rous the soft Raptures prove!
When ev'ry Accent wings the Dart of Love.
My bleeding Heart is wounded, past Relief;
But, one soft Kiss's Balm will ease its Grief.
In Pity then restore its now-lost Joy,
Nor let me, slain by your Resentment, die.
Or if too much this fond Request appear,
Grant this at least, your Lover's latest Pray'r!
Embrace me when I'm dead with pitying Arms,
And I shall soon revive to bless your Charms.

II.

BEAUTY alone's too impotent a Charm,
Nor should the Fair trust in the trite Alarm.
Gay Wit, th' harmonious Tongue, and sportive
Smile,
Ev'n Nature's loveliest Form of Praise beguile.
In vain are all the feeble Aids of Art,
For Elegance can only win the Heart.

III. FROM

FRAGMENTS.

III.

FROM servile Fear the fanfy'd Gods first came;
When the fork'd Light'nings with impetuous Flame
Levell'd proud Walls, and lofty * *Athos* fir'd,
Religious Horror ev'ry Breast inspir'd.
Lustrations next were paid the radiant Sun,
And changing *Cynthia* heav'nly Honours won.
Hence Idol-Crouds the tim'rous World o'erflow'd,
And not one Month but had its Patron God.
By such an Impotence of Mind betray'd,
The Swain to *Ceres* Autumn-honours paid:
Bacchus was crown'd with Clusters of the Vine,
And from the Sheep-cote † *Pales* grew divine:
Neptune was set to rule the Ocean's Tide,
And *Pallas* o'er the Olive to preside.
Each as his Guilt, or Av'rice prompt Deceit,
Invents new Gods, and aids the pious Cheat.

IV.

I WOULD not always the same Odours prove,
Nor satiate with one Sort of Wine my Taste.

* A Mountain situate between *Macedonia* and *Thrace*.

† The Goddess of Shepherds.

From

FRAGMENTS.

From Mead, to Mead, the Bull delights to rove,
And the wild Beast to vary his Repast.
Ev'n Day itself would tire our aking Sight,
But for the sweet Vicissitude of Night.

V.

YES trust me, ev'ry Mouth of Human Mold,
Much sooner than a Secret, Fire can hold;
For whatsoe'er in Whispers you confide,
Strait flies abroad, exulting far and wide.
Whilst such Additions the proud Wonder swell,
As burthen even Fame her self to tell.
Thus * *Midas*' Ears were whisper'd to the Ground;
Th' impatient Earth strait quicken'd with the
 Sound,
And ev'ry murm'ring Reed with vocal Tongue,
Cry'd *Midas*' Ears are as an Ass's long.

VI.

THE Merchant Shipwreck'd on the faithless
 Main,
Seeks one whose kindred Woes may share his Grief;
And spoil'd by sudden Storms, the ruin'd Swain
In social Sorrow finds a sad Relief.

* See *Ovid's Metamorphoses* Book the Second.

F R A G M E N T S.

Affliction's Friendship mutual Fun'ral move;
Together childless Fathers mix their Sighs.
Then let's the Pow'r of joint Orisons prove,
Associate Pray'rs wing swiftest to the Skies.

VII.

W H A T E' E R can Nature's genuine Wants relieve,

Th'indulgent Gods with kind Profusion give.
The Olive bends beneath its wild Repast,
And ev'ry Bryar presents a rural Feast.
Insensate who would thirst before a Stream?
Or fly for Warmth from *Phæbus*' genial Beam?
Around the Nuptial Bed arm'd Laws appear;
Yet the chaste Bride indulges without Fear.
Each useful Blessing bounteous Heav'n bestows,
But Pride's insatiate Lust no Limits knows.

F I N I S.





